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Poetry.

ZEKEL'S COURTIN'.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

God makes sech nights, all white an' still,
 Fur'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
 All silence an' all glisten.

Zekel crep' up quite unbeknown
 An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
 'Ith no one nigh to hinder.

A fireplace filled the room's one side,
 With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
 To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
 Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
 The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
 An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
 Fetched back from Concord, busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
 Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
 Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
 On sech a blessed creetur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
 Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
 Clean grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
 Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
 He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
 All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ou'd run
 All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
 Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
 Ez his'n in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hundred ring
 She knowed the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
 When her new meetin'-bonnet
Felt somehow thru its crown a pair
 O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked some!
 She seemed to 've got a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
 Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
 A-raspin' on the scraper—
All ways to once her feelins flew
 Like sparks in burnt up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
 Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went pity Zekel.

An' yet she gin her cheek a jerk
 Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
 Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
 "Wal.....no....I come dasignin'"—
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
 Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals act so and so,
 Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean yes an' say no
 Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
 Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
 He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
 Says she, "Think likely, Mister;"
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
 An'.... Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
 Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
 An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
 Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
 Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
 Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how matters stood,
 An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
 Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
 In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

A BROKEN CADENCE.

This gentle, lazy summer day
 Both you and I have spent so sweetly,
The long brown fields, the new-mown hay,
 Have listened to us so discreetly.
The summer sun was shining down,
 A pleasant sense of comfort bringing,
As far from noises of the town,
 We listened to the field-bird singing.

I fancied then, I love to play,
 Although I am a child no longer,
That you and I, amid the hay,
 A little rough, a little stronger,
Were toiling for our daily bread,
 Upon the pleasant land around us;
The sunlight shining overhead,
 No lazy, idle farm hands found us.

And then I fancied, day by day,
 That friendship ripened into loving
Between us in the old, old way,
 While wood and stream looking on approving;
A country lass, a country lad,
 Within a farmhouse, brown and olden,
Our simple love would keep us glad,
 And make a life of toil seem golden.

This evening all has changed around,
 When in the hotel parlor glancing,
I hear the merry music sound,
 And find you all engaged in dancing;
You smile a little, looking down,
 And tell me, without any warning,
Your fiance has come from town,
 And means to stay till Monday morning.
 —[Alice Lawrence.

Our Story Teller

THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE

BY CONAN DOYLE.

I had called upon my friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, one day in the autumn of last year, and found him in deep conversation with a very stout, florid-faced, elderly gentleman, with fiery red hair. With an apology for my intrusion, I was about to withdraw, when Holmes pulled me abruptly into the room, and closed the door behind me.

"You could not possibly have come at a better time, my dear Watson," he said cordially. "This gentleman, Mr. Wilson, has been my partner and helper in many of my most successful cases, and I have no doubt that he will be of the utmost use to me in yours also."

The stout gentleman half rose from his chair, and gave a bob of greeting, with a quick little questioning glance from his small, fat-encircled eyes.

"Try the settee," said Holmes, relapsing into his armchair, and putting his finger-tips together, as was his custom when in judicial moods. "I know, my dear Watson, that you share my love of all that is bizarre and outside the conventions and humdrum routine of every-day life. Now, Mr. Jabez Wilson here has been good enough to call upon me this morning, and to begin a narrative which promises to be one of the most singular which I have listened to for some time. Perhaps, Mr. Wilson, you would have the great kindness to recommence your narration. I ask you, not merely because my friend Dr. Watson has not heard the opening part, but also because the peculiar nature of the story makes me anxious to have every possible detail from your lips."

The portly client puffed out his chest with an appearance of some little pride, and pulled a dirty and wrinkled newspaper from the inside pocket of his great coat. As he glanced down the advertisement column, with his head thrust forward and the paper flattened out upon his knee, I took a good look at the man, and endeavored, after the fashion of my companion, to read the indications which might be presented by his dress or appearance.

I did not gain very much, however, by my inspection. Our visitor bore every mark of being an average commonplace British tradesman, obese, pompous, and slow. He wore rather baggy gray shepherd's check trousers, a not very clean black frockcoat, unbottoned in the front, and a drab waistcoat, with a heavy brassy Albert chain, and a square pierced bit of metal dangling down as an ornament. A frayed top hat and a faded brown overcoat with a wrinkled velvet collar lay upon a chair beside him. Altogether, look as I would, there was nothing remarkable about the man save his blazing red head and the expression of extreme chagrin and discontent upon his features.

"Can you not find the advertisement, Mr. Wilson?" asked Holmes.

"Yes, I have got it now," he answered, with his thick, red finger planted half-way down the column. "Here it is. This is what began it all. You just read it for yourself, sir."

I took the paper from him, and read as follows:

"'To the Red-Headed League—On account of the bequest of the late Ezekiah Hopkins, of Lebanon, Penn., U. S. A., there is now another vacancy open which entitles a member of the league to a salary of four pounds a week for purely nominal services. All red-headed men who are sound in body and mind, and above the age of 21 years, are eligible. Apply in person on Monday, at 11 o'clock, to Duncan Ross, at the offices of the League, 7 Pope's Court, Fleet Street.'

"What on earth does this mean?" I ejaculated, after I had twice read over the extraordinary announcement.

Holmes chuckled and wriggled in his chair, as was his habit when in high spirits. "It is a little off the beaten track, isn't it?" said he. "And now, Mr. Wilson, off you go at scratch, and tell us all about yourself, your household, and the effect which this advertisement had upon your fortunes. You will first make a note, doctor, of the paper and the date."

"It is the *Morning Chronicle* of April 27, 1890—just two months ago."

"Very good. Now, Mr. Wilson?"

"Well, it is just as I have been telling you, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said Jabez Wilson, mopping his forehead. "I have a small pawnbroker's business at Coburg Square, near the city. It's not a very large affair, and of late years it has not done more than just give me a living. I used to be able to keep two assistants, but now I can only keep one; and I would have a job to pay him, but that he is willing to come for half wages so as to learn the business."

"What is the name of this obliging youth?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"His name is Vincent Spaulding, and he's not such a youth either. It's hard to say his age. I should not wish a smarter assistant, Mr. Holmes; and I know very well that he could better himself, and earn twice what I am able to give him. But after all, if he is satisfied, why should I put ideas in his head? He has his faults, too. Never was such a fellow for photography. Snapping away with a camera when he ought to be improving his mind, and then diving down into the cellar like a rabbit into its hole to develop his pictures."

"He is still with you, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. He and a girl of fourteen, who does a bit of simple cooking, and keeps the place clean—that's all I have in the house, for I am a widower, and never had any family. We live very quietly, sir, the three of us; and we keep a roof over our heads, and pay our debts, if we do nothing more.

"The first thing that put us out was that advertisement. Spaulding, he came down into the office just this day eight weeks with this very paper in his hand, and he says:

"'I wish to the Lord, Mr. Wilson, that I was a red-headed man.'

"'Why that?' I asks.

"'Why,' says he, 'here's another vacancy on the League of the Read-Headed Men. It's worth quite a little fortune to any man who gets it. If my hair would only change color, here's a nice little crib all ready for me to step into.'

"'Why, what is it, then?' I asked. You see, Mr. Holmes, I am a very stay-at-home man, and, as my business comes to me instead of my having to go to it, I was often weeks on end without putting my foot over the door-mat. In that way I didn't know much of what was going on outside, and I was always glad of a bit of news.

"'Have you never heard of the League of Red-Headed Men?' he asked with his eyes open. 'Why, I wonder at that, for you are eligible yourself for one of the vacancies.'

"'And what are they worth?' I asked.

"'Oh, merely a couple of hundred a year, but the work is slight and it need not interfere very much with one's other occupations.'

"'Well, you can easily think that that made me prick up my ears. 'Tell me all about it,' said I.

"'Well,' said he, showing me the advertisement, 'you can see for yourself that the League has a vacancy, and there is the address where you should apply for particulars. As far as I can make out, the League was founded by an American millionaire, Ezekiah Hopkins, who was very peculiar in his ways. He was himself red-headed, and he had a great sympathy for all red-headed men; so, when he died, it was found that he had left his enormous fortune in the hands of trustees, with instructions to apply the interest to the providing of easy berths to men whose hair is of that color. From all I hear it is splendid pay, and very little to do.'

"'But,' said I, 'there would be millions of red-headed men who would apply.'

"'Not so many as you might think,' he answered. 'You see, it is really confined to Londoners, and to grown men. This American had started from London when he was young, and he wanted to do the old town a good turn. Then, again, I have heard it is no use of your applying if you hair is light red, or dark red, or anything but real, bright, blazing, fiery red.'

"Now, it is a real fact, gentlemen, as you may see for yourselves, that my hair is of a very full and rich tint, so that it seemed to me that, if there was to be any competition in the matter, I stood as good a chance as any man that I had ever met. Vincent Spaulding seemed to know so much about it that I thought he might prove useful, so I just ordered him to put up the shutters for the day, and to come right away with me. He was very willing to have a holiday, so we shut the business up, and started off for the address that was given us in the advertisement.

"I never hope to see such a sight as that again, Mr. Holmes. From north, south, east and west, every man who had a shade of red in his hair, had tramped into the city to answer the advertisement. Fleet street was choked with red-headed folk, and Pope's Court looked like a coster's orange barrow. When I saw how many were waiting, I would have given up in despair; but Spaulding would not hear of it. How he did it I could not imagine, but he pushed and pulled and butted, until he got through the crowd, and right up to the steps which led to the office. There was a double stream upon the stair, some going up in hope, and some coming back dejected; but we wedged in as well as we could, and soon found ourselves in the office.

"My turn soon came, and I was presented to a small, smart-looking man, with a pale face and a shock of red hair, and who stood near the entrance. Without questioning me further than to ascertain in what part of the city I resided, he intimated to Vincent that of all the army of red-headed individuals that had passed through the office, the peculiar flaming red of my own hair had decided him that I was the person wanted to fill the vacancy, and the manager, for by that cognomen he was addressed by my assistant, inquired if it would be agreeable for me to accept the position at four pounds a week. Naturally, I hesitated somewhat, before answering.

"'It would be injustice to hesitate,' said he. 'You will, however, I am sure, excuse me for taking an obvious precaution.' With that he seized my hair in both his hands, and tugged until I yelled with the pain. 'There is water in your eyes,' said he, as he released me. 'I perceive that all is as it should be. But we have to be careful, for we have twice been deceived by wigs and once by paint. I could tell you tales of cobbler's wax which would disgust you with human nature.' He stepped over to the window and shouted through it at the top of his voice that the vacancy was filled. A groan of disappointment came up from below, and the folk all trooped away in different directions, until there was not a red head to be seen except my own and that of the manager.

"'My name,' said he, 'is Mr. Duncan Ross, and I am myself one of the pensioners upon the fund left by our noble benefactor. When shall you be able to enter upon your new duties?'

"'Well, it is a little awkward, for I have a business already,' said I.

"'Oh, never mind about that, Mr. Wilson!' said Vincent Spaulding. 'I shall be able to look after that for you.'

"'What would be the hours?' I asked.

"'Ten to two.'

"Now a pawnbroker's business is mostly done of an evening, Mr. Holmes, especially Thursday and Friday evening, which is just before pay-day; so it would suit me very well to earn a little in the mornings. Besides, I knew that my assistant was a good man, and that he would see to anything that turned up.

"'That would suit me very well,' said I. 'And the pay?'

"'Is four pounds a week.'

"'And the work?'

"'Well, you have to be in the office, or at least in the building, the whole time. If you leave, you forfeit your whole position forever. The will is very clear upon that point. You don't comply with the conditions if you budge from the office during that time.'

"'It's only four hours a day, and I should not think of leaving,' said I.

"'No excuse will avail,' said Mr. Duncan Ross, 'neither sickness, nor business, nor anything else. There you must stay, or you lose your billet.'

"'And the work?'

"'Is to copy out the "Encyclopædia Britannica." There is the first volume of it in that press. You must find your own ink, pens, and blotting-paper, but we provide this table and chair. Will you be ready to-morrow?'

"'Certainly,' I answered.

"'Then, good bye, Mr. Jabez Wilson, and let me congratulate you once more on the important position which you have been fortunate enough to gain.' He bowed me out of the room, and I went home with my assistant, hardly knowing what to say or do, I was so pleased at my own good fortune.

"Well, I thought over the matter all day, and by evening I was in low spirits again; for I had quite persuaded myself that the whole affair must be some great hoax or fraud, though what its object might be I could not imagine. Vincent Spaulding did what he could to cheer me up, but by bedtime I had reasoned myself out of the whole thing. However, in the morning I determined to have a look at it anyhow, so I bought a penny bottle of ink, and with a quill pen, and seven sheets of foolscap paper, I started off for Pope's court.

"Well, to my surprise and delight everything was as right as possible. The table was set out ready for me, and Mr. Duncan Ross was there to see that I got fairly to work. He started me off upon the letter A, and then he left me; but he would drop in from time to time to see that all was right with me. At 2 o'clock he bade me good-day, complimented me upon the amount that I had written, and locked the door of the office after me.

"This went on day after day, Mr. Holmes, and on Saturday the manager came in and planked down four golden sovereigns for my week's work. It was the same next week, and the same the week after. Every morning I was there at ten and every afternoon I left at two. By degrees Mr. Duncan Ross took to coming in only once of a morning, and then, after a time, he did not come in at all. Still, of course, I never dared to leave the room for an instant, for I was not sure when he might come, and the billet was such a good one, and suited me so well, that I would not risk the loss of it.

"Eight weeks passed away like this and I had written about Abbots, and Archery, and Armour, and Architecture, and Attica, and hoped with diligence that I might get on to the Bs before long. It cost me something in foolscap, and I had pretty nearly filled a shelf with my writings. And then suddenly the whole business came to an end."

"To an end?"

"Yes, sir. And no later than this morning. I went to my work as usual at 10 o'clock, but the door was shut and locked with a little square of cardboard hammered on the middle of the panel with a tack. Here it is, and you can read for yourself."

He held up a piece of cardboard about the size of a sheet of notepaper. It read in this fashion:

"The Red-Headed League
is
Dissolved. Oct. 9, 1890."

Sherlock Holmes and I surveyed this curt announcement and the rueful face behind it, until the comical side of the affair so completely overtopped every other consideration that we both burst out into a roar of laughter.

"Pray what steps did you take when you found the card upon the door?" at last inquired Holmes.

"I was staggered, sir. I did not know what to do. Then I called at the offices round, but none of them seemed to know anything about it. Finally, I went to the landlord, who is an accountant living on the ground floor, and I asked him if he could tell me what had become of the Red-Headed league. He said that he had never heard of any such body. Then I asked him who Mr. Duncan Ross was. He answered that the name was new to him.

"'Well,' said I, 'the gentleman at No. 4.'

"'Oh,' said he, 'the red-headed man? His name was William Morris. He was a solicitor, and was using my room as a temporary convenience until his new premises were ready. He moved out yesterday to his new offices No. 17 King Edward Street, near St. Paul's.'

"I started off, Mr. Holmes, but when I got to that address it was a manufactory of artificial knee-caps, and no one in it had ever heard of either Mr. William Morris or Mr. Duncan Ross, so I went home to Saxe-Coburg Square, and I took the advice of my assistant. But he could not help me in any way. He could only say that, if I waited, I should hear by post. But that was not quite good enough, Mr. Holmes. I did not wish to lose such a place without a struggle, so as I had heard that you were good enough to give advice to poor folk who were in need of it, I came right away to you."

"And you did very wisely," said Holmes.

"Your case is an exceedingly remarkable one, and I shall be happy to look into it. From what you have told me I think that it is possible that graver issues hang from it than might at first sight appear."

"Grave enough!" said Mr. Jabez Wilson. "Why, I have lost four pounds a week."

"As far as you are personally concerned," remarked Holmes, "I do not see that you have any grievance against this extraordinary league. On the contrary, you are, as I understand, richer by some thirty pounds, to say nothing of the minute knowledge which you have gained on every subject which comes under the letter A. You have lost nothing by them."

"No, sir. But I want to find out about them, and who they are, and what their object was in playing this prank—if it was a prank—upon me. It was a pretty expensive joke for them, for it cost them two and thirty pounds."

"We shall endeavor to clear up these points for you. And, first, one or two questions, Mr. Wilson. This assistant of yours who first called your attention to the advertisement—how long had he been with you?"

"About a month then."

"What is he like, this Vincent Spaulding?"

"Small, stout built, very quick in his ways, no hair on his face, though he's not short of 30. Has a white splash of acid upon his forehead."

Holmes sat up in his chair in considerable excitement. "I thought as much," said he. "Have you ever observed that his ears are pierced for earrings?"

"Yes, sir. He told me that a gipsy had done it for him when he was a lad."

"Hum!" said Holmes, sinking back in deep thought. "That will do, Mr. Wilson. I shall be happy to give you an opinion upon the subject in the course of a day or two. To-day is Saturday, and I hope that by Monday we may come to a conclusion."

"Well, Watson," said Holmes, when our visitor had left us, "what do you make of it all?"

"I make nothing of it," I answered frankly. "It is a most mysterious business."

"As a rule," said Holmes, "the more bizarre a thing is the less mysterious it proves to be. It is your commonplace, featureless crimes which are really puzzling, just as a commonplace face is the most difficult to identify. But I must be prompt over this matter."

"What are you going to do then?" I asked.

"To smoke," he answered. "It is quite a three-pipe problem, and I beg that you won't speak to me for fifty minutes." He curled himself up in his chair, with his thin knees drawn up to his hawk-like nose, and there he sat with his eyes closed and his black clay pipe thrusting out like the bill of some strange bird. I had come to the conclusion that he had dropped asleep, and indeed was nodding myself, when he suddenly sprang out of his chair with the gesture of a man who has made up his mind, and put his pipe down upon the mantelpiece.

"Sarasate plays at the St. James's Hall this afternoon," he remarked. "What do you think, Watson? Could your patients spare you for a few hours?"

"I have nothing to do to-day. My practice is never very absorbing."

"Then put on your hat, and come. I am going through the city first, and we can have some lunch on the way."

We traveled by the underground as far as Aldersgate; and a short walk took us so Saxe-Coburg Square, the scene of the singular story which we had listened to in the morning. It was a pokey, little, shabby-genteel place, where four lines of dingy two-storied brick houses looked out on a small railed in enclosure, where a lawn of weedy grass and a few clumps of faded laurel-bushes made a hard fight against a smoke-laden and uncongenial atmosphere. Three gilt balls and a brown board with "Jabez Wilson" in white letters upon a corner house, announced the place where our red-headed client carried on his business. Sherlock Holmes stopped in front of it with his head on one side, and looked it all over. Then he walked slowly up the street, and then down again to the corner, still looking keenly at the houses. Finally he returned to the pawnbroker's, and having thumped vigorously upon the pavement with his stick two or three times, he went up to the door and knocked. It was instantly opened by a bright-looking, clean-shaven young fellow, who asked him to step in.

"Thank you," said Holmes, "I only wished to ask you how you would go from here to the Strand."

"Third right, fourth left," answered the assistant promptly, closing the door.

"Smart fellow, that," observed Holmes as we walked away. "He is, in my judgment, the fourth smartest man in London, and for daring I am not sure that he has not a claim to be third. I have known something of him before."

"Evidently," said I, "Mr. Wilson's assistant counts for a good deal in this mystery of the Red-Headed League. I am sure that you inquired your way merely in order that you might see him."

"Not him."

"What then."

"The knees of his trousers. Now we know something of Saxe-Coburg Square. Let us explore the parts which lie behind it."

The road in which we found ourselves as we turned round the corner from the retired Saxe-Coburg Square presented as great a contrast to it as the front of a picture does to the back. It was one of the main arteries which convey the traffic of the city to the north and west. The roadway was blocked with the immense stream of commerce flowing in a double tide inwards and outwards, while the foot-paths were black with the hurrying swarm of pedestrians. It was difficult to realize as we looked at the line of fine shops and stately business premises that they really abutted on the other side upon the faded and stagnant square which we had just quitted.

"Let me see," said Holmes, standing at the corner, and glancing along the line, "I should like to remember the order of the houses here. It is a hobby of mine to have an exact knowledge of London. There is Mortimer's, the tobacconist, the little newspaper shop, the Coburg branch of the City and Suburban bank, the Vegetarian restaurant, and McFarlane's carriage-building depot. That carries us right on to the other block. And now, doctor, we've done our work, so it's time we had some play. A sandwich and a cup of coffee, and then off to violin-land, where all is sweetness and delicacy, and harmony, and there are no read-headed clients to vex us with their conundrums."

"You want to go home, no doubt, doctor," he remarked, as we emerged from St. James's Hall two hours later.

"Yes, it would be as well."

"And I have some business to do which will take some hours. This business at Coburg Square is serious. I shall want your help to-night."

"At what time?"

"Ten will be early enough."

"I shall be at Baker street at ten."

"Very well. And, I say, Doctor! there may be some little danger, so kindly put your army revolver in your pocket." He waved his hand, turned on his heel, and disappeared in an instant among the crowd.

It was a quarter past nine when I started from home and made my way across the park, and so through Oxford street to Baker street. Two hansoms were standing at the door, and, as I entered the passage, I heard the sound of voices from above. On entering his room, I found Holmes in animated conversation with two men, one of whom I recognized as Peter Jones, the official police agent, while the other was a long, thin, sad-faced man, with a very shiny hat and oppressively respectable frock coat.

"Ha! our party is complete," said Holmes, buttoning up his pea-jacket and taking his heavy hunting crop from the rack. "Watson, I think you know Mr. Jones, of Scotland Yard? Let me introduce you to Mr. Merryweather, who is to be our companion in to-night's adventure."

"We're hunting in couples again, doctor, you see," said Jones, in his consequential way. "Our friend here is a wonderful man for starting a chase. All he wants is an old dog to help him to do the running down."

"I hope a wild goose may not prove to be the end of our chase," observed Mr. Merryweather gloomily. "I confess that I miss my rubber. It is the first Saturday night for seven-and-twenty years that I have not had my rubber."

"I think you will find," said Sherlock Holmes, "that you will play for a higher stake to-night than you have ever done yet, and that the play will be more exciting. For you, Mr. Merryweather, the stake will be some thirty thousand pounds; and for you, Jones, it will be the man upon whom you wish to lay your hands."

"John Clay, the murderer, thief, smasher, and forger," said the police agent in explanation. "He's a young man, Mr. Merryweather, but he is at the head of his profession, and I would rather have my bracelets on him than on any criminal in London. He's a remarkable man, is young John Clay. His grandfather was a Royal Duke, and he himself has been to Eton and Oxford. His brain is as cunning as his fingers, and though we meet signs of him at every turn, we never know where to find the man himself. He'll crack a crib in Scotland one week, and be raising money to build an orphanage in Cornwall the next. I've been on his track for years, and have never set eyes on him yet."

"I hope that I may have the pleasure of introducing you to-night. I've had one or two little turns, also, with Mr. John Clay, and I agree with you that he is at the head of his profession. It is past ten, however, and quite time that we started. If you two will take the first hansom, Watson and I will follow in the second."

Sherlock Holmes was not very communicative during the long drive, and lay back in the cab humming the tunes which he had heard in the afternoon. We rattled through an endless labyrinth of gas-lit streets until we emerged into Farringdon street, and had reached the same crowded thoroughfare in which we had found ourselves in the morning. Our cabs were dismissed, and, following the guidance of Mr. Merryweather, we passed down a narrow passage, and through a side door, which he opened for us. Within there was a small corridor, which ended in a very massive iron gate. This also was opened, and led down a flight of winding stone steps, which terminated at another formidable gate. Mr. Merryweather stopped to light a lantern, and then conducted us down a dark, earth-smelling passage, and so, after opening a third door, into a huge vault or cellar, which was piled all round with crates and massive boxes.

"You are not very vulnerable from above," Holmes remarked, as he held up the lantern and gazed about him.

"Nor from below," said Mr. Merryweather, striking his stick upon the flags which lined the floor. "Why, dear me, it sounds quite hollow!" he remarked, looking up in surprise.

"I must really ask you to be a little more quiet," said Holmes, severely. "You have already imperilled the whole success of our expedition. Might I beg that you would have the goodness to sit down upon one of those boxes, and not to interfere?"

The solemn Mr. Merryweather perched himself upon a crate, with a very injured expression upon his face, while Holmes fell upon his knees upon the floor, and, with the lantern and a magnifying lens, began to examine minutely the cracks between the stones. A few seconds sufficed to satisfy him, for he sprang to his feet again and put his glass in his pocket.

"We have at least an hour before us," he remarked, "for they can hardly take any steps until the good pawnbroker is safely in bed. Then they will not lose a minute, for the sooner they do their work the longer time they will have for their escape. We are at present, doctor—as no doubt you have divined—in the cellar of the city branch of one of the principal London banks. Mr. Merryweather is the chairman of Directors, and he will explain to you that there are reasons why the more daring criminals of London should take a considerable interest in this cellar at present."

"It is our French gold," whispered the director. "We have had several warnings that an attempt might be made upon it."

"Your French gold?"

"Yes. We had occasion some months ago to strengthen our resources, and borrowed, for that purpose, 30,000 napoleons from the Bank of France. It has become known that we have never had occasion to unpack the money, and that it is still lying in the cellar. The crate upon which I sit contains 2,000 napoleons packed between layers of lead foil."

"Now," observed Holmes, "it is time that we arranged our little plans. I expect that within an hour matters will come to a head. In the meantime, Mr. Merryweather, we must put the screen over that dark lantern."

"And sit in the dark?"

"I am afraid so. And, first of all, we must choose our positions. These are daring men, and though we shall take them at a disadvantage they may do us some harm unless we are careful. I shall stand behind this crate, and do you conceal yourselves behind those. Then, when I flash a light upon them, close in swiftly. If they fire, Watson, have no compunction about shooting them down."

I placed my revolver, cocked, upon the top of the wooden case behind which I crouched. Holmes shot the slide across the front of his lantern, and left us in pitch darkness—such an absolute darkness as I have never before experienced. The smell of hot metal remained to assure us that the light was still there, ready to flash out at a moment's notice. To me, with my nerves worked up to a pitch of expectancy, there was something depressing and subduing in the sudden gloom, and in the cold, dank air of the vault.

"They have but one retreat," whispered Holmes. "That is back through the house into Saxe-Coburg Square. I hope that you have done what I asked you, Jones?"

"I have an inspector and two officers waiting at the front door."

"Then we have stopped all the holes. And now we must be silent and wait."

What a time it seemed! From comparing notes afterward it was but an hour and a quarter, yet it appeared to me that the night must have almost gone, and the dawn be breaking above us. My limbs were weary and stiff, for I feared to change my position, yet my nerves were worked up to the highest pitch of tension, and my hearing was so acute that I could not only hear the gentle breathing of my companions, but I could distinguish the deeper, heavier in-breath of the bulky Jones from the thin sighing note of the bank director. From my position I could look over the case in the direction of the floor. Suddenly my eyes caught the glint of a light.

At first it was but a lurid spark upon the stone pavement. Then it lengthened out until it became a yellow line, and then, without any warning or sound, a gash seemed to open and a hand appeared, a white, almost womanly hand, which felt about in the center of the little area of light. For a minute or more the hand, with its writhing fingers, protruded out of the floor. Then it was withdrawn as suddenly as it appeared, and all was dark again save the single lurid spark, which marked a chink between the stones.

Its disappearance, however, was but momentary. With a rending, tearing sound, one of the broad white stones turned over upon its side, and left a square, gaping hole, through which streamed the light of a lantern. Over the edge there peeped a clean-cut, boyish face, which looked keenly about it, and then, with a hand on either side of the aperature, drew itself shoulder high and waist high, until one knee rested upon the edge. In another instant he stood at the side of the whole, and was hauling after him a companion, lithe and small like himself, with a pale face and a shock of very red hair.

"It's all clear," he whispered. "Have you the chisel and the bags? Great Scott! Jump, Archie, jump, and I'll swing for it!"

Sherlock Holmes had sprung out and seized the intruder by the collar. The other dived down the hole, and I heard the sound of rending cloth as Jones clutched at his skirts. The light flashed upon the barrel of a revolver, but Holmes's hunting crop came down on the man's wrist, and the pistol clinked upon the stone floor.

"It's no use, John Clay," said Holmes blandly. "You have no chance at all."

"So I see," the other answered, with the utmost coolness. "I fancy that my pal is all right, though I see you have got his coat-tails."

"There are three men waiting for him at the door," said Holmes.

"Oh, indeed. You seem to have done the thing very completely. I must compliment you."

"You'll see your pal again presently," said Jones. "He's quicker at climbing down holes than I am. Just hold out while I fix the derbies. Now would you please march up stairs, where he can get a cab to carry you to the police station." And John Clay walked quietly off in the custody of the detective.

"Really, Mr. Holmes," said Mr. Merryweather, as we followed them from the cellar, "I do not know how the bank can thank you or repay you. There is no doubt that you have detected and defeated in the most complete manner one of the most determined attempts at bank robbery that have ever come within my experience."

"You see, Watson," Sherlock Holmes explained, in the early hour of the morning, as we sat over a glass of whisky and soda in Baker street, "it was perfectly obvious from the first that the only possible object of this rather fantastic business of the advertisement of the League, and the copying of the 'Encyclopædia,' must be to get this not-overbright pawnbroker out of the way for a number of hours every day. The method was no doubt suggested to Clay's ingenious mind by the color of his accomplice's hair. From the time that I heard of the assistant having come for half wages, it was obvious to me that he had some strong motive for securing the situation."

"But how could you guess what the motive was?"

"Had there been women in the house, I should have suspected a mere vulgar intrigue. That, however, was out of the question. Then I made inquiries as to this mysterious assistant, and found that I had to deal with one of the coolest and most daring criminals in London. He was doing something in the cellar—something which took many hours a day for months on end. What could it be once more? I could think of nothing save that he was running a tunnel to some other building.

"So far I had got when we went to visit the scene of action. I surprised you by beating upon the pavement with my stick. I was ascertaining whether the cellar stretched out in front or behind. It was not in front. Then I rang the bell, and, as I hoped, the assistant answered it. We have had some skirmishes, but we had never set eyes upon each other before. I hardly looked at his face. His knees were what I wished to see. You must yourself have remarked how worn, wrinkled and stained they were. They spoke of those hours of burrowing. The only remaining point was what they were burrowing for. I walked round the corner, saw that the City and Suburban Bank abutted on our friend's premises, and felt that I had solved my problem."

"And how could you tell that they would make their attempt to-night?" I asked.

"Well, when they closed their League offices that was a sign that they cared no longer about Mr. Jabez Wilson's presence; in other words, that they had completed their tunnel. Saturday would suit them better than any other day, as it would give them two days for their escape. For all these reasons I expected them to come to-night. When you drove home after the concert, I called upon Scotland Yard and upon the chairman of the bank directors, with the result that you have seen."

BILLY MASON'S STORY.

The Conductor Found That He Had Been Too Hasty.

Congressman Mason, of Illinois, told a story the other day of a somewhat remarkable experience he had not long ago on a one-horse railway in the West.

"There was only one passenger car," he said, "and it was full. So was the conductor. At all events I thought so from the way he addressed me concerning a valise by my side.

"'Take that thing into the baggage car!' he remarked very peremptorily.

"I looked at him somewhat surprised, and without making any response.

"'Do you hear what I say?' he demanded.

"'Yes, I do,' I answered.

"He went away to collect some tickets. When he came back about ten minutes later he looked angry.

"'I thought I told you to take that valise into the baggage car,' he yelled.

"'I heard you,' I responded, mildly.

"'Then why haven't you done it?'

"'Because I don't propose to.'

"'You don't, eh?'

"'No, I do not.'

"'The h——l you say?' he roared. 'I'd have you know that I'm the boss of this train, and I don't put up with impudence from no dudes. You snake that bag out of here or I'll chuck it through the window in just two minutes.'

"At that moment we slowed up, approaching a station, and the conductor went out on the platform. More passengers got aboard, and when he came back several persons were standing up in the aisle. I just sat still, wondering to have been called a dude for the first time in my life.

"'What!' shouted the ticket puncher, upon his return. 'You won't pay any attention to what I say, eh? Wel', here goes!'

"With that he picked up the valise and threw it out of the car window. We were going at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour at the time. I said nothing, and a quarter of an hour later he came through again and spoke to me. Evidently he had been reflecting that possibly he had exceeded his authority.

"'I wouldn't have done it,' he said, half apologetically, 'only you riled me, and discipline's gotter be maintained on board a train.'

"'Oh, thats all right,' I replied, with entire composure.

"'Well, what are you going to do about it?' he asked.

"'About what?'

"'Why, the bag.'

"'Oh, nothing,' I said.

"'But, weren't its contents valuable?'

"'I don't know, I'm sure,' I responded.

"'You don't know?'

"'No,' I said. 'It wasn't my valise.'

"My dear boy, you never saw a man so totally flabbergasted as that conductor was in all your born days. I got off at the next station, and I haven't the slightest idea how he managed to fix things up with the owner of the bag, who had left it on the seat beside me while he went into the baggage car to smoke."

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

Here Are a Few Little Bits by the Little Wits of the Land.

Little 8 year old Mollie sat petulantly tapping on the library window, says the *Youth's Companion*, as she watched her playmates enjoying the sunshine.

"Why, Mollie, what can be the matter?" inquired auntie as she entered the room. Turning her head to conceal the tears, and elevating her little snub nose, Mollie replied in much disgusted tones: "Simply an illustrated tooth."

Alma had been taken to Sunday-school for the first time in her four and a half years. All the way home her heart was running over with joy. Just as papa lifted her from the carriage she exclaimed: "Oh, yes, papa, and I am in the elephant class."

Little Bessie, aged 4 years, coming down stairs the next morning after the carpets had been removed from the floor, ran up to her grandmamma and exclaimed: "Why, grandmamma, the upstairs is all barefooted!"

SAID TO BE FUNNY.

BRIDGET.

She assisted the fire with the kerosene can;
She always persisted in following that plan,
 In spite of her missus's rage;
And now she has flown from this dull vale of tears,
At the soft, tender age of ninety-five years—
 She had to succumb to old age.
 —[Indianapolis Journal.

A Boston Case.—He: Are you quite sure that you love him? She: Yes, indeed! Why, I thought of him right in the midst of my Browning to-day!—[Life.

"I should think she would put on full mourning for her brother instead of half mourning, as she does." "He was only her half brother."—[Brooklyn Life.

She is Learning Him.—Young Mr. Fitts: What in the world did you mean by sending an express wagon to meet me when I came from my fishing trip? How many carloads of fish do you expect a man to catch in one day? Mrs. Fitts: I—I wasn't thinking about the fish. I did not know whether you would be able to walk home.—[Indianapolis Journal.

Out of His Way.—Mrs. Gotham: You are going down town, are you not? Mr. Gotham: Yes, my dear. Mrs. G.: Well, I wish you'd drop into Silke, Ribbon & Co.'s on your way and match th— Mr. G. (hurriedly): I've got to see Jones, and that will take me some distance from Silke, Ribbon & Co.'s. Mrs. G.: Well, Mr. Jones's office is only a short distance from the Imported Finery Bazar, and that will do just as well. Take this and ask— Mr. G. (hastily): After leaving Jones, I must see Smith, who is in the opposite direction from the bazar, you know. Mrs. G.: No matter. Cheape, Bargain & Co. will do. They are near Smith's. Mr. G.: But I've got to take a roundabout way in order to see Brown. Can't pass Cheape, Brown & Co.'s, my dear. Mrs. G. (impatiently): Humph! Where are you going after you leave Smith's? Mr. G. (helplessly): I'm going up in a balloon.—[New York Weekly.

Misunderstood.

Papa—My daughter Minnie tells me, sir, that you kissed her forcibly last night. Do you apologize?

Harry—Yes. I'm sure nobody regrets the occurrence more than I.

Papa / Minnie } Sir!

Subjunctive.

Sinnick—So you are determined to marry Mrs. Weeds. Do you believe she cares for you—or your money?

Vandergould—Cares for me? She swears she loves me with all her might!

Sinnick—H'm—the widow's mite!—[Puck.

Bulling His Bullying.

Editor.—Humph! Poetry is a drug in the market!

Aspiring Wit.—Glad to hear so. I hope you pay drug-store prices for it.—[Puck.

PATHOS IN A COURT ROOM.

Illustration of Children's Affection in a Parisian Trial.

A French paper says that Lucille Rome, a pretty girl with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clad, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction under the charge of vagrancy.

"Does any one claim you?" asked the magistrate.

"Ah! my good sir," said she, "I have no longer friends; my father and mother are dead; I have only my brother James, but he is as young as I am. Oh, sir, what can he do for me?"

"The court must send you to the house of correction."

"Here I am, sister—here I am! do not fear!" cried a childish voice from the other end of the court, and at the same instant a little boy with a lovely countenance started forth from amid the crowd and stood before the judge.

"Who are you?" said he.

"James Rome, the brother of this little girl."

"Your age?"

"Thirteen."

"And what do you want?"

"I come to claim my sister, Lucille."

"But have you the means of providing for her?"

"Yesterday I had not, but now I have. Don't be afraid, Lucille."

"Oh, how good you are, James!"

"Well, let us see, my boy," said the magistrate; "the court is disposed to do all it can for your sister. But you must give us some explanation."

"About a fortnight ago," continued the boy, "my poor mother died of a bad cough, for it was very cold at home. We were in great trouble. Then I said to myself: I will be an artisan, and when I know a good trade I will support my sister. I went apprentice to a brushmaker. Every day I used to carry her half of my dinner, and at night I took her secretly to my room, and she slept in my bed while I slept on the floor. But it appears she had not enough to eat. One day she begged on the boulevard and was taken up.

"When I heard that, I said to myself, 'Come, my boy, things cannot last so; you must find something better.' I soon found a place, where I am lodged, fed and clothed, and have twenty francs a month. I have also found a good woman, who for these twenty francs will take care of Lucille and teach her needlework. I claim my sister."

"My boy," said the judge, "your conduct is very honorable. However, your sister cannot be set at liberty till to-morrow."

"Never mind Lucille," said the boy; "I will come and fetch you early to-morrow." Then, turning to the magistrate, he said, "I may kiss her, may I not, sir?"

He threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept tears of affection.—[London Telegraph.

THE WHEELBARROW TEST.

She Was Only a Woman, But the Veteran Backed Down.

Three or four of us on the car were talking about Gen. Sherman's death, and, as might have been expected, one of the group modestly admitted that he was with the lamented general on his famous march to the sea. There was a woman in the seat ahead, surrounded by bundles and baskets, and evidently going somewhere on a visit. The war talk soon stirred her up, and she turned to the veteran and queried:

"Were you right in a battle?"

"Yes'm."

"Dead men all around?"

"Yes'm."

"Wounded crying for water?"

"Yes'm."

"Bombshells and cannon balls falling around like hail?"

"Yes'm."

"And you didn't run?"

"No'm. I should hope not," he modestly replied.

"Stood right there and never got scart, eh?"

"Yes'm."

"Well now, I don't believe it!" she exclaimed. "It ain't human natur.' It ain't accordin' to things."

"I hope you do not doubt my word, madam!"

"Yes, I do," she sharply replied. "I don't believe you have got any more nerve than my Sam has, and Sam can't stand the test."

"Then you have a test?"

"Yes, I have. You just get off at Scottdale, where I am going to stop. There'll be a wheelbarrow somewhere around there, and you just stand off about 30 feet and let me bear down on you with it. If you don't jump or dodge or climb a telegraph pole I'll give in that you are the bravest man I ever saw."

"I—I'm afraid I haven't time," he stammered.

"I knew you wouldn't have," she dryly replied. "They never do. They talk about bombshells and dead men and slaughter pens, and they make out that they charged up to the roaring cannon, but the minute I talk wheelbarrow they knuckle. You needn't say no more. You've wilted."

And he hadn't another word to utter.—[N. Y. Clipper.

A Poser for Papa.

"Papa," said a little West End boy, as he followed his father to the bath-room.

"Well, my son?"

"Do you wash your eyes out every morning?"

"Why, certainly."

"Well, papa?"

"Yes."

"How do you get 'em in again?"

"Oh, go 'way; go 'way and don't bother me."—[St. Louis Republic.

Equal to the Occasion.

They had captured a "speak easy," but the patrol wagon was away.

"How are we going to get this stuff to the station house?" said the sergeant, pointing to a couple of demijohns of whisky and a box or two of beer.

"Leave that to me," said Officer Mulherty, "I'll carry it. I can carry a bigger load than that."—[Philadelphia Times.

"Moonshine" Whisky.

"I can't help being rather suspicious of speculation," said the man who had come to see property in a new mining town. "I must say I feel as if there is some moonshine about it."

The mountaineer at his side looked at him admiringly and exclaimed: "Great Scott, mister, what a smeller you must have!"—[Washington Star.

Evening Things Up.

Timmy—Your papa goes out every night and comes home drunk.

Jimmy—So does yours.

Timmy—Who told you?

Jimmy—My papa. Who told you about mine?

Timmy—My papa. Come on and let's play marbles.—[Epoch.

Worth Traveling to See.

Dime Museum Lecturer—This lady, my friends, is the greatest curiosity on exhibition in any part of the world at the present time.

Voice from the Audience—What's her specialty?

Lecturer—She never in all her life asked a man if her hat was on straight.—[Truth.

Knew Him.

A young son of the governor of an eastern state was asked in school the other day who the governor was.

"My father," was the reply.

"What is his name?"

"I dunno," said the child, "only mamma calls him Bill."—[Peck's Sun.

Presence of Mind.

Ethel—Mamma and I were attacked by the tramp and I threw a stone and knocked him flat.

Maud—How did you ever happen to hit him with it?

Ethel—I fired at mamma.—[Harper's Bazar.

The Height of Impropriety.

Mrs. Grundison, jr.—There goes Lucy Holroyd, all alone in a boat with young Snipson as usual! So imprudent of them!

Her Elder Sister—Yes; how shocking if they were upset and drowned—without a chaperon, you know!—[Punch.

GOD MOVED THE MOUNTAIN.

The Wicked Old Fellow Who Afterwards Became a Christian.

I knew a wicked old man who lived near Stone mountain. He may live at the same place yet, but he is not wicked now.

He was careless, very careless about religious matters, never went to church, never read the Bible and a thought never entered his mind of praying, and yet to-day I believe him the most sincere Christian of my acquaintance and the greatest believer in prayer—he's a real crank—writes a correspondent of the *Atlanta Constitution*.

Long before the war a rich fellow built a tower on the very top of Stone Mountain, a fine hotel, also, and it got to be a great resort for fashionable people. All the glitter of the dance hall and the foibles of wealth could be seen here, together with the reckless disregard of spending money peculiar to the class who are able to spend their time at such resorts.

This wicked man saw the effect it was having upon his children, though it never went beyond the thought that it would make them crave finery and a desire to do as these fashionable people were doing. He grew moody over it, and the more he thought upon it the louder and stronger he cursed. He got so it seemed his greatest delight to stroll around in the neighborhood just to vent his spleen upon the mountain and its occupants.

On Sunday morning while on one of his usual wanderings, he chanced to pass nearer the settlement church than he had been for years, and as he passed he heard the old preacher scream out:

"Yes! God can move the mountains!"

The wicked man stopped. This utterance of the preacher touched a tender chord, and for the first time in many a year he turned his face toward the church with kindly feeling.

"Yes!" howled the preacher, "by faith and by prayer we could move yonder mountain!" as he pointed to the great rock that towered a mile skyward.

The wicked man walked boldly into the church and stood in the aisle gazing upon the preacher. Everybody seemed thunder-struck. There was a scene and services were suspended.

His poor old wife, she was there, was the first to rush toward him. She threw her arms around his neck and fell upon his bosom. His children rushed up and joined with the mother in weeping and clinging to the father. The whole house got in an uproar, some shouting, some singing and some praying. Till late in the night the meeting went on and there grew from it the greatest revival ever known in Dekalb county.

The very next day it was rumored that the builder of the tower had failed, that his venture had broke him. Whether that be true I cannot say, but I do know that the enterprise was closed up and the tower has disappeared.

That has been near on to forty years ago, and from that day to this that wicked old man has been a praying man. He prays nights and mornings; he prays while working, while walking, while sitting; he has never since missed a church service, and has grown to be familiary known as "Praying Jimmie."

The idea of paving streets and building great structures with Stone Mountain granite away at great distances was not thought of thirty years ago. But so it is, a thousand men are at work upon this mountain with drills and dynamite tearing it down. Great trains loaded with this stone can be seen on the railroads leading out of Atlanta. The streets of Atlanta and other Southern cities are covered with it, and even as far as Chicago they are demanding it.

"Praying Jimmie," as we call him, is still alive and still praying, and is happy in the thought that his prayers are removing the mountain, and blest in the knowledge of being a devoted Christian.

They call him a "crank," and say his prayers had nothing to do with it, but who can tell?

SHEAR NONSENSE.

Gay circles naturally indulge in rounds of pleasure.—[Baltimore American.

A poached seal for breakfast is the popular Bering sea diet.—[Washington Star.

When a mortal does not know what to do he proceeds to knit his brow.—[Galveston News.

It is well to remember that everything follows the man who goes ahead.—[Elmira Gazette.

Sometimes there is a great deal of pride in telling how big a sinner you used to be.—[Ram's Horn.

People who have no money of their own on which to take interest, make it up by taking a great deal of interest in other people's money.—[Boston Transcript.

Why not take milk as a symbol of courage rather than of mildness? There is abundant reason to believe that much of it has never been cowed.—[Lowell Courier.

Usual Way.

Judge Bombast—Let me tell you this, Mr. Fewbriefs. The foothills, even to the heights of judicial eminence, are not obtained without diligent application and perseverance. It is no easy matter to work one's way from the bar to the bench.

Counsellor Fewbriefs—You're givin' us rar' good jedgment now, jedge. It allers has seemed a heap more spontaneous, so to speak, for us to work our way from the bench up to the bar. Let's duplercate the movement, jedge.—[Boston Courier.

Adam's Misfortune.

The scholars in one of our Sunday schools were shocked one session recently by an answer given by one of the small boys in the juvenile department. The day's lesson had been finished, and the superintendent had been telling the young members of the story of Adam in the Garden of Eden, finished his story with the remark: "And so Adam was very happy. Now can any one of you children tell what misfortune befel him?" The small boy above mentioned piped out, "Please, sir, I know; he got a wife."—[Providence Telegram.

No Cruelty in Speed.

Lady (at horse race)—Don't you think it is cruel to race horses that way this hot weather?

Horseman—Race 'em how, mum?

Lady—Making them go so fast.

Horseman—Why, mum, the faster they go the quicker they get through.—[Good News.

Fairy Stories.

"Have you a good collection of fairy stories?" asked an elderly lady in a Sixteenth street book store, yesterday.

"The best in the world," replied the clerk, as he tied up a number of old newspapers in which articles headed "Secretary Blaine's Health," were conspicuous.—[Colorado Sun.

Slaughter of Human Porkers.

Over the shop door of a pork butcher in a village in the eastern counties may be seen a signboard representing a man in a black coat brandishing a hatchet with the inscription:

"John Smith kills pigs like his father."—[London Tit-Bits.

Misquoted.

"Thank you, sonny," said the grocer, receiving a $5 bill from a small boy (it being his father's weekly bill). "You are a good boy, and your father is a trump."

"Well, Charlie," said the boy's father, "what did the grocer say?" "He said that I was a good boy and you were a chump." Great excitement.—[Puck.

Mosquitoes on a Spree.

First Mosquito—I feel like going on a time to-night.

Second Ditto—So do I.

"All right, then. Here comes a Kentucky colonel. Let's light on him."

A Trade Secret.

"Uncle Rastus," said the judge, severely, "how did you get those chickens?"

"Judge," cried the prisoner, "yo' wouldn't have me gib up mah trade secret, would yo' jedge?"—[Truth.

Recent Literature.

The Latest Volumes that Have Reached the Blade Book Table.

A very useful book in its direction is the one issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York city, entitled "The Leaf Collector's Hand-book and Herbarium," by Charles S. Newhall. It is an aid in the preservation and classification of specimen leaves of this part of the country. It is made up of illustrations in black and white, all of the leaves of the native trees, and the most important of the introduced and naturalized trees being represented. Directions are given how to use the book in a way to make a collection both valuable for the knowledge it contains and convenient for reference.

The Putnams also issue the third volume of the very interesting book, "The Memoirs of the Prince De Talleyrand," an extended notice of which has already appeared in these columns, given through reference to the first and second volumes.

A popular edition of a work which has already attracted attention has been issued by the same publishing house under the title, "California and Alaska and over the Canadian Pacific Railway." The author, William Seward Webb, gives a lively and entertaining description of the country traversed as well as the personal experience of the traveling party. He includes a great deal of useful information while he makes it very pleasant reading.

Another volume from the Putnams is the "Corporation Problem," by Wm. W. Cook, a lawyer of New York city, who was the author of "A Treatise on Stock and Stockholders and General Corporation Law." The present volume describes the public phases of corporations, their uses, abuses, benefits, dangers, wealth and power, and it also includes a discussion of the social, industrial, economic and political questions to which they have given rise.

In the Knickerbocker Nuggets is given "Eothen," by A. W. Kinglake. It is a description of a journey to the East. The title signifies "From the Early Dawn" and "From the East," a name which the reader will find very appropriate to the book.

A very pretty French story is published by Roberts Bros., Boston. The author is Jean De La Brete, a very graceful writer, the beauty of whose expressions are well preserved by the translator, Mrs. J. W. Davis. This is entitled "The Story of Reine." or "My Uncle and My Curé."

Harper & Bros., New York City, publish "Daily," by Maria Louis Pool, the author of "Tenting at Stony Beach." Daily is the name of the heroine, who is introduced to the reader in the first chapter as a child.

Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, publish in their Unity library in pamphlet form, "John Auburntop, Novelist," by Anson Uriel Hancock, author of "Old Abraham Jackson."

Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, in their bi-weekly issues of paper covered novels, publish "The Romance of a Child," by Pierre Loti, which is translated by Mary L. Watkins. This book was written by the author at the suggestion of Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, to whom it is dedicated.

Another pamphlet which appears in the Globe Library of the same publishers, is "What's Bred in the Bone." The author is Grant Allen, whose stories of "Tents of Shem, in all Shades," etc., have won considerable popularity. The present is an English prize story.

A book with the title of "Politics and Property, or Paronocracy," by Slack Worthington, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York city. The object of the book is to urge opposition to plutocracy on the one hand, and socialism on the other, in order to strike a reasonably middle or conservative position between the two. For this reason the term "Paronocracy" is used, it signifying the rule of reason, prudence and understanding.

THE BLADE has received from Mr. Thomas C. Parrish, Colorado Springs, Colo., two extremely artistic etchings of Rocky Mountain scenery, of a series he is putting on the market. These two are scenes in the "Garden of the Gods," and they should be possessed by every art lover. Mr. Parrish is an etcher of some repute, and these samples of his work are superb. The views are printed on Japan vellum, mounted on heavy plate paper, with broad margins, and large in size. Every art-lover should possess one or more of these artistic gems. Mr. Parish may be addressed as above.

A FLOURY CLOUD.

A Five-Year-Old's Distressing Adventure on a Hot Day.

A flour-besprinkled battalion of small boys moved along the Western Boulevard, near Ninety-second street, yesterday afternoon. Every face was a study; sadness, anxiety and flour contributed to the expressions. They moved slowly because in advance of them was a forerunner. He was a diminutive specimen of humanity, and he was spotlessly white from his little hat crown to the toes of his sturdy shoes. The tears were flowing over his cheeks, and from his lips poured a volume of sound.

The unfortunate 5-year-old had been sent to the corner grocery for flour and had dropped the parcel. He had tried to pick it up and it had emptied itself over him. His vociferous demonstrations of grief brought a flock of diminutive friends. They appreciated the gavity of the situation.

They scooped up as much as their grimy little hands would hold. The 5 year-old looked on for a minute hopefully. Flour never looked so white to him before and he had no idea there was so much flour in the world. The four pounds spread about a good bit. There were six friends, and they couldn't begin to lift it all with their twelve small, black paws. The baby brain grasped the truth. The 5-year-old renewed his wails and directed his erring and flour-tipped toes toward home.

As he announced his distress he drew interested spectators all along the line. But the 5-year-old was philosophic. It was not alone or chiefly the loss of the flour that troubled him; it was his own undignified situation.

"Mamma—dear," he wailed, "please—take—some—kerosene oil—and rub—my clothes—hard—and then—take some water—some cold—water,—Mamma, dear,—and—then—they'll—be—all right. Just—rub 'em hard—and please—to—excuse me;—I'm so sorry." Sob—sob—sob.

Then the bodyguard arrived. Each pair of hands deposited its share of the scattered flour-like trophies at the mother's feet. They had done what they could, and every flour-smeared face was turned to her's for the verdict. Then everybody laughed. Everybody brushed everybody else, and in spite of the heat it was a pleasant day.—[N. Y. Recorder.

These Funny Kids.

A teacher in New Jersey was hearing her class in natural history recite, and calling up a bright looking little girl, asked: "What is a ruminating animal?" "One that chews her cubs," was the innocent reply.

A little boy, the son of good Presbyterian parents, was asked the question in catechism, "What is the chief end of man?" and he answered, "Man's chief end is to glorify God and annoy him forever."

"Hey, Chimmy!" exclaims the first boy, nudging his companion's elbow at the circus; "see that there lady dancing on dere wire?" "Wot of it?" asks the other; "they ain't no current on."[—The New Moon.

Up to Snuff.

Proprietor of Dry Goods Store—If a lady, after examining a piece of dress goods, had expressed her satisfaction with it, would you ask how many yards she desired?

Applicant—No, indeed. I should ask her where she would have the sample sent.

"I guess you'll do. I see you've had experience.—[Boston Transcript.

A Moment's Indiscretion.

Count Spaghetti—Will-a you not-a let-a me have one lock-a your hair?

Miss Nonsense—Certainly, count. Cut it yourself.

The Count (absent-mindedly)—Shampoo?—[Brooklyn Life.

A Boston Man, Too.

Dukane (to Mr. Bunker Hill, of Boston, recently introduced)—What do you think of Ibsen?

Hill—Ibsen? I don't think I know him. Which club does he play with?—[Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HOME

OSBORNE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

The Queen's Family Residence—It is Full of Delightful Souvenirs of Prince Albert and the Royal Children.

Queen Victoria is never happier than when she is at Osborne. That charming southern palace retreat on the Solent, in the midst of the lovely and unique scenery of the Isle of Wight, is associated with many of the pleasantest scenes of her girlhood.

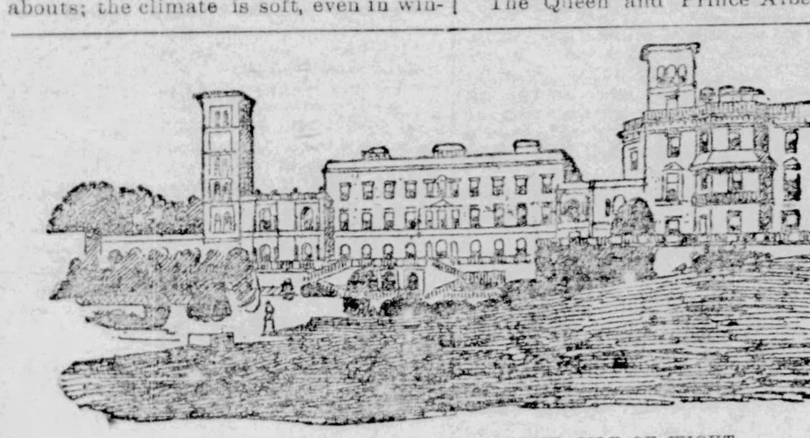
The garden of England lies thereabouts; the climate is soft, even in winter, and the young queen, amid the cares of state at Windsor, often longed for the breezy downs and leafy lanes and the broad, rolling estuaries with which she had been so familiar as a child.

One day she learned that the Osborne estate was in the market, and about the time that she was contemplating her marriage with Prince Albert, she purchased it for her private account. An old red brick mannor house stood on one of the least striking points of the domain. The queen had this pulled down, and on a prettier site near by she had a white stucco palace, of Italian architecture, built by Thomas Cubitt. Since then, it has been one of her chief delights to enrich Osborne in every possible way, and to get away to it whenever she can. The state has nothing to do with it; she is absolute mistress there, and has, until within a year or two carefully kept it closed against public inspection even during her absence at Windsor or Balmoral. This was not done from any special desire to keep the masses from seeing how the queen lived in her own home; it was rather that the young Queen desired to be free from departmental intermeddling. When she took possession of Osborne she wrote to her uncle, the King of Belgium: "It sounds so pleasant to have a place of one's own, quiet, retired and free from all 'Woods and Forests,' and other departments, which are the plague of one's life."

From East Cowes, a broad road leads past the residences of the Household, past Osborne Cottage and Kent Lodge (where royal personages often stay when Osborne is overcrowded) up to an imposing gateway, known as the Royal Entrance. But another and favorite approach is by the drive between lovely green hedges, past numerous plantations of cork and ilex trees, and by way of Barton Court House and the Prince Consort's model farm.

From Barton Court, the drive—one of the many which form a perfect network over the estate, and by means of which the Queen can drive for miles without leaving her own property—leads on to the gate of the Swiss Cottage grounds at the edge of the woods above the water. Osborne was emphatically the home of the Royal Family, and nowhere is this more apparent than when we wander round the brown chalet which stands in the middle of their quondam playground.

The air seems full of memories of the past, sad and pathetic in some cases, when one reflects on the untimely end which awaited some of the children who played about this spot. A double line of trees edges the walk. Those on the left are a variety of specimens of hollies and ilexes. On the right the sombre rows of ornamental firs are all memorial trees. A tablet below each gives the name of the royal planter and the date.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S HOME AT OSBORNE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

The Queen and Prince Albert's trees head the line, and after them come those of children and grandchildren and royal relatives. Some are wedding trees, planted by bride and groom at their marriage. It is a family history, written in beautiful verdure.

It is a little distance across the park from the Swiss Cottage to the house. The scene is a beautiful one—long sweeps of sward dotted with clumps of Scotch firs, and with oak coppices and patches of bracken, sloping gently to the blue Solent, beyond which rise the dark outline of the New Forest and the white heights of the Portsdown Hills.

Yet another avenue of rare ornamental trees, and then a grove of cypress, lead to the terraces, past John Brown's memorial seat. A plain bench of Scotch granite, ornamented with a carved medallion of the faithful servitor, bears this inscription from Byron:

A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving and more loyal, never beat
Within a human breast.

A little further on is a memorial tree to a four-footed favorite:

"Bully, a nine years' pet."

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM, OSBORNE.

A series of stone-balustraded terraces run along the sea front of the house. The palms and yuccas, the fountains and beautiful bronze statuary, the trellised vinery and the magnolias which adorn them are quite in keeping with the style of Osborne as an Italian villa, a summer residence in a mild climate.

Approaching these terraces from the east, on the left is the downstairs room, now converted into a chapel, as the Queen found Whippingham church too crowded in the summer for her to attend with comfort. This private chapel is in the severest style, with an altar and a reading desk at one end and an organ at the other. The service is of the simplest description, often devoid of singing. The Queen's chair is only noticeable in the front row by the little table before it.

THE FOSSIL RAINDROPS.

Over the quarry the children went rambling,
Hunting for stones to skip,
Into the clefts and crevices scrambling,
Searching the quarryman's chip.

Sweet were their voices and gay was their laughter,
That holiday afternoon.
One tumbled down and the rest tumbled after,
All of them singing one tune.

Here was a stone would skip like a bubble,
Once were it loosed from its place—
See what strange lines, all aslant, all atrouble,
Covered over its face.

For a half moment their wonder is smitten,
Nor divine they at all
That soft earth it was when those slant lines were written
By the rain's gusty fall.

Nor guess they while pausing to look at it plainly,
Only a stone o'er the placid pool throwing,
The least in the world perplexed.
That the pages which old Merlin studied vainly,
Had never such wizard text.

Ah—but it told them, though,
How the rain was falling, the wind was blowing,
Ten thousand years ago.
—[Harriet Prescott Spofford.

FIVE CHOSEN JESTS.

Between the "dry light" of history and the dry plates of photography there is little chance of slopping over about the heroes of these times.—[Puck.

After all, Columbus did not perform much of a feat. Thousands and thousands of Italians are discovering America every day.—[Detroit Free Press.

Philosophers tell us that from Adam down no man has ever yet understood a woman, but men are not tired of trying yet, by any means.—[Somerville Journal.

A lie in the heart is as black as it is in a horse trade.—[Ram's Horn.

But no well-regulated man has ever confessed to a lie in a horse trade.—[N. Y. Recorder.

"What sort of a newspaper plant have you?" asked the Eastern man of the wild Western editor. "I have been using a Colt's 44," replied the editor, modestly, "but considering the difficulties arising out of the last campaign I have about concluded to get a Winchester."—[Colorado Sun.

An Onteora Cottage.

One of the prettiest of the little cottages occupied by the members of the Onteora colony, in the Catskills, is that built by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor of *St. Nicholas*. It is an unconventional abode that shelters its owner for five months in the year and gives her much more genuine comfort than she finds in her city home. There are plenty of hammocks about the cottage, books in profusion, and a large hearth on which a welcome wood fire crackles on frosty evenings. One room serves for dining-room, parlor and living room in the cottage.

He Was Posted.

Proprietor of dry goods store—If a lady, after examining a piece of dress goods, had expressed her satisfaction with it, would you ask her how many yards she desired?

Applicant—No, indeed. I should ask her where she would have the sample sent.

Proprietor—I guess you'll do. I see you've had experience.—[Boston Transcript.

A Stationary Conversation.

"You have so much address I can hardly be expected to compete with you," said the letter to the envelope.

"Now, don't get excited," replied the envelope, "because you know you can't contain yourself."—[Brooklyn Life.

BUY IT FOR UNCLE JERRY.

A Stone in Mexico that Foretells Rain and Never Makes a Slip-up.

Roy Meninger, of New Orleans, who has just returned from a tour through Mexico, during which he visited many out-of-the-way places usually passed over by travelers, gives an account of a singular rock to be found near the little village of Chilpancingo, in the Sierra Madre del Sur. This rock he describes as being possessed of the property of being able to foretell rain, and is said by the natives to be infallible. Mr. Meninger himself was able to witness several exhibitions of its remarkable power, which repeatedly foretold a shower 24 hours before any other warning of its approach was given. The rock stands alone in a little valley unusually fertile and green, and seems to protrude from the ground rather than rest upon its surface.

It is irregular in shape, about five feet in height and ten about the base, and in fair weather is of a dull-grayish tint and as smooth as polished marble to the touch but unnaturally cold. On the approach of rain it looses its neutral color and begins to turn a dingy red, deepest about the base, and a light pink about the summit. Its temperature increases to about 60° Fahrenheit and it presents the appearance of being slowly heated by an internal fire. This heat and crimson color increase rapidly as the atmosphere grows heavier, until the rain begins to fall, when, according to its descent, the rock glows and becomes lighter in hue.

When the shower is over the warmth and color gradually depart, the gray tint is resumed, and the rock becomes cold. During electrical disturbances this mineral barometer often assumes a highly heated appearance, emitting a pale blue light, and is so strongly charged with electricity as to be unapproachable. Mineralogists who have examined the stone declare themselves at a loss to identify it.

Usual Luck

Gus DeSmith—I see by the papers that the czar has been enjoying the pleasure of the chase in the Jabonski forest, near Warsaw.

Gillhooly—What luck did he have?

Gus DeSmith—Splendid. He came back alive.—[Texas Siftings.

Polite.

Star Boarder—A very polite sneak thief came into our house the other night.

Flatman—Polite?

Star Boarder—Yes. He lifted all the hats he found in the hallway.—[Puck.

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Apple Tree Limbs Diseased.

P. W., Kansas: The twigs of apple tree, with leaves, were very dry when received, so that without more information than you gave, the editor cannot form a correct judgment. The fact is that the young growth is affected, and the trouble may be the result of the work of the borer. You should carefully examine the trees to see if the limbs have been attacked by this enemy of the fruit tree. The only way to get rid of them is to begin at the roots of the tree in the spring time. Clear away all old bark well down toward the roots. Wash the trunk of the tree with strong soap and water or weak lye, and afterward put a streak of tar around the tree a foot or so from the butt. When the borer has entered the tree, a wire punched in where it entered will destroy it. If your soil is of clay, or is not easily pulverized, the wilting of the young limbs and leaves may be traceable to the holding in suspension of moisture around the roots in cold weather and the checking by frost of free circulation of sap in the spring. In all soils that are not mellow, the ground around the heavy roots of the tree should be taken off, so that the sunshine may dry the soil. After exposure to the sun a few days, replace the soil that was removed, after pulverizing it well and mixing with it a little barnyard manure.

Disease in Apple Tree Limbs.

C. D. H., Seward county, Nebraska: The trouble with your apple trees, if not the work of the borer, may, perhaps, be found at the roots. Grubs get around the roots and work on the sap. After working for a time where the roots are exposed there will be a slimy look to them. This is caused by exudation where the roots have been injured. To prevent injury to trees from the grubs, the roots of the trees should be uncovered for a day or two, that is, the larger roots—when the weather is bright and clear. When the roots have lost the moisture around them, wash the tree and roots with strong soap and water, then cover over with the soil that was removed. No grass of any kind should be allowed to grow around the roots of the trees.

Urinal Trouble in Mare.

D. C. F., Oklahoma: The trouble with the mare may be from violence of the stallion. You should consult a veterinarian, as a personal examination is necessary. If there was no strain received by the mare, or vaginal injury, a few doses of spirits of sweet nitre may bring her out in good shape. Try spirits of sweet nitre 1 oz.; solution of acetate of ammonia, ½ oz. Mix and give in a pint and a half of linseed tea. Repeat the dose every third day until three doses have been given.

Sick Hogs—Trouble Among Chickens.

S. W. F., Tennessee: You, perhaps, gave your hog too much copperas and sulphur. If the hogs get wet after taking the sulphur, the stiffness is the result. Stop giving both sulphur and copperas. These are excellent in certain diseases, but if there is nothing the matter, neither of them should be given. Put the hog where it will not get wet, in a dry place. Give it an ounce of salts in bran slops. Give no corn for a week. Oats and wheat ground and mixed with bran would be a good thing to feed until the hog gets well. Do not let the hog eat sour apples. Turnips or other vegetables if fresh, are excellent. Regarding the chickens, the hen you speak of had vertigo from being overfed. Let her pick up her food wherever she can find it, but give her nothing. Let her have plenty of grass, and she will be all right. Your young fowls may be troubled with gapes—worms in the throat. Strip a feather, leaving a small tuft at the point. Twist it in the throat of each fowl and you will get at the worms; or that which is better, is to double a horse hair into a loop, and twist it in the throat. Give them no copperas or nux vomica. Keep the chickens away from damp ground. A teaspoonful of castor oil given to each will have a good effect.

Stifle Joint Slips.

Constant Reader (no State): In a case of this kind the best thing to do will be to stimulate the muscles by blistering. Take of red iodide of mercury 1 drachm, lard 2 ozs. Mix well and rub a little of this in and all around the joint for a space of five or six inches. Wash off at night with warm water and soap, and after drying the part re-apply. Keep this up for a week, and then heal with unsalted lard. Repeat after two weeks' time. The horse should not work while under treatment. He should have a month's rest.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Chicken Cholera.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—I see my piece in THE BLADE of July 30, on gapes in young chicken; I now send you a piece on chicken cholera. Cholera may be known by the combs of the fowls changing color from a red to black, and sometimes to a pale tinge; greenish, watery discharges from the bowels occur; the bird becomes weak and has great thirst, a nervous, anxious appearance is manifested, and it refuses food. The first thing to do is to separate the sick fowls from the others, and give the premises a thorough disinfection by sprinkling with an ounce of sulphuric acid in a gallon of water. The sick chicken should be given a heaping teaspoonful of hyposulphite of soda in enough water to dissolve. The medicine will purge the bird violently, and also weaken it. It should then be given 5 drops tincture of iron, 5 drops of paragoric and one of tincture of cayenne pepper twice a day. The feed, should the bird be willing to eat, may consist of boiled rice with heated milk. Boil the rice in water, and beat the milk to the boiling point, adding the rice during the boiling of the milk. If the bird continues to be weak and has no appetite, give a powder twice a day composed of 1 gr. of calomel, 1 gr. rhubarb and 1 gr. bread soda. Below is my last remedy I tried, and it worked like a charm: One teaspoonful of ground ginger, 1 teaspoonful ground cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoonful of ground allspice or cloves. Mix them and tie up in a rag; then boil them in 1 qt. of water until there is only 1 pt. Dose, 1 tablespoonful, morning, noon and night. I catch them and pour it down them. In three days they were bright, and combs a bright scarlet. My chickens would not eat. I caught them and poked down them bread-sop and boiled rice. They were so weak they could not walk. I saved every one with this last remedy. Hot weather is the time to look out for chicken cholera.—JOHN NEWMAN, Lincoln county, Nevada. [It is to be hoped Mr. Newman's remedy will be tested by poultry raisers and results reported to the BLADE FARMSTEAD—ED.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Shortage in Apples.

A shortage in winter apples is predicted. A heavy crop of fall apples is admitted. Because the returns to the United States department of Agriculture of August condition include both fall and winter varieties, that authority's report does not apply accurately to winter fruit. There is a fair crop in the famous Annapolis valley, Nova Scotia, but the shortage is serious in the Ontario apple belt. Maine has an even poorer crop than last year, and while the production in the other New England states and in New York is considerably above the unprecedented shortage of 1890, the average of the seven states is only 52 compared with 88 last year, 100 representing a full crop.—[Rural New Yorker.

Canada Thistles.

J. S. Woodward, secretary of the New York State Agricultural society, kills the thistles without the loss of a crop as follows: Have the land rich if possible; at least have it well seeded to clover, and by top dressing with plaster, ashes, or some means, get as good growth of the clover as possible. As soon as the clover is in full bloom, and here and there a thistle shows a blossom, mow and make the crop, thistles and all, into hay. After mowing, apply a little plaster to quickly start the growth of clover. You will find this to come much quicker than the thistles. As soon as the clover has a good start, from July 20 to August 5, plow down, being careful to plow all the land and to fully cover all growth. Then roll and harrow at once so as to cover every thistle. But few will show themselves after this, and they will look pale and weak. When they do show, cultivate thoroughly with a cultivator having broad sharp teeth, so as to cut every one off under the ground. In two days go over with a sharp hoe, and cut off any that may have escaped the cultivator. Watch the thistles, and keep using the hoe and cultivator until freezing weather. By plowing this field just before freezing up, you will have the land in the finest condition for spring crop. This plan not only kills thistles but other weeds. It is much better than a summer fallow, and without the loss of any crop.

Driven from home —dirt by *Pearline*. It cleans it away gently but thoroughly, easily but safely. Nothing that needs washing is too good for it; nothing that can be washed can be hurt by it. *Pearline* saves work. Use it once and you will never do without it; you will never do without it, half that you can with it.

Send it Back. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—*send it back*.

224 JAMES PYLE, New York.

Picking Pears.

Pears should be picked before they are ripe enough to eat and stored in a cool, dry place. They have better flavor and longer keeping qualities if ripened off the tree. They will do to pick to ship as soon as the seeds are dark brown or when the stem parts easily from the twig. If they are wanted for family use only, they had better be left a few days longer. The last few days on the tree is when they grow the fastest. Always pick pears, and all fruit in fact, by hand. Place carefully in shallow baskets or ventilated boxes and store away where the air can have free circulation around them. They will keep longer in a cold, dry, dark place.

What Seeding Experiments.

Experiments in seeding with different quantities of wheat were begun on the farm belonging to the Ohio State University several years previous to the establishment of the experiment station. These experiments have been continued on the same farm by the station, and the tenth experiment has just been harvested.

In this experiment two varieties of wheat were used, Dietz and Velvet Chaff (Penquite's Velvet). The land on which they were sown had borne nine successive crops of wheat, having been dressed three times with barnyard manure during that period.

The land occupied by the Velvet wheat lies upon a gravel knoll, sloping to the west, the gravel coming in some places to within two or three feet of the surface. The wheat on this knoll has for several seasons been less vigorous than in other parts of the field, and this season especially it was badly infested with the wheat midge, commonly known as red weevil.

The Dietz wheat grew upon land of a little better quality, and sloping to the east instead of the west. It was but slightly injured by insects. The results for this year are given in the following table, the yield being given in bushels per acre. The plots were exactly one-tenth acre each in size:

Quantity of Seed Per Acre.	Yield Per Acre. Velvet. Bush.	Dietz. Bush.
2 Pecks	21.9	2[illegible].0
3 "	22.1	26.3
4 "	23.3	28.6
5 "	22.0	28.6
6 "	23.5	28.8
7 "	23.1	28.7
8 "	22.9	27.2
9 "	22.2	26.3
10 "	23.6	26.3

It will be observed that while the yields of the Velvet are irregular, they do not favor very thin seeding. In the case of the Dietz, however, the results are decisive. Every time the seed falls below four pecks or rises above seven there is a falling off in yield.

The following table gives the average results of this series of experiments for ten years:

Quantity of Seed Per Acre.	Yield Per Acre	
2 pecks	29.1	bushels
3 "	33.9	"
4 "	34.0	"
5 "	35.9	"
6 "	35.1	"
7 "	36.5	"
8 "	33.9	"
9 "	32.1	"

In the long run, seeding at from five to seven pecks has given a larger harvest than when less or more seed was used.

THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY.

A Pile of Stones Marks the Northern Limit of the United States.

"My experience with Alaskan winters was rather disappointing," said a member of the Alaskan boundary survey yesterday. "The greatest degree of cold we experienced was 50 degrees below zero, and that was when Mr. Turner extended his trip north along the boundary line to the Arctic sea. From what traders and missionaries told us of previous years it would seem that the winters of 1889, 1890 and 1891 were exceptionally mild.

THE BOUNDARY MONUMENT.

"Even at the low temperature of this region the growth of vegetation is surprisingly rapid, but as there are only three months of growing weather, this can be easily accounted for. I found grasses six feet high along the Yukon and Porcupine lowlands—a more remarkable fact when you consider that the Porcupine extends many miles above the Arctic circle. There were also salmon berries, blueberries, currants and raspberries in profusion, and hundreds of acres of cranberries. Of the latter fruit the Indians store large quantities for winter food.

"When the work of tracing and establishing the boundary was completed the party set up a monument of rough stones, about twelve feet high, as a visible mark of the dividing line between American and British possessions. Of course there is a check on this in the shape of a securely concealed stone, properly marked, at the head of the base line, near the main station. When we were about break camp it occurred to me that no photograph of the mountain had been taken, so I took a camera up and sighted it and then climbed on top of the rocks and had a curious native 'shoot' the machine."—[San Francisco Chronicle.

Prepared to Hear the Worst.

Old Lady—Doctor, do you think there is anything the matter with my lungs?

Physician (after a careful examination)—I find, madam, that your lungs are in a normal condition.

Old Lady (with a sigh of resignation)—And about how long can I expect to live with them in that condition?—[Pharmaceutical Era.

—The itching of the scalp, falling of the hair, resulting in baldness, are often caused by dandruff, which may be cured by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

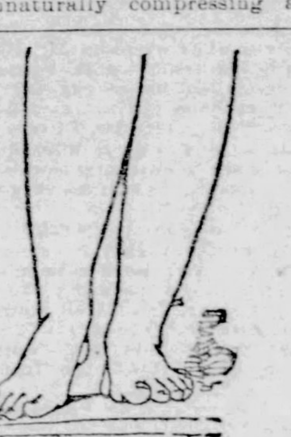
BEAUTY'S TWIN PEDESTAL

THE IDEAL FOOT OF WOMEN.

The Exquisitely-Shaped Extremities of Ancient Beauties and the Deformities of Modern Belles.

The shoe with the high heel and the pointed toe has made a lovely foot the rarest beauty in the world. If you were to meet all your acquaintances wearing sandals at a ball you would be perfectly horrified at the malformations, the enlarged joints, the callosities thus ruthlessly exposed, until you looked down at your own.

Of course the most ordinary defect is the corn, which is caused by a boot that is either too tight or too lose, the former unnaturally compressing and



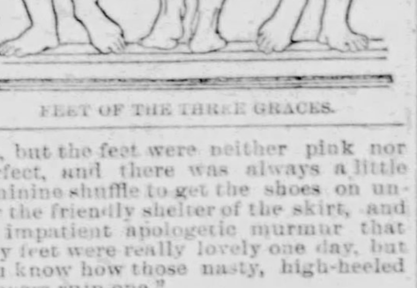
FEET OF THE CAPITOLINE VENUS.

the latter constantly rubbing against the delicate skin of the toes.

That still worse deformity, the projecting joint or bunion of the great toe, is caused usually by too high a heel, too narrow a sole on the boot, or both, and once acquired the beauty of the foot is gone forever and nothing can restore it. The bone itself has been enlarged by the weight brought upon it by the tilting forward of the foot by the Louis Quinze heel, which forces the end of the foot to bear the heaviness of the body instead of its being distributed between the ball, sole and heel.

The nails of the toes should be as perfect in shape and hue as those of the fingers, but as a rule they are thickened and pressed into an unnatural shape by the crowding together of the ends of the toes into a tight boot.

Fiction often paints a heroine "slipping her perfect, pink little feet" into the soft, fur-lined bed-room slippers as she sits down to muse before the fire after the ball. I have seen many society women go through the aforementioned



FEET OF THE THREE GRACES.

act, but the feet were neither pink nor perfect, and there was always a little feminine shuffle to get the shoes on under the friendly shelter of the skirt, and an impatient apologetic murmur that "my feet were really lovely one day, but you know how those nasty, high-heeled slippers ruin one."

Theophile Gautier, in his wonderful little romance, "A Mummy's Foot," lovingly describes this dainty extremity of

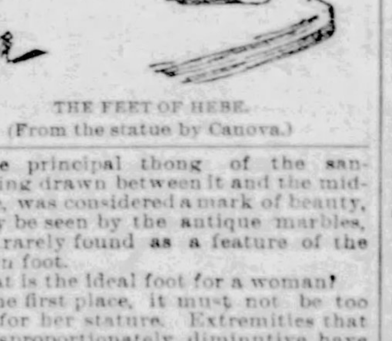
A YOUNG GIRL'S FOOT.

[From a sculpture in the Luxembourg gallery, "A Young Girl Telling Her Secret to 'Venus.'"]

the daughter of Pharaoh still further:

"The toes were slender and delicate, and terminated by perfectly formed nails, pure and transparent as agates. The great toe, slightly separated from the rest, afforded a happy contrast in the antique style to the position of the other toes, and lent it an aerial lightness—the grace of a bird's foot. The sole, scarcely streaked by a few almost imperceptible cross lines, afforded evidence that it had only come in contact with the finest matting of Nile rushes."

This slight separation of the great toe from the others, emphasized in the sandal-wearing nations among the ancients



THE FEET OF HEBE.
(From the statue by Canova.)

by the principal thong of the sandal being drawn between it and the middle toe, was considered a mark of beauty, as may be seen by the antique marbles, and is rarely found as a feature of the modern foot.

What is the ideal foot for a woman?

In the first place, it must not be too small for her stature. Extremities that are disproportionately diminutive have always been deemed defects by the artist.

It must be firm and well molded, the heel rounded and elastic, the toes rather long than otherwise and perfectly shaped, the ankle straight and well-turned, and the instep moderately high, though not high enough to permit water to run under that part of the foot without touching it, when it is set on the ground, as the gypsies claim it should.

A very high instep is never seen on any of the famous statues which the world considers ideals, yet when the foot is placed firmly down, as in walking, it must not flatten and lose its shapeliness. It should be neither plump nor bony; the skin a healthy ivory white. The tips of the toes and the nails pinkish, while the sole of the foot, the color extending up on the edges, should be deeply roseate.

Dimpled feet are not beautiful, according to the canons of high art; dimples always means prettiness, not beauty. Beauty is cast in too pure a mould to need the eye-catching little nicks and indentations, which may be winsome, but which usually accompany an overplus of adipose tissue.

The foot that looks best in the modern French gear is the foot that is absolutely thin, just as the slender hand is the one that looks best gloved. The long, slim foot encased in a modish covering of kid or suede made on a Parisian last, is the one that attracts the most admiring glances.

The flat, rounded foot, shaped something like an old-fashioned flatiron, is unmistakably plebeian. Such a foot should always wear a wide, long square-toed shoe; to cram its breadth into a boot or slipper that is at all fanciful or dainty in cut or is of light-hued material, is a fatal mistake, for it is certain to call attention to this bad shape. Neither is the little foot that is unduly slim seen to its best advantage in an openwork lisle or silk stocking of flimsiest texture, that clings like a second skin, and gives it a painful skeleton-like appearance.

It can afford to be clad in a stocking of heavy silk and is never so pretty, perhaps, as when the color of its silken covering is pale-gray, matched in shade in a perfectly fitting simple slipper or tie of suede.

The pride in physical perfection that has come in with the rage of athletics and the Turkish bath has resulted in a demand for "common-sense" shoes. Possibly the fact that it is decided "English" and therefore "good form" to wear broad soles and square toes has something to do with the case.

At all events American women are beginning to take greater care of their feet than ever before. Some few have them

THE GREEK SLAVE'S FEET.
(From Hiram Powers's Statue.)

professionally looked after once or twice a week as they do their hands and complexions, and there are as many and as mysterious rites as those enumerated by the Egyptian princes; but, alas, it is only making the best of a bad thing even then, for the foot that has been tightly compressed by a fashionable shoe for twenty or thirty years is already hopelessly malformed to the sculptor's eye.

WHAT'LL YOU DO WHEN THE BLACKMAN COMES?

BY R. L. CRAWFORD.

From my study window above the lawn
I watch the children's games go on,
I see the Blackman on his base
Sing out the challenge for the race.
I hear him call to start the chase,
As drummers sound a charge with the drums,
"What will you do when the Blackman comes?"

"Run right through," the answering shout
Is lost in tumult of merry rout,
The grass beads under the hurrying feet,
Their laughters ring out clear and sweet
When some unlucky captives meet
A passing touch of fingers or thumbs
In dodging the Blackman as he comes.

I shut my eyes in reverie
Come back the children who romped with me
Long, long ago on the playground there,
When life was pleasant and promised fair
For our gorgeous castles in the air.
But how changed in aspect we behold
Things that enchanted us of old.

Gay revelers of the summer morn,
A thought that saddens me is born,
Of this wild jubilee which now
Flushes each dimpled cheek and brow,
For in and through it all somehow
This thought like a hidden beetle hums—
"What'll you do when the Blackman comes?"

To-day in the spell of childish mirth,
The light of love fills all the earth,
With the sun and the blossom-scented air
And the smile of God is everywhere.
But, ah! should there come a time to bear
Sorrows whose weight the heart benumbs—
"What'll you do when the Blackman comes?"

There may come a day when Life has spent
Its measure of youthful merriment,
When the gold of time is gone and the dross
Is only yours, when you carry some cross
Up the world's hard ways of pain and loss;
Its shadow over your hearts and homes—
"What'll you do when the Blackman comes?"

O, God, if it be there are cups of pain
Reserved for these laughing lips to drain,
If the cheating baubles of earth allure,
I only pray may their steps be sure.
Even then as now may their hearts be pure
Though they find but dry and bitter crumbs
At their banquet board when the Blackman comes.

DON PIATT SQUELCHED.

Col. Fred Grant Warned Him Not to Print Stories of His Mother.

The digging up of Garfield's grave by Don Piatt recalls to mind a long forgotten incident in that journalist's career when publishing the Washington *Sunday Capital*. In it he had been attacking Grant, who was then President, and publishing some unnecessary, useless and vicious stories concerning him, says the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Evening *Post*. Not content with this Piatt one Sunday published something of a derogatory nature concerning Mrs. Grant. The men of newspaper row took him to task for doing so; but he only laughed. And he continued to laugh until the next day when Fred Grant, accompanied by a friend, called at his house. The general's son sent in his card and upon being ushered into Piatt's presence, said:

"Mr. Piatt, for some time you have been publishing a lot of lies concerning my father. With that I have nothing to do. My father is a public man and his acts are subject for criticism. But you have now published a lie concerning my mother. My mother is not a public woman, and with our private family life no man, no newspaper, has aught to do. Now, I simply want to tell you, Mr. Piatt, that if you ever mention my mother in your paper again I shall kill you the first time I meet you."

The young man was calm, but very much in earnest. Piatt was shrinking in his chair.

"Yes," replied Piatt.

"There is and can be no mistake about it."

"None."

"Very well. I will repeat, however. If you ever mention my mother in your paper again I shall kill you the first time I meet you. Good-day."

Grant, accompanied by his friend, left and Don Piatt laughed no more. Neither did he ever mention the name of Fred Grant's mother in his paper again.

Two Queer Epitaphs.

This unique epitaph is found in California: "Here lies the body of Jeemes Hambrick, who was accidentally shot on the banks of the Pecos river by a young man. He was accidentally shot with one of the large Colt's revolvers with no stopper for the cock to rest on. It was one of the old-fashioned kind—brass mounted. And of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The following epitaph is in Lanesboro, S. C.: "Here lies Jane Smith, wife of Thomas Smith, marble-cutter. This monument was erected by her husband as a tribute to her memory and a specimen of his work. Monuments of this same style, $250.

In the Expense Account.

Mr. Bilgate (entertaining a western friend at his suburban home)—I haven't much elegance to offer you, but this modest little home is the result of years of self-sacrifice, and it is very dear to me.

His guest—Oh, this is delightful. By the way who owns that elegant mansion across the way?

Bilgate—Oh, that belongs to one of my traveling men.—[Clothier and Furnisher.

Diplomacy.

"Suppose you come and dine with us to-morrow?"

"Wouldn't the day after do just as well?" inquired the poor relation.

"Certainly; but where are you going to dine to-morrow?"

"Right here. You see, your wife was kind enough to ask me for the occasion."—[Fliegende Blatter.

The Reason Why.

Johnnie—You young ladies of the chorus are worse than clocks.

Chorus—Why; because we are sometimes a little fast?

Johnnie—No, but because you have not the modesty to hold your hands before your face, while you are ever ready to show your figures to the world.—[Brooklyn Eagle.

Sure To Be Up.

"Landlord, I want to be called at seven o'clock sharp to-morrow morning."

"All right, sir, I'll wake you myself."

"Are you sure that you won't oversleep? Have you an alarm clock?"

"No, but we have a baby."—[Detroit Free Press.

Better Than Physic.

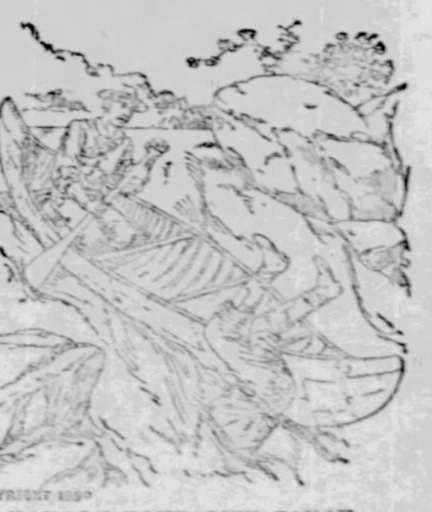
"Why, Sharp, I'm glad to see you so spry. You were quite lame when I last met you."

"Oh, yes; I was awfully lame then. But that was before I got a verdict for $5,000 against the railroad company."—[N. Y. Herald.

Always Alert.

"Goodness, John! How queer baby looks. I believe he is going to have a fit."

"By George! I believe you are right. Where's my camera?"—[Indianapolis Journal.



PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

"Voyagers on life's sea,
To yourself be true,
And whate'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe."

"To yourself be true," "and thou canst not then be false to any man." "Self-love is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting." Then "be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer." Get Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for all affections of the lungs and throat. It is likewise a wonderful liver tonic, and invigorator.

All the year round, you may rely upon Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's not like the sarsaparillas, that are said to be good for the blood in March, April and May. The "Discovery" works equally well at all times, and in all cases of blood-taints, or humors, no matter what their name or nature. It cures all Skin, Scalp and Scrofulous affections, as Eczema, Tetter, Salt-rheum, Fever-sores, White Swellings, Hip-joint disease and kindred ailments.

It's the *cheapest* blood-purifier, sold through druggists, because you only pay for *the good* you get.

Your money is returned if it doesn't benefit or cure you.

The Sunday School.

The True Children of God.

LESSON X., SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1891.

Golden Text—As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God.—John 1:12.

LESSON TEXT.
(John 8:31-47.)

31. Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on Him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed.

32. And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

33. They answered Him, We be Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man; how sayest thou, Ye shall be made free.

34. Jesus answered them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin.

35. And the servant abideth not in the house forever; but the Son abideth ever.

36. If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.

37. I know that ye are Abraham's seed; but ye seek to kill me, because my word hath no place in you.

38. I speak that which I have seen with my Father: and ye do that which ye have seen with your father.

39. They answered and said unto him, Abraham is our father. Jesus saith unto them, If ye were Abraham's children, ye would do the works of Abraham.

40. But now ye seek to kill me, a man that hath told you the truth which I have heard of God: this did not Abraham.

41. Ye do the deeds of your father. Then said they to him, We be not born of fornication; we have one Father, even God.

42. Jesus said unto them, If God were your Father, ye would love me: for I proceeded forth and came from God; neither came I of myself, but he sent me.

43. Why do ye not understand my speech? even because ye cannot hear my word.

44. Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do: he was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it.

45. And because I tell you the truth, ye believe me not.

46. Which of you convinceth me of sin? And if I say the truth, why do ye not believe me?

47. He that is of God heareth God's words; ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

If ye abide in my word, then are ye truly my disciples (v. 31). A soldier's confidence in his commander is evidenced by the soldier obeying his commander's orders. A patient's trust in his physician is shown by the patient's following the physician's directions. A disciple's sincerity in his professions of discipleship is proved by the disciple's walking according to the Master's teaching. It is not that there is any merit in the obedience itself; but it is that there is no sincerity in a profession of faith where there is no obedience.

Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free (v. 32). Not "a truth," but "the truth," gives liberty. Everybody knows a truth—one truth or another; but not everybody knows the truth—the whole realm of truth. Truth is a great deal broader than error; it goes far beyond all error. He who knows the truth, and who loves the truth, is not cramped within the limits of error. He is free to look at error, and to see beyond it. Such a man is a "free thinker" in reality; whereas a "free-thinker" in name is commonly a man who is held in bondage by a single phase of truth commingled with a great deal of error.

Every one that committeth sin is the bondservant of sin (v. 34.) The freest man in the world is the man who is a willing servant of Christ. The veriest slave in the world is the man who thinks he is his own master, while he is the bondservant of his own lusts. With the universe as it is, every man must be in service on one side or the other of the great conflict between the forces of good and of evil. He who submits himself to Christ has all the forces of good to co-work with him in the direction of his choice. He who chooses the other side in this contest, becomes, by that choice, a bondservant of his sins; and he cannot have his own way even in the measure or in the quality of his sinning.

If ye were Abraham's children, ye would do the works of Abraham (v. 39). It is very well of us to tell of the good standing and good deeds of our ancestors, if we are thereby ascribing to them the credit of our best impulses and actions. A young man has a right to speak of his godly father and mother, and of his godly grandparents, as those to whose prayers and example he owes much that is most creditable in his habits and purposes; but, unless he is himself a well-doer, the less he says about those from whom he has descended, the better for his own reputation. The real question for us to consider, in thinking of our ancestors, is not whether we have reason to be proud of them, but whether they would have reason to be proud of us.

Ye are of your father the devil. When he speaketh a lie he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father thereof (v. 44). There is no one line which so radically separates God and God's service from the Devil and the Devil's service, as the line between truth and a lie. God is true. God is truth itself. God cannot lie. If God could lie, he would no longer be God. If we believed that God would lie, or could lie, we could not trust him as God. And if God cannot lie, he cannot authorize or approve a lie on the part of any one. He who lies is, so far, of the Devil, and in the Devil's service. Hence he who decides to lie in order to benefit himself, or to save a friend, decides at the same time to set himself against God, and to trust himself and his friend to the protection of the Devil. His very lie is an abandonment and a defiance of God.—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

She Was Cautious.

Mother (horrified)—"What did you let that young Spinkins kiss you for?" Daughter (meekly—"For only two minutes, mamma, and then I told him it was time to stop."

And So They Were Married.

"Do you know how to cook?" he asked.

"No," she replied, sweetly, "but pa has money enough to hire a woman to do the cooking for us."—[Somerville Journal.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address, and make your questions plain.
2. Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.
3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.
4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.
5. No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Ohio's Vote in 1889.

H. J. F., New Castle, Pa., asks for the vote of Ohio by counties for governor in 1889. Here are the official figures:

Counties.	Foraker.	Campbell.
Adams	2,900	2,948
Allen	3,319	4,778
Ashland	2,302	3,118
Ashtabula	6,164	2,160
Athens	4,095	2,648
Auglaize	1,846	3,824
Belmont	5,820	5,601
Brown	2,777	4,132
Butler	4,044	7,619
Carroll	2,251	1,658
Champaign	3,697	2,858
Clarke	6,193	5,251
Clermont	3,893	4,420
Clinton	3,667	2,270
Columbiana	6,035	4,435
Coshocton	2,594	3,442
Crawford	2,353	4,767
Cuyahoga	20,334	17,778
Darke	3,760	5,090
Defiance	1,974	3,120
Delaware	3,335	3,017
Erie	3,576	3,321
Fairfield	2,924	4,866
Fayette	3,029	2,137
Franklin	12,338	14,596
Fulton	2,427	1,726
Gallia	3,359	2,234
Geauga	2,516	647
Greene	4,460	2,571
Guernsey	3,301	2,422
Hamilton	33,550	40,803
Hancock	4,468	4,542
Hardin	3,435	3,318
Harrison	2,584	1,884
Henry	1,704	2,982
Highland	3,515	3,381
Hocking	1,738	2,453
Holmes	1,162	3,072
Huron	3,845	2,954
Jackson	3,044	2,590
Jefferson	4,362	3,115
Knox	3,407	3,497
Lake	2,540	953
Lawrence	4,011	2,948
Licking	4,435	5,935
Logan	3,692	2,465
Lorain	4,686	2,608
Lucas	7,904	7,250
Madison	2,620	2,309
Mahoning	5,345	4,906
Marion	2,336	3,302
Medina	2,972	2,037
Meigs	3,614	2,219
Mercer	1,617	3,770
Miami	4,882	4,299
Monroe	1,412	3,656
Montgomery	11,647	13,052
Morgan	2,424	1,958
Morrow	2,368	2,070
Muskingum	5,781	5,994
Noble	2,446	2,135
Ottawa	1,315	2,713
Paulding	2,707	2,899
Perry	3,108	3,575
Pickaway	2,811	3,330
Pike	1,702	2,216
Portage	3,307	2,886
Preble	3,019	2,920
Putnam	2,181	3,889
Richland	3,701	5,080
Ross	4,638	4,359
Sandusky	2,831	3,592
Scioto	3,670	2,981
Seneca	3,858	4,973
Shelby	2,202	3,405
Stark	3,324	9,417
Summit	5,373	4,802
Trumbull	5,247	2,519
Tuscarawas	4,257	5,254
Union	3,240	2,145
Van Wert	3,254	3,526
Vinton	1,661	1,969
Warren	3,790	2,667
Washington	4,553	4,471
Wayne	3,732	4,662
Williams	2,786	3,603
Wood	4,638	4,138
Wyandot	2,071	2,912
Totals	368,551	379,423

J. B. Helwig, Prohibition—26,504
J. H. Rhodes, Union Labor—1,048.

The English Royal Family.

W. C. S., Florin, Cal.: Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India, was born May 24, 1819; ascended the throne on June 20, 1837; crowned June 28, 1838; married February 10, 1840, in her 21st year; widow December 14, 1861. The children of Queen Victoria are as follows:

1.—Princess Victoria; born November 21, 1840; married June 25, 1858, to Prince Frederick William, eldest son of the Emperor of Germany. She became Empress of Germany when her husband became Emperor by the death of his father, and it is her oldest son who is now the Emperor William of Germany.

2.—Albert Edward, Prince of Wales and heir apparent to the throne; born November 9, 1841; married March 10, 1865, to Princess Alexandra, eldest daughter of King Christian IX, of Denmark. He has five children—Prince Albert Victoria, who is next in succession to the throne; Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Alexandria and Maude.

3.—Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh; born August 6, 1844; married January 21, 1874, to Grand Duchess Marie, of Russia, only daughter of Emperor Alexander II. He has five children—Prince Alfred, and Princesses Marie, Victoria, Alexandra and Beatrice.

4.—Princess Helena; born May 25, 1846; married July 5, 1866, to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. She has four children.

5.—Princess Louise; born March 18, 1848; married March 21, 1871, to the Marquis of Lorne.

6.—Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught; born May 1, 1850; married March 13, 1879, to Princess Louise, of Prussia.

7.—Princess Beatrice; born April 14, 1857; married July 23, 1885, to Prince Henry, of Battenburg. They have one or two children.

The Seven Wonders of the World—The Koh-i-noor.

E. B. B., Hume, N. Y.: 1.—The seven wonders of the ancient world, as commonly enumerated were: 1.—The Egyptian Pyramids. 2.—The Mausoleum, or tomb of King Mausolus, of Phrygia. 3.—The Temple of Diana at Ephesus. 4.—The walls and hanging gardens of Babylon. 5.—The Colossus at Rhodes. 6.—The statue of Jupiter Olympus, by Phidias. 7.—The Pharos or lighthouse of Alexandria.

2.—The famous Koh-i-noor diamond is now in the possession of the queen of England. The name is Persian, and signifies "Mountain of Light." This stone is believed to have come from the mines of Golconda, before the Christian era. Nadir Shah, the Persian conqueror, captured it and took it to Persia. He was assassinated, and it then fell into the hands of two other rulers, the second of which gave it up as the price of his liberty to Runjeet Singh in 1813. When the Punjaub was annexed to the East India company's territory in 1849, it was stipulated that this diamond should be surrendered to the queen of England, which was done. It then weighed 186 carats. As the gem had been unskilfully cut, it was determined to recut it to make it more brilliant. It now weighs 102¼ carats. In its original state, the stone weighed 800 carats. Its value is $2,000,000. It is pronounced as spelled, the accent on the third syllable.

3.—You should read THE BLADE regularly, and then you would know the principal events which have occurred during Harrison's administration.

Republics of the World.

"Mae," Neligh, Neb.: 1.—The Republics of the world are: Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Brazil, Chili, United States of Colombia, Costa Rica, Dominica, Ecuador, France, Guatemala, Hayti, Liberia, Mexico, Nicaragua, Orange Free State, Paraguay, Peru, Salvador, Switzerland, Transvaal, United States, Uruguay and Venezuela. 2.—You ask, "where is the geographical center?" Of the state of Nebraska, of the United States, or of the land area of the globe? 3.—Sounds are more distinct at night than by day, because the air is heavier and because there is not so many other sounds to confuse the ear. Do not send us a long catechism of questions on different subjects, if you expect full and satisfactory answers.

Nihilism, Communism and Socialism.

A. J. P., Chelsea, Mich.: The word "Nihilism" signifies the doctrine that nothing can be known. It is skepticism carried to a denial of all knowledge and reality. The Nihilists of Russia have been described justly as "those who disbelieve in any permanent improvement in the social condition or progress of man," especially the members of a secret association which is devoted to the destruction of the present form of Russian government, without any definite theory or plan for substituting another.

2.—The distinction between socialism and communism may be thus expressed: The Socialists are those who only propose to abolish competition and wages, leaving all men to work under the influence of public spirit, and making an equal division of the products. The Communists are those who go a step farther, and propose to abolish the system of domestic government, which is founded on the parental, and to introduce absolute equality of rank and community of possessions; that is, no man could hold any property of any kind in his own right; everything would belong to the community, and one person have exactly as much right as the other. The term "Communist" in France, has a slightly different meaning. It is applied there to those who propose to equalize conditions of mankind by compelling all persons who own any property to share their wealth with those who own none.

Caoutchouc, or India Rubber.

A. R., Lovington, Ill.: India rubber, the proper name of which is caoutchouc, is the milky juice of a number of trees and plants growing in Mexico, Central America, Brazil, Guiana, Peru, and in the East Indies. Some of these trees are very large. In India, it grows to the height of nearly 100 feet, and the trunk will be 30 or 40 feet in circumference. The rubber is obtained by making an incision in the bark of the tree. About a gill of the juice flows out in a day. This is caught in cups and jars. The gum, when it is ready for export is of a gray or black color, and quite sticky. In the process of manufacture, this stickiness is removed by the use of sulphur. 2.—Chewing gum is made of many different substances, the base generally being paraffine, spruce gum, or one of several tropical gums.

Newspaper Correspondents.

G. F. M., Whitehouse, O.: 1.—Positions as special newspaper correspondents at Washington and other important news centers, are always confided to men of large experience in newspaper work, who have a very wide acquaintance among politicians and other leading men of the country. A beginner at newspaper work, with no acquaintance, could not possibly obtain such a position, from the fact that he could not do the work expected. 2.—There is no average pay for local correspondents of daily papers. Each paper has its own schedule of prices, and they vary very largely, so it is impossible to give any definite figure.

Miscellaneous.

R. C., Atlantic, W. Va.: The period of gestation of the elephant is about 20½ months.

J. A. S., Primrose, Pa.: Your question is too indefinite. Tell us exactly what you want to know.

J. S. W., Whitman, Kan.: We do not know the general's address, and you should not ask us for it. Read Rule 1 above.

H. C. C., Prairie Depot, O.: Joseph Jefferson, the actor, is living. He is now at his summer home on Buzzard's Bay, near the cottage occupied by ex-President Cleveland.

G. G., Joliet, Ills.: Christine Nilsson, the famous Swedish singer, was married, in 1872, to a Paris banker named Rouzaud, and resides in France. She has not been to this country since her marriage. There is no other singer of the same name.

S. E. B., Forks, Wyo.: The right of a land owner to the water in a stream flowing through his land is one simply of use; that is, he may use the water, but after using he must allow it to flow down the natural channel for the use of those living below him. This is the common law, as applied to mill sites, etc. In states in which irrigation is practiced, there are state laws governing the case. You had better consult a lawyer familiar with your state laws.

"Reader," Whitehouse, O., asks us "how to get on the best side of a young lady when she partly refuses his company, though she treats him very nicely, but is a little bashful." Such questions are impossible for any one to answer. If "Reader" knows how to behave himself like a gentleman and to treat the girl in a sincerely respectful and deferential manner, he may possibly advance in her good graces; but we doubt very much whether he possesses the necessary qualities, as he had not the good sense to send us his real name, as is required by Rule 1 above.

Mrs. B., White Rock, Nev., asks: "What are the causes which led to the Crimean war?" Russia assumes to be the protector of the Greek church all over the world. In 1853 she demanded from the Turkish government certain guarantees of the rights of Greek Christians in Turkey. These demands the Sultan believed to involve a renunciation of his sovereignty over that portion of his subjects, and therefore he refused to grant Russia's demand. Russia declared war, which began the same year. France, England and Sardinia took the part of Turkey, on the ground that Russia was menacing the existence of the Turkish empire, and that the preservation of Turkey was necessary to preserve the balance of power among the great nations of Europe. The Crimean war, beginning in 1853, was closed by the treaty of Paris, March 30, 1856. The pretext which Russia used to begin war against Turkey was hardly a sincere one. It has been the policy of Russia, ever since the time of Peter the Great, to try to extend her dominion to the Mediterranean sea, and fix her capital at Constantinople, once the seat of the Greek empire. Sooner or later she will accomplish this object; and it is this constant threat overhanging Europe that gives rise to such frequent rumors of war. The Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy is to preserve the peace of Europe, by combining three nations that are too powerful for Russia to attack single-handed. It looks at the present time as though an understanding has been, or will soon be reached, between France and Russia; and this, if carried out, may menace the peace of Europe in a few days.

COSTIVENESS

If not relieved by judicious and timely treatment, is liable to result in chronic constipation. As an aperient that may be used with perfect safety and satisfaction, **Ayer's Pills** are unsurpassed. Unlike most cathartics, these pills, while they relax and cleanse, exert a tonic influence on the stomach, liver, and bowels, causing these organs to perform their functions with healthy regularity and comfort. Being purely vegetable and free from mineral drug of any kind, their use is not attended with injurious effects. Good for old and young of every climate, Ayer's Pills are everywhere the favorite. G. W. Bowman, 26 East Main street, Carlisle, Pa., says: "Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills, and I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. I would not willingly be without them."

Cured by

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

Every Dose Effective.

LONG WORDS,

And Short Sentences Which Contain the Entire Alphabet.

"I have found the longest word in the English language," writes a correspondent of the Boston *Journal*. "It is 'Velocipedestrianistrianarianologist' (thirty five letters). Here are the next longest, as I make them out: 1, dis-pro-por-tion-a-ble-ness; 2, hon-or-if-i-ca-bil-i-tud-in-i-ty; 3, dis-es-tab-lish-ment-a-ri-an-ism; 4, un-pro-pre-an-te-pen-ult-i-mat-i-ca-bil-ity. The last word applies to all that have no 'propreantepenult,' that is, to every word of less than six syllables. The stem of the word, of course, is 'ult,' the remainder being an aggregation of prefixes and suffixes.

I have also collected several curious sentences. This one contains all the letters of the alphabet, and as there are in it but 32 letters, I think it must be the shortest of the kind ever made: 'Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs.' A curious thing about this sentence is that the six unnecessary letters are the vowels of the alphabet, with the exception of a, namely e, i, o, u, the i and o being repeated once. This sentence of 33 letters has all the letters: 'A quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog,' and the sentence of 36 letters also, 'Jack quickly extemporized the five tow bags.'"

Individuality in Babies.

"I have always thought very young babies looked exactly alike," said a young woman who makes a big fuss over babies in public, but in private confesses that she would rather have a Scotch collie than any baby she ever saw. "I went into the maternity ward of a city hospital for the first time Saturday, and I saw eight babies whose ages ranged from five to fourteen days. I was surprised to see the difference between them. There was a little colored baby that looked as grave and wise as if he knew all his race had endured before him, and another that looked exactly like a Bowery rowdy, and the prize baby of the ward, a 12 pound bundle of pink flesh, was a diminutive fac-simile of an Irish alderman."—[New York Recorder.

Cut Glass for the White House.

At a glass works in White Mills, Wayne county, Pa., there is on exhibition what is regarded as the finest set of cut glass ever turned out in this country. It consists of 520 separate pieces, and has been ordered by the United States government for the White House. On each piece of the set, from the mammoth centerpiece and punchbowl to the tiny salt cellars, is engraved the coat of arms of the United States. This work alone has occupied months of time. The total cost will be in the neighborhood of $3,000.

FORCE THEM OUT.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC is a remedy which is far in advance of medical science, as it has been expelling Microbi from the blood, and curing the worst diseases for 50 years, and it is only recently that the medical world have concluded that

THE ONLY WAY

to cure disease is to force out the baccilli through the PORES OF THE SKIN.

S.S.S. Never Fails to do this.

AN EDITOR MR. W. C. CURTIS, Editor of the Mecklenburg News, at Boydton, Va., says that he has been entirely relieved from an abscess which formed in his throat, and caused intense pain, almost choking him. He could not swallow solid food, and was in a most painful condition. He says that he took only three bottles, and that it effected a complete cure.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
Drawer 3. Atlanta, Ga.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

The Soldiers' Census Blank.

All comrades are earnestly requested, if they have not already done so, to fill out the Union soldiers' census blank, found in another column, and mail it at once, addressed "Census Bureau, Washington, D. C." Also call the attention of every comrade who does not read THE BLADE to the blank and have him do likewise. If you have not enough blanks, send us the names and postoffice addresses of comrades who desire to use them, and we will mail to each one a sample copy of THE BLADE containing it. Please do this at once.

Challenges Comparison.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—It is a rare thing to see a "blaze" start up in the "camp," by chips from any of the old boys of Battery F, 1st O. V. V. Light Art. It is not because they are all dead, for a few of them survived the terrible trials we passed through, during our four years of hardships. I see occasionally a chip from members of our old brigade (Hazen's). No truer or braver soldiers ever answered to roll call than the 6th Ky., 9th Ind., and 41st Ohio Inft. regiments. How bravely they supported our battery at Stone's river, Chickamauga, and many more of the hard-fought battles we passed through together. Do you remember when the rebs threw a shell into one of our limber chests? Soldiers on distant parts of the field told me that they heard and saw the explosion above the din and roar of battle. On the very spot where our brigade monument now stands, we lost several men killed and wounded, and 26 horses killed in less than ten minutes! Rebels were killed within three yards of our battery. How any one escaped instant death is past finding out. I love to read the Camp Fire items, for they bring up memories of the times when we were all as brothers; but I get very tired of seeing the controversies that are going on between certain ones of the cavalry, and others of the infantry. They do not interest any one except those who are the principal actors. Now here is a little item that may possibly interest some. I challenge a parallel case. Battery F, 1st Regt. O. V. V. Lt. Art. was recruited August 1, 1861, and was assigned to the 1st Regt., under Col. James Barnett, of Cleveland. We were actively engaged all the time until the war closed, and were mustered out on July 22, 1865. The battery contained twenty-nine pairs of brothers, a correct list appearing below:

Capt. D. T. Cockerill,	Ivers, Wm.
Lieut. G. J. Cockerill,	Ivers, Robert,
Askrens, James	Jones, Isaiah
Askrens, Wm.	Jones, Lewis
Brown, Thos. W.	Judd, Henry
Brown, Lewis H.	Judd, Abner
Blair, Geo. W.	Leedom, Aaron
Blair, James F.	Leedom, St. Mark H.
Bowman, John W.	Leedom, Charles
Bowman, Joseph	Martin, Wm.
Bell, Bamford	Martin, Hinaziah
Bell, George	Nichols, Jos.
Bratton, Chas.	Nichols, Thos. H.
Bratton, Jas. E.	Osborn, Elijah
Beatty, Pearson	Osborn, G. F.
Beatty, Samuel H.	Purtee, John
Burnside, Moses	Purtee, Jeff. M.
Burnside, Jas. M.	Potts, John
Carlisle, John	Potts, J. T.
Carlisle, Alfred	Reeves, G. W.
Carter, Wm.	Reeves, John
Carter, J. T.	Washburn, John
Coon, Byron C.	Washburn, Collins
Coon, Geo. L.	Waters, Jos. E.
Dunbar, Hamilton	Waters, Isaac
Dunbar, John	Williams, Samuel
Gray, G. W.	Williams, Wm.
Gray, Thos. H.	Young, H. N.
Hoop, J. B.	Young, Geo. F.
Hoop, Jas. C.	

—JAMES F. BLAIR, Battery F, 1st O. V. V. Lt. Artillery.

Plain English.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I read in THE BLADE of July 16, a communication from Henry Kirby, Co. H, 93d Ills. Inft., which pleased me the best of all the articles which have appeared in the Camp Fire for many months. His talk about the treatment received from his ex-Confederate neighbors is just fine. I get very "tired" hearing the radical and cranky comrades "spout" constantly. About the most some of them know is that they are Republicans, the ex-Confederate soldiers are rebels still, and Democrats are copperheads. How does it look to see a man continually pounding his enemy, though he said "enough" 25 years ago, and gave up his arms. I have been a member of the G. A. R. for many years—a charter member of our post, the strongest in the county. Have been commander of it, and commander of the G. A. R. of the county organization; and (don't faint) I am a Democrat! Will not name many of the colonels and generals, together with thousands of privates, who were volunteer soldiers in the Union army. Gallant old Indiana furnished as many Democratic soldiers as Republicans. Many of the best colonels and generals from Indiana were Democrats. Boys, I beg of you, do have sense enough to know that there are other people beside Republicans. Henry Kirby, shake! Many Republicans feel just as you do. I am glad to know that Democrat soldiers have the sympathy and friendship of all the sensible Republicans. But there are many who would ostracize all soldiers who do not vote the Republican ticket. Be assured that I do not dislike any man because he is a Republican. Many of my best friends are Republicans. My regiment lost many men on the battle field. Geo. W. Morgan, who commanded our division at Chickasaw Bayou, in December, 1862, was a Democrat; and Col. Fielding Mansfield, who commanded our (Fifty-fourth Indiana) regiment in said battle, was a Democrat, and also more than half his regiment. I heard Gen. Morgan say that the 54th Ind. was as brave a regiment as ever marched into battle. The 54th lost half their men in the above battle, and perhaps more. We have no politics here in Fremont county, Iowa, in the G. A. R., I am proud to say—all are friendly.—E. H. MITCHELL, Co. A, 54th Ind.

Postoffice addresses of correspondents are not given in the Camp Fire, or in any other department of THE BLADE. Unscrupulous persons were making use of the names in furtherance of their various schemes; hence addresses were discontinued.—ED.

A Fatal Shot.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—We all like to read the old army stories in the Camp Fire, and hope that nothing but good feeling and love will be in our hearts toward one another. I remember on the Atlanta campaign, in one of our battles near Marietta, Ga., the morning that Lieut. Workmen was killed, we were in the works. It had rained, and Lieut. Workmen's overcoat had become wet. He stepped back to spread it on a bush to dry, and some one told him he would be shot if he remained there. "Boys," the lieutenant remarked, "the lead has never been run yet to shoot me."

Just as he had finished speaking, a bullet struck him and killed him on the spot. Comrade Bill T—, of Co. B, said afterward, "Boys, wasn't that lead run d—d quick?" The night before the lieutenant's captain and first lieutenant were both killed in battle, only a short distance from where he fell. That was where, the boys will perhaps recollect, one day there was a shell cut a big chestnut tree off up about 30 feet above ground. The top of the tree came down and the big end hung to a splinter. The top came down right on our company and pinned us all to the ground.—J. S. ARNOLD, Co. G, 51st O. V. I.

They Made It Rain.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Having read much in regard to the late appropriation of Congress for Uncle Sam's "rain makers," and the big noise they are going to make in Western Kansas, I am reminded of what I saw and experienced at Stephenson's Depot, Va., during the late war. Gen. Averill commanded our Div. of Cav., and being ordered by Sheridan to feel what was in his front, advanced and found Gen. Rhodes, with a full Division of infantry, "standing square on his pastures." A lively racket at once opened. A regular battery unlimbered between Co.'s D. and E. 22nd P. V. C. Companies and whole regiments charged. The artillery gave them a rolling fire, and hurled shell into their lines for a solid half hour. A small cloud appeared in the west at the opening of the fight. It gathered and enlarged, changed its course, and swept over us. Soon we were all like drowned rats, our boots full of water, and the fight drowned out on both sides. Our bands struck up "Yankee Doodle," while the rain ran in streams off their instruments. The rebels tooted their horns on "Dixie," and we wended our way back to camp through a sea of water, as the country was level. That night we lifted the top rail and dried out. Dan Knight is a whale, and making a good fight for his arm of the service.—J. F. HENRY, Co. E. 22d P. V. C.

A Humane Rebel.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I belonged to the Confederate army and served under Gen. Bragg at the battle of Chickamauga. After our army had driven the Union forces toward Missionary Ridge, our command stopped for a while on the line where many of the brave "boys in blue" had fallen. Among them was a poor fellow wounded in the leg. He, with many others, had been left to die of thirst in the sun. I think the one I speak of was a German. He begged for some one to care for him. Hearing him, I went in search of an ambulance, but the driver only "cussed" him for being a d——d Yankee, and would not go after him. I asked him, in the name of humanity, to wait till I could get the fellow to his ambulance, which he agreed to do if I would be quick. I got some other fellows to help, and we put him in a blanket and carried him to the ambulance and rolled him in. I received many kind thanks from the grateful boy, but saw him no more. I have often wished to know if he recovered and is yet alive. If he is, and should read this, he will know that his old rebel friend is yet alive, and would like to hear from him through the Camp Fire.—L. O. CROWDER.

In Buford's Division.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In 1861, when a boy of 18 years, I enlisted in the N. Y. S. M., which disbanded soon after at Kingston, N. Y. From that service we received no discharge. In 1862 I re-enlisted in the 4th N. Y. Cav., and was detailed for duty at the division commissary department, under command of Capt. Black. It was Buford's Div., consisting of the 4th, 9th and 60th N. Y. After trying to flank Gen. Mead at Culpepper, Lee's army fell back to Warrenton. In that retreat we had a hard fight at Bristo station. The valley was full of wagons, as far as the eye could see. Our train traveled all night, over the roughest road I ever saw, and in the morning we halted at Warrenton Junction. Lee being satisfied to return as he came, the captain ordered four of us to procure as many empty wagons as we could find, and take them to the station to be filled. Two of the 60th boys, in lifting a barrel of sugar that was minus a head, from one wagon to another, let it fall, and in trying to get from under it, I injured my right side in such a manner that I suffer and am disabled to this day on account of it.—ED. DECKER, Co. K, 14th N. Y. Cav.

The High Water Mark.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Over here in the grand old Keystone commonwealth, the people are rightfully proud of the fact that perhaps the bloodiest battle of the war was fought on their soil; namely, Gettysburg—and now they purpose erecting a monument to indicate what they term "The high water mark of the Rebellion," as they express the farthest northward advance of the rebels. Now, Pennsylvania can not rightfully claim that distinction, on Monday, July 26, 1863, Morgan, with several hundred rebel cavalrymen, was captured near New Lisbon, Columbiana county, Ohio, which place, according to the map, must be at least 75 miles farther north than Gettysburg, Pa. And would it not be proper to mark the place under the old apple tree with a monument? I am a native of the above state and county, served during the war, enlisting before I was 17 years of age. The monument as to the high water mark should, I think, be placed where it is justly due.—SAMUEL S. GILBERT.

A Queer Board.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Here is a little of the experience I have had in obtaining a pension. My claim was filed July 21, 1890, under law of June 27, 1890. Got order for examination in March, 1891. The board consists of one ex-rebel, one foreigner (both Democrats) and one "fool" Republican, at Hastings, Neb. The reb told me to run up-stairs, run across the room, and take off my clothes. Then he punched me in the stomach and said my condition was normal.

My examination report was then sent to Washington, and my attorney informed me June 20, 1891, that I had been allowed $6 per month, and that is the last I have heard of it. I have a clean army record, am 64 years old, and it is not necessary to say that I am not as good a man, physically, as I was when I went into the army.—EX-SOLDIER, Co. D, 20th Mich. Inft.

Cavalry Saved His Life.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I was here, in Southeastern Kentucky, when the rebellion broke out, and I know something about the treatment of Union people. Comrade Knight and "Bub" have only told a very small part of their suffering. My brother was a scout and guide for the Union army. He was captured by the rebels and shot in cold blood, together with two other men, his neighbors. No human tongue can tell the suffering that Union people endured in this part of the country. I have no fault to find with the cavalry, for the 4th Ky. Cav. saved my life at one time.—THOMAS ROE, Co. C, 153d Ills. Inft.

Bugle Notes.

W. H. Wilson, a soldier's son, says: "My father, Robert Wilson, was a volunteer, serving first a year in the 10th Ind. Vol. Being discharged for disability, he returned home, and after a few months' rest, re-enlisted in the 19th Ind. Batty.; was transferred to the 4th Ind. Batty., in which he served until the war closed."

Comrade Martin C. Cubbler, Co. C, 3d N. J. Cav., writes: "I enlisted of my own free will in Uncle Samuel's service and always obeyed the orders of my superior officers; and because I had the fortune (or misfortune) to miss some of the great battles, detracts nothing from the honor I feel in having been a Union soldier, and having accomplished what I could (in the capacity of high private in the rear rank) for my country. As we are fast growing old, let us keep our ranks well closed up, and not tarnish, by slurring and useless quarreling, the glorious victory we gained in 1861-65."

One among the many notable figures that were to be seen at the National encampment at Detroit, was Comrade T. R. McKee, a resident of Dell Raids, South Dakota. He served 4 years and 7 months during the war, and is said to be the best drummer in the G. A. R.

Comrade J. A. Bateman, Co. 8th, Ills. V. V. I., says: "I was a soldier four years and nine months; saw some hard times and some good times. The cavalry, I think, did their duty as well as we infantrymen did ours. If Comrade Thomas had been with me during the campaign about Vicksburg, I think he would have seen plenty of dead cavalrymen. Until the surrender, I was on the picket line every third day. We had a good general—John A. Logan. I was one of the boys that helped carry the ladder on May 22, in an attempt to scale the breastworks. The rebel lead flew thick and fast, and if Thomas had been there he would of seen plenty of dead soldiers."

Reunion Note.

There will be a reunion of Battery F, First regiment, O. V. V. Lt. Arty., at Ripley, O., on August 27 and 28. We want every comrade who sees this notice to be there without fail, and also to send word to every one that he can. For further particulars, address J. H. BLOOM, Ripley, O.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

Talmage's Sermon.

A CHANCE IN EVERY ONE'S LIFE.

Opportunities For Old and Young, Rich and Poor to Distinguish Themselves — Dr. Talmage Preaches at Ocean Grove.

Dr. Talmage preached at Ocean Grove Sunday. His text was Daniel ii, 32: "The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits."

Antiochus Epiphanes, the old sinner, came down three times with his army to desolate the Israelites, advancing one time with a hundred and two trained elephants, swinging their trunks this way and that, and sixty-two thousand infantry and six thousand cavalry troops, and they were driven back. Then, the second time, he advanced with seventy thousand armed men, and had been again defeated. But the third time he laid successful siege until the navy of Rome came on with the flash of their long banks of oars and demanded that the siege be lifted. And Antiochus Epiphanes said he wanted time to consult with his friends about it, and Popilius, one of the Roman ambassadors, took a staff and made a circle on the ground around Antiochus Epiphanes, and compelled him to decide before he came out of that circle; whereupon he lifted the siege. Some of the Hebrews had submitted to the invader, but some of them resisted valorously, as did Eleazer when he had swine's flesh forced into his mouth, spit it out, although he knew he must die for it; and others, as my text says, did exploits.

An exploit I would define to be a heroic act, a brave feat, a great achievement. "Well," you say, "I admire such things, but there is no chance for me; mine is a sort of hum-drum life. If I had an Antiochus Epiphanes to fight, I also could do exploits." You are right, so far as great wars are concerned. There will probably be no opportunity to distinguish yourself in battle. The most of the brigadier-generals of this country would have never been heard of had it not been for the war.

Neither will you probably become a great inventor. Nineteen hundred and ninety-nine out of every two thousand inventions found in the patent office at Washington never yielded their authors enough money to pay for the expenses of securing the patent. So you will probably never be a Morse or an Edison or a Humphrey Davy or an Eli Whitney. There is not much probability that you will be the one out of the hundred who achieves extraordinary success in commercial of legal or medical or literary spheres. What then? Can you have no opportunity to do exploits? I am going to show that there are three opportunities open that are grand, thrilling, far-reaching stupendous and overwhelming. They are before you now. In one, if not all three of them, you may do exploits. The three greatest things on earth to do are to save a man, or save a woman, or save a child.

During the course of his life, almost every man gets into an exigency, is caught between two fires, is ground between two millstones, sits on the edge of some precipice, or in some other way comes near demolition. It may be a financial or a moral or a domestic or a social or a political exigency. You sometimes see it in court rooms. A young man has got into bad company and he has offended the law, and he is arraigned. All blushing and confused, he is in the presence of judge and jury and lawyers. He can be sent right on in the wrong direction. He is feeling disgraced, and he is almost desperate. Let the district attorney overhaul him as though he were an old offender, let the ablest attorneys at the bar refuse to say a word for him, because he cannot afford a considerable fee; let the judge give no opportunity for presenting the mitigating circumstances, hurry up the case, and hustle him up to Auburn or Sing Sing. If he live seventy years, for seventy years he will be a criminal, and each decade of his life will be blacker than its predecessor. In the interregnums of prison life he can get no work, and he is glad to break a window-glass, or blow up a safe, or play the highwayman, so as to get back within the walls where he can get something to eat, and hide himself from the gaze of the world.

Why don't his father come and help him? His father is dead. Why don't his mother come and help him? She is dead. Where are all the ameliorating and salutary influences of society? They do not touch him. Why did not some one long ago in the case understand that there was an opportunity for the exploit which would be famous in heaven a quadrillion of years after the earth has become scattered ashes in the last whirlwind? Why did not the district attorney take that young man into his private office and say: "My son, I see that you are the victim of circumstances. This is your first crime. You are sorry. I will bring the person you wronged into your presence, and you will apologize and make all the reparation you can, and I will give you another chance." Or that young man is presented in the court room, and he has no friends present, and the judge says: "Who is your counsel?" And he says: "I have none." And the judge says: "Who will take this young man's case?" And there is a dead halt and no one offers, and after a while the judge turns to some attorney who never had a good case in all his life, and never will, and whose advocacy would be enough to secure the condemnation of innocence itself. And the professional incompetent crawls up beside the prisoner, helplessness to rescue despair, when there ought to be a struggle among all the best men of the profession as to who should have the honor of trying to help that unfortunate. How much would such an attorney have received as his fee for such an advocacy? Nothing in dollars, but much every way in a happy consciousness that would make his own life brighter, and his own dying pillow sweeter, and his own heaven happier—the consciousness that he had saved a man!

So there are commercial exigencies. A very late spring obliterates the demand for spring overcoats and spring hats and spring apparel of all sorts. Hundreds of thousands of people say: "It seems we are going to have no spring, and we shall go straight out of winter into warm weather, and we can get along without the usual spring attire." Or there is no autumn weather, the heat plunging into the cold, and the usual clothing which is a compromise between summer and winter, is not required. It makes a difference in the sale of millions and millions of dollars of goods, and some over-sanguine young merchant is caught with a vast amount of unsalable goods that will never be salable again, except at prices ruinously reduced. The young merchant with a somewhat limited capital is in a predicament. What shall the old merchants do as they see the young man in this awful crisis? Rub their hands and laugh and say: "Good for him. He might have known better. When he has been in business as long as we have, he will not load his shelves in that way. Ha! Ha! He will burst up before long. He had no business to open his store so near ours anyway." Sheriff's sale! Red flag in the window: "How much is bid for these out-of-fashion spring overcoats and spring hats, or fall clothing out of date? What do I hear in the way of a bid?" "Four dollars." "Absurd; I cannot take that bid of $4 apiece. Why, these coats, when first put upon the market, were offered at $15 each, and now I am offered only $4. Is that all? Five dollars do I hear? Going at that! Gone at $5," and he takes the whole lot. The young merchant goes home that night and says to his wife: "Well, Mary, we will have to move out of this house and sell our piano. The old merchant that has had an evil eye on me ever since I started has bought out all that clothing, and he will have it rejuvinated, and next year put it on the market as new, while we will do well if we keep out of the poorhouse." The young man, broken spirited, goes to hard drinking. The young wife with her baby goes to her father's house, and not only is his store wiped out, but his home, his morals, and his prospects for two worlds—this and the next. And devils make a banquet of fire and fill their cups of gall and drink deep to the health of the old merchant who swallowed up the young merchant who got stuck on spring goods and went down. This is one way, and some of you have tried it.

But there is another way. That young merchant who found that he had miscalculated in laying in too many goods of one kind, and been flung of the unusual season, is standing behind the counter, feeling very blue, and biting his finger-nails, or looking over his account-books, which read darker and worse every time he looks at them, and thinking how his young wife will have to be put in a plainer house than she ever expected to live in, or go to a third-rate boarding-house where they have tough liver and sour bread five mornings out of the seven. An old merchant comes in and says: "Well, Joe, this has been a hard season for young merchants, and this prolonged cool weather has put many in the doldrums, and I have been thinking of you a good deal of late, for just after I started in business I once got into the same scrape. Now, if there is anything I can do to help you out I will gladly do it. Better just put those goods out of sight for the present, and next season we will plan something about them. I will help you to some goods that you can sell for me on commission, and I will go down to one of the wholesale houses and tell them that I know you and will back you up, and if you want a few dollars to bridge over the present I can let you have them. Be as economical as you can, keep a stiff upper lip, and remember that you have two friends—God and myself. Good morning!" The old merchant goes away, and the young man goes behind his desk and the tears roll down his cheeks. It is the first time he has cried. Disaster made him mad at everything, and mad at man and mad at God. But this kindness melts him, and the tears seem to relieve his brain, and his spirits rise from 10 below zero to 80 in the shade, and he comes out of the crisis.

About three years after, this young merchant goes into the old merchant's store and says: "Well, my old friend, I was this morning thinking over what you did for me three years ago. You helped me out of an awful crisis in my commercial history. I learned wisdom, prosperity has come, and the pallor has gone out of my wife's cheeks, and the roses that were there when I courted her in her father's house have bloomed again, and my business is splendid, and I thought I ought to let you know that you saved a man!" In a short time after, the old merchant who had been a good while shaky in his limbs and who had poor spells, is called to leave the world, and one morning after he had read the twenty-third Psalm about "The Lord is my Shepherd," he closes his eyes on this world, and an angel who had been for many years appointed to watch the old man's dwelling, cries upward the news that the patriarch's spirit is about ascending. And the twelve angels who keep the twelve gates of heaven unite in crying down to this approaching spirit of the old man: "Come in and welcome, for it has been told all over these celestial lands that you save a man."

There sometimes comes exigencies in the life of a woman. One morning a few years ago I saw in the newspaper that there was a young woman in New York whose pocketbook, containing thirty-seven dollars and thirty-three cents, had been stolen, and she had been left without a penny at the beginning of winter, in a strange city, and no work. And although she was a stranger, I did not allow the 9 o'clock mail to leave the lamp-post on our corner, without carrying the $37.33; and the case was proved genuine. Now I have read all Shakespeare's tragedies, and all Victor Hugo's tragedies, but I never read a tragedy more thrilling than that case, and similar cases by the hundreds and thousands in all our large cities; young women without money and without home and without work in the great malestroms of metropolitan life. When such a case comes under your observation, how do you treat it? "Get out of my way; we have no room in our establishment for any more hands. I don't believe in women anyway; they are a lazy, idle, worthless set. John, please show this person out of the door." Or do you compliment her personal appearance, and say things to her which if any man said to your sister or daughter you would kill him on the spot? That is one way, and it is tried every day in the large cities, and many of those who advertise for female hands in factories, and for governesses in families, have proved themselves unfit to be in any place outside of hell. But there is another way, and I saw it one day in the Methodist Book Concern in New York, where a young woman applied for work, and the gentleman in tone and manner said in substance: "My daughter, we employ women here, but I do not know of any vacant place in our department. You had better inquire at such and such a place, and I hope you will be successful in getting something to do. Here is my name, and tell them I sent you." The embarrassed and humiliated woman seemed to give way to Christian confidence. She started out with a hopeful look that I think must have won for her a place in which to earn her bread. I rather think that considerate and Christian gentlemen saved a woman. New York and Brooklyn ground up last year about thirty thousand young women, and would like to grind up about as many this year. Out of all that long procession of women who march on with no hope for this world or the next, battered and bruised and scoffed at, and flung off the precipice, not one but might have been saved for home and God and Heaven. But good men and women are not in that kind of business. Alas for that poor thing! nothing but the thread of that sewing-girl's needle held her, and the thread broke.

Now I should not wonder if you trembled a little with a sense of responsibility when I say that there is hardly a person in this house but may have an opportunity to save a woman. It may, in your case, be done by good advice, or by financial help, or by trying to bring to bear some one of a thousand Christian influences. If, for instance, you find a woman in financial distress and breaking down in health and spirits trying to support her children, now that her husband is dead or an invalid, doing that very important and honorable work—but which is little appreciated—keeping a boarding house, where all the guests, according as they pay small board, or propose, without paying any board at all, to decamp, are critical of everything and hard to please, busy yourselves in trying to get more patrons, and tell her of divine sympathy. Yea, if you see a woman favored of fortune and with all kindly surroundings, finding in the hollow flatteries of the world her chief regalement, living for herself and for time as if there were no eternal strive to bring her into the kingdom of God, as did the other day a Sabbath school teacher, who was the means of the conversion of the daughter of a man of immense wealth, and the daughter resolved to join the church, and she went home and said: "Father, I am going to join the church, and I want you to come." "Oh, no," he said, "I never go to church." "Well," said the daughter, "if I were going to be married, would you not go to see me married?" And he said: "Oh, yes." "Well," said she, "this is of more importance than that." So he went, and has gone ever since, and loves to go. I do not know but that faithful Sabbath school teacher not only saved a woman, but saved a man. There may be in this audience, gathered from all parts of the world, there may be a man whose behavior toward womanhood has been perfidious. Repent! Stand up, thou masterpiece of sin and death, that I may charge you! As far as possible, make reparation. Do not boast that you have her in your power, and that she cannot help herself. When that fine collar and cravat and that elegant suit of clothes come off and your uncovered soul stands before God, you will be better off if you save that woman.

There is another exploit you can do, and that is to save a child. A child does not seem to amount to much. It is nearly a year old before it can walk at all. For the first year and a half it cannot speak a word. For the first ten years it would starve if it had to earn its own food. For the first fifteen years its opinion on any subject is absolutely valueless. And then there are so many of them. My! what lots of children! And some people have contempt for children. They are good for nothing but to wear out the carpets and break things and keep you awake nights crying. Well, your estimate of a child is quite different from the mother's estimate who lost her child this summer. They took it to the salt air of the seashore and to the tonic air of the moutains, but no help came, and the brief paragraph of its life is ended. Suppose that life could be restored by purchase, how much would that bereaved mother give? She would take all the jewels from her fingers, and neck, and bureau, and put them down. And if told that that was not enough, she would take her house and make over the deed for it, and if that were not enough, she would call in all her investments and put down all her mortgages and bonds, and if told that were not enough, she would say: "I have made over all my property, and if I can have the child back I will now pledge that I will toil with my own hands, and carry with my own shoulders in any kind of hard work, and live in a cellar and die in a garret. Only give me back that lost darling!" I am glad that there are those who know something of the value of a child. Its possibilities are tremendous. What will those hands yet do? Where will those feet yet walk? Toward what destiny will that never-dying soul betake itself? Shall those lips be the throne of blasphemy or benediction? Come, chronologists, and calculate the decades on decades, the centuries on centuries of its lifetime. Oh, to save a child! Am I not right in putting that among the great exploits?

But what are you going to do with those children who are worse off than if their father and mother had died the day they were born? There are tens of thousands of such. Their parentage was against them. Their name is against them. The structure of their skulls is against them. Their nerves and muscles contaminated by the inebriety or dissoluteness of their parents; they are practically at their birth laid out on a plank in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, in an equinoctial gale, and told to make for shore. What to do with them is the question often asked. There is another question quite as pertinent, and that is, what are they going to do with us? They will, ten or eleven years from now, have as many votes as the same number of well-born children, and they will hand this land over to anarchy and political damnation just as sure as we neglect them. Suppose we each one of us save a boy or save a girl. You can do it. Will you? I will.

How shall we get ready for one or all of these three exploits? We shall make a dead failure if in our strength we try to save a man or woman or child. But my text suggests where we are to get equipment. "The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits." We must know Him through Jesus Christ in our own salvation, and then we shall have His help in the salvation of others. And while you are saving strangers you may save some of your own kin. You think your brothers and sisters and children and grandchildren all safe, but they are not dead, and no one is safe till he is dead. On the English coast there was a wild storm, and a wreck in the offing, and the cry was: "Man the lifeboat!" But Harry, the usual leader of the sailor's crew, was not to be found, and they went without him, and brought back all the shipwrecked people but one. By this time, Harry, the leader of the crew, appeared and said: "Why did you leave that one?" The answer was: "He could not help himself at all, and we could not get him into the boat." "Man the lifeboat!" shouted Harry, "and we will go for that one." "No," said his aged mother, standing by, "you must not go. I lost your father in a storm like this, and your brother Will went off six years ago, and I have not heard a word from Will since he left, and I don't know where he is, poor Will, and I cannot let you go, for I am old and dependent on you." His reply was: "Mother, I must go and save that one man, and if I am lost, God will take care of you in your old days."

The lifeboat put out, and after an awful struggle with the sea they picked the poor fellow out of the rigging just in time to save his life, and started for the shore. And as they came within speaking distance, Harry cried out: "We saved him, and tell mother it was brother Will." Oh, yes, my friends, let us start out to save some one for time and for eternity, some man, some woman, some child. And who knows but it may, directly or indirectly, be the salvation of one of our own kindred, and that will be an exploit worthy of celebration when the world itself is shipwrecked and the sun has gone out like a spark from a smitten anvil and all the stars are dead.

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45.—The Fallacy of Fiat Money.

We are in receipt of quite a number of letters from friends and readers in the West, who say that whether it it be true or not that the free coinage of silver would drive gold from the country, they are not strenuous upon free coinage, but they are determined that both gold and silver shall be abandoned as money, and that the money of the future shall be fiat money, issued by the United States—that is, it shall be paper whose value shall rest upon the word of the government.

We notice a difference of opinion among the writers of these letters. Some wish these notes to be greenbacks—that is, a promise on the part of the government to pay the face of the note; while others wish them to be merely marked with the denomination, without having any promise expressed on their face—the idea being that a governmental decree can create value. This is sheer nonsense. The only way in which the government can give paper money any value is through a promise to pay a specified sum.

The acceptance of such money by the people would depend entirely upon the ability of the government to redeem its issues. The larger the issue, the more difficulty there would be in circulating it. A man's note for one dollar might be accepted readily by any of his neighbors if it were known that there were only a few such notes held against him; but if it were known that there were $10,000 of his paper afloat, and that all his property was worth not over $5,000, nobody would accept them. The same thing has been proved true in the history of the world concerning any issue of paper money ever made. It is the knowledge on the part of the people that the government is able, on demand, to pay those notes in full, that enables them to circulate at their face value.

In order to do this it is necessary for the government to have money on hand in gold or silver to an amount approximating the total face value of its notes in circulation. That is the reason that the paper money of the United States now circulates freely at par value. The government is known to be worth a great deal more than the $846,000,000 we have of greenbacks. The gold certificates simply represent that amount of gold coin lying in the treasury ready for their redemption the moment they are presented. Every one of them can be paid upon presentation. The silver certificates represent the coined silver dollars lying in the treasury. The new treasury notes of 1890 are secured by the silver bullion purchased by the government and stored in its vaults.

The idea that any paper issue could possibly take the place of all other money and the United States abandon the use of gold and silver, is simply absurd. It is based on an absolute ignorance of the facts of the case. While it would be possible for the domestic trade of the country to be conducted on a paper basis, as was done during the war with our greenbacks, it is utterly impossible to carry on any foreign trade without the use of gold. Gold is the money of the civilized world; that is, it is the monetary standard of all the great commercial nations of the world. To do without it is an impossibility; and any such wild proposition is not worthy of serious discussion for a moment. In any paper currency there is an absolute necessity for its reference to the coin standard. What would a greenback represent, for instance, in its promise to pay $1 to bearer, if the dollar were not defined as being so many grains of gold? Suppose that our present coinage laws were entirely swept out of existence, what would be the standard of value? What would a piece of paper be worth promising to pay $1, if there were no law stating of what the dollar should consist?

Probably the demand of the People's party of Ohio at its recent convention, may be taken as typical of the views of the great majority of those who have written to us on this subject. It was that "full legal-tender treasury notes be issued in sufficient volume to conduct the business of the country on a cash basis." Congress might pass a law for the issue of a stated number of hundreds of millions of greenbacks, and might decree that they should be full legal tender; but that would not keep them at par. There is a point at which laws become null, and that point is reached in finance when the government starts on a course of inflation, whether it be from necessity or from choice.

During the war, greenbacks were a full legal tender except in payment of customs. That exception was made because the government bonds were made payable in gold, both principal and interest, and it was necessary to provide some means of raising the gold. Those of our readers who have followed the previous numbers of this series of articles, will remember that we gave a brief history of every issue of treasury notes from the adoption of the Constitution down to the present time, and that all issues of them prior to the war very speedily went out of circulation, because they were promptly paid into the treasury for customs duties. That exception in the greenbacks did not operate, as so many of the greenbackers in the past have maintained, to depreciate their value, but it kept them from being retired as rapidly as possible through the payment of duties.

This basic fact has been proved true in the history of every country which attempted an irredeemable paper issue; that there is no power in a mere law or in any penalty which a law may prescribe, that will keep such a currency at a par with coin—that is, keep it from depreciating in purchasing power. An irredeemable paper currency is one in which no time is specified for its redemption, that is, it is not redeemable at a given time, nor does it contain the words "on demand." This makes it a forced loan from the people, payable only at the will or the caprice of the government. It is the worst of all currencies. Much as the greenback was lauded by its defenders during war time because its issue was a necessity, it cost the government hundreds of millions of dollars more to carry on the war than if it had possessed actual money to pay its expenses, and not been compelled to resort to a forced loan.

A CENTURY OF TEMPERANCE WORK.

Comparatively few people know that the modern temperance movement dates back a century and two years. It was in the summer of 1789 that a few farmers in Connecticut banded themselves together by a mutual pledge not to use liquor in their farm work. At that time it was the universal custom to have a jug of spirits with the men in the field, especially in time of extra exertion, like harvesting and haying. The action of these Connecticut farmers was the first recorded one against the use of Rum; but it is plain that there was already a considerable sentiment among thinking people in this direction. In the following year, 1790, the college of Physicians in Philadelphia memorialized Congress to impose heavy duties, whereby the liquor traffic might be restrained and the number of places where spirits were sold might be decreased.

It is worthy of note too, that the Methodist church, which had just been planted in the New World, and which was growing with great rapidity, earnestly and steadily set its face againt the practice of intemperance by any of its members.

The next notable move made against the drink habit was in 1811, when the general assembly of the Presbyterian church appointed a committee of seven to consider the matter of intemperance, and to devise means for combating it. This committee reported in 1812, recommending that the ministry of the church should deliver stated sermons on the evil of intemperance, and that printed sermons, tracts and other literature bearing upon the subject should be circulated among the people in the larger cities.

The first temperance organization in the United States was the American Temperance union, which was established in Massachusetts in 1836. It sounds a little odd at this day to learn that, only 55 years ago, such an organization was formed, not in the interest of total abstinence, but simply to discountenance and suppress, if possible, the "too free use of ardent spirits." One of the methods it first recommended was, to encourage grape culture and the moderate use of wine; and some temperance advocates even went so far as to build a brewery, with the idea that if men should drink beer instead of rum and whisky, they would be in no particular danger of becoming drunkards. Nowadays we know better. It may be said, however, in explanation, that the beer of that day was made of nothing but barley and hops. It was not doctored, as is the modern product, with all sorts of abominable drugs, which make it as deadly in its way as any other form of alcoholic poison.

But the American Temperance Union soon found that such measures were absolutely ineffectual; and we find its members soon working to obtain the passage of laws prohibiting the sale of all liquors except by wholesale, or for the use of the medical profession. One of the earliest successes in this line was the passage of the famous "Maine law," prohibiting the manufacture or sale of any form of Rum within that state. This law was vigorously assailed as being unconstitutional. A case under it was carried up to the Supreme court of the United States, and in 1847, the first of that tribunal's long series of liquor decisions was made, in which it was declared that it is within the police power of any state to prohibit by law the sale of strong drinks.

The movement thus auspiciously started spread to other states; Vermont, Rhode Island, New York, Delaware and Michigan followed the lead of Maine by the passage of prohibitory laws; and if the American people had not been appealed to in behalf of what they considered a greater and a higher issue, there is no doubt but that the rapid growth of public sentiment in favor of this solution of the Rum problem would have long ere this brought all the states under the domination of prohibition. But just when the temperance cause looked brightest, a Democratic Congress repealed the Missouri Compromise. This renewed, in a more bitter form than ever before, the great struggle between slavery and freedom. The paramount question in most minds soon come to be, whether slavery should be extended to the territories of the United States, or be confined to those states in which it was already fixed.

It is a peculiarity of humanity that absorption in one great question excludes activity in behalf of any other. The result was, that the moral and educational forces which had heretofore been bent in the direction of temperance, were absorbed by the anti-slavery issue. Fierce waxed the conflict, and the newborn Republican party sprang into being, a very giant, upon a platform pledging itself to resist the extension of slavery into any of the territories of the United States—not, as is too often assumed, on an anti-slavery platform. Defeated in its first national campaign in 1856, it was successful in 1860. The secession of the slave states brought on the war for the preservation of the Union. In the shock of arms, slavery went down to rise no more.

But war is an evil to a nation in unnumbered ways, and though the cause of the Union was just and righteous, and though a resort to arms was the only possible means of retaining the Union one and indivisible, it was none the less injurious to the morals of the American people. The Rum Power got a long start in the years which elapsed from the time of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, in 1854, until the long era of reconstruction and political turmoil which followed the cessation of direct hostilities was over. Practically over a quarter of a century have elapsed until the American people began slowly to turn their minds from the mighty issues, first, of checking the extension of slavery; second, of putting down armed rebellion; third, of restoring the country to a peace footing and settling the many vexed questions arising out of war and war legislation.

And it is an unfortunate thing for the cause of temperance and of prohibition, that the first organized renewal of the war against Rum should have been made in the form of a political movement. In 1872 the Prohibition party first entered the field of national politics, though its vote in the whole United States was but 5,608. The times were then ripe for taking up again the temperance reform, as is evidenced by the deep interest taken in the famous "Women's Crusade" in Ohio in 1874, and in the "blue ribbon" movement, led by FRANCIS MURPHY, during those years; but the time was a singularly unfit one to start a new political party, as the result has proved.

The Prohibition party has not, in the years of its existence, increased as rapidly as the voting population of the United States; that is to say, notwithstanding the notable increase in its vote from 1884 to 1888, the total vote of the old parties showed a greater increase in point of numbers than did that of the new party. Probably the Presidential vote for FISK, in 1888, which was a little over a quarter of million, marked the high tide of political prohibition. There is no doubt but that the movement has been declining within the past two years.

It is well to make a distinction here. We do not think that the temperance sentiment of the country, and the moral conviction which recognizes the imperative need of prohibition, has decreased in that time; on the contrary, we believe it is steadily growing. But it is becoming clearer to the people that the political Prohibition party is a failure—that it can never accomplish the end it seeks.

But that end will be accomplished in other ways. The error of 1872 must be retrieved, and the liquor question must be put back where it properly belongs—to that of a question, not of politics, but of morals and good government. The great, though misdirected, efforts which have been put forth to organize a separate party, must be directed to the upbuilding of public sentiment against the Rum traffic. The people must be educated to realize the terrible evils to the people individually and collectively, which result from drunkenness; they must be brought to see that there is no method of curing the evil but by drying up its fountain-head; that so long as Rum can be obtained, men will drink and will become drunkards; and that, therefore, the remedy, and the only one, for all its evils, is, through Prohibition, to stop entirely the manufacture and sale of Rum, and thus

Pulverize the Rum Power.

CURRENCY, NOT THE TARIFF, THE ISSUE.

While there is a great deal said by Democratic organs about the tariff, especially by those committed to the candidacy of GROVER CLEVELAND for the Democratic presidential nomination next year, the fact remains that the tariff is removed, at least for the present, from the leading place in the minds of the American people. So far as national questions enter into the year's campaign, the leading issue is not the tariff, but currency. We say currency, because it is made up of the free silver question and the old greenback issue. The Democrats, at least those of the West, are committed to free silver; the People's party not only support that, but in addition are committed to the unlimited issue of greenbacks.

For one thing, everybody sees that there is nothing to be gained by attempting to keep the tariff question to the front. Though the House of Representatives of the next Congress is Democratic, the Senate is not and will not be; hence it is absolutely impossible that any bill on free trade lines—that is, in the direction of a tariff "for revenue only"—could possibly pass both houses of Congress; and even if such a bill should be passed, any man with a modicum of good sense knows that President HARRISON would promptly veto it.

The next election for Representatives in Congress will not take place until the fall of 1892, at which time a new President will also be chosen. If either a Republican President or a Republican House is elected, no free trade legislation is possible; and even if both of these should be Democratic, a change in the tariff laws could not immediately be made. Even supposing the Republican majority in the Senate would be overcome, the next meeting of Congress after the inauguration of the new President will not be until the first Monday in December, 1893; and a revenue tariff law could not be passed until some time in 1894—three years hence.

Hence there is no pertinency in attempting to keep up a tariff discussion when there is no possible end to be gained by it. Another thing, the people of the United States are heartily tired of the tariff issue. They expressed themselves upon it in 1888; and the verdict in 1890 at the Congressional elections was due to a scare, which happened through the fact that the new tariff law had just gone into operation. The people had no opportunity to judge of its workings, and the Democracy, with an unscrupulousness never before equalled, lied about it malignantly.

The more intelligent among the people who were deceived by those falsehoods, are now aware of the fact; and it is absolutely certain that no man who was ever deceived in that way will ever be deceived again. The business men of the country have adjusted themselves to the changes made by the new tariff law, and all they ask is to be let alone. There is nothing more injurious to a country's industrial interests than the persistent agitation of a change in its economic policy. The Democratic party, through its agitation of free trade, has lost hundreds of millions of dollars to the people of the United States within the last fifteen years. By compelling manufacturers and business men to constantly shorten sail, they have diminished the normal amount of manufactures, have been the cause of shut-downs and strikes, and have hindered our industrial development.

Hence we say the real question before the people is one of currency, not free trade. Everywhere, except in the extreme East, the Democratic party has committed itself to the free silver fallacy; the People's party has joined it in this, and made an additional demand for the loan of greenbacks on land and farm products. In the South the Democratic party dare not take an attitude of opposition to the Alliance; hence they will concede whatever the Alliance demands, in order to hold its vote and keep the South solid. The Democrats of the North, true to their policy of the last fifty years, stupidly follow the Bourbon ideas. However much the more sagacious of the Northern Democratic leaders may desire to keep the silver and greenback questions in the background, it cannot be done. The main question is the currency question; Major MCKINLEY recognized that fact in his Niles speech; and it will be well for the Republicans of Ohio, as well as in other states where important elections are pending this year, to push the fight on that line.

OUR EXPORTS TO ENGLAND.

The reports of the British Board of Trade; the fierce denunciations aimed at "the McKinley law" by the British news papers, and the reports of our own custom-houses as to the amount of imports from England, all testify to the undoubted fact that our new tariff law has had the effect of largely decreasing the amount of manufactured goods that we purchase of England, and *per contra*, increasing the output of our home manufactures of the same kind of goods to that amount.

But how is it with our own exports to Great Britain? Everybody knows, who is familiar with free trade theorizing, that the constant cry is that "if we do not buy we cannot sell;" and the assumption is therefore made that as our imports of British goods have been largely reduced by the operations of the new tariff law, our exports to that country have been cut down in the same proportion. That is what the free traders say would happen; but unfortunately for their theories, it has not happened. They are students of maxims, not of markets. The maxims sound well, but the market reports contradict them.

Let us look at the facts. The official summary of the imports and exports of the United States for the twelve months composing the fiscal year ending June 30, 1891, contains the following figures of our principal exports to Great Britain for the two fiscal years of 1890 and 1891, ending on the last day of June each year. The figures are the total values of exports to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland:

OUR EXPORTS TO GREAT BRITAIN.

	1890.	1891.
Agricultural implements	$ 454,608	$ 471,773
Cattle	29,767,461	28,622,275
Hogs	330,764	256,447
Sheep	89,039	104,825
Books, etc	638,768	642,282
Corn	23,156,737	8,167,775
Wheat	31,470,318	27,281,490
Flour	85,428,024	33,781,917
Carriages and cars	547,363	436,781
Coal	197,982	287,719
Copper ore	5,803,996	6,852,470
Copper, metallic	814,011	1,000,488
Raw cotton	148,207,771	170,863,888
Cotton cloth	749,554	687,675
Other cotton manufactures	333,668	288,480
Fruits and nuts	1,584,891	961,311
Furs and fur skins	4,094,497	2,534,310
Hops	1,041,702	2,254,001
Builders' hardware	504,968	616,318
Sewing machines	1,028,442	848,493
Other machinery	2,028,121	2,036,786
Sole leather	4,648,588	4,302,128
Other leather	4,068,843	4,920,060
Naval stores	1,137,621	1,309,080
Oil cake and meal	5,677,634	5,157,578
Ref'ned petroleum	7,634,241	7,01,606
Cotton seed oil	485,385	571,512
Paraffine	2,064,247	3,288,263
Canned beef	5,230,542	6,661,673
Fresh beef	12,775,459	15,221,751
Salt beef	3,614,768	2,908,857
Tallow	2,403,113	2,574,160
Bacon	33,543,022	30,429,833
Hams	6,587,415	6,546,179
Pork, fresh or pickled	1,036,866	1,370,988
Lard	10,944,312	11,087,910
Oleomargarine	253,778	238,093
Butter	2,234,523	712,082
Cheese	7,324,517	6,343,749
Spirits of turpentine	2,778,012	2,548,912
Refined sugar	474,222	4,730,526
Leaf tobacco	7,908,116	6,465,027
Tobacco, manufactur'd	1,017,748	917,520
Boards, planks, etc	232,396	1,848,863
Other lumber	1,049,298	1,052,353
Timber	2,891,826	2,739,744
Manufactures of wood	1,523,104	1,578,523
	$417,989,961	$422,313,000

The figures for 1890 it is to be remembered, include three months under the old tariff, because the new law did not go into effect until October 1 of last year. Even with this disadvantage, the above table shows a gain of nearly four and a half million dollars in the amount of exports sold to Great Britain during last year, as compared with the previous one. The prediction can confidently be made that the present fiscal year, which began on July 1 last and will end on June 30, 1892, will show a much larger increase. In 1890, as will be seen from the above, we sold a great deal more corn, wheat and flour to Great Britain than in the last year. The demand for breadstuffs upon us from England depends entirely upon the state of the crops in Europe; and this year, with the great deficit existing there, our exports of breadstuffs will be enormously increased.

The official figures thus show that the effect of the new tariff law has not been to decrease our exports to Great Britain, while it has certainly diminished our imports from that country. This is proof of the principle THE BLADE has always maintained, that international trade is never a matter of sentiment, but a matter of necessity; that one nation will not buy of another unless she is obliged to, and that if we have something to sell which Great Britain or any other country needs, it doesn't matter whether we buy anything from that country in return or not. It must also be remembered that there has been a largely increased domestic trade in this country, created by making and buying at home what we formerly imported from Great Britain.

FIVE IMPORTANT HEARINGS.

The department of Justice at Washington is hard at work preparing the government's side of five very important cases, which are to come before the United States Supreme court at its October term. These five cases are of extreme interest to all persons in the country, because they either directly or indirectly involve questions of commanding interest. Probably the most important of these is the case which brings up the legality of the new tariff law. Three suits have been filed by three different firms of importers of foreign goods, against being compelled to pay the duties imposed by that law, on the ground that it is not valid. There are three points in their case:

First—That as to the tobacco rebate section of the law was accidentally omitted in the enrollment of the bill, after it had passed both House and Senate, the bill signed by the President was not the bill passed by Congress, and hence it is not a law.

Second—That the reciprocity clause of that law confers legislative power on the President, in violation of the constitution.

Third—That the sugar bounty section is unconstitutional.

To these the government will answer: as to the first, that the accidental omission of one clause only affects itself, and does not in the least interfere with the validity of the remainder of the law, which was passed by Congress and signed by the President; second, that the President is given no legislative powers by the reciprocity clause, that he is merely vested with discretion to levy duties under a previous act, or to suspend them in view of certain contingencies, and that this is simply executive, and not legislative power; third, that the "general welfare" clause of the constitution covers the sugar bounty section, as well as the right of Congress to levy protective duties; and lastly, that the law would not be invaded even if these three sections, or any one of them, should be successfully assailed in the court; that the court can act on them independently, and without impairing the remainder of the law.

The second case that will come up is equally interesting. It involves the question whether Speaker REED was correct in ordering members of the House who were present, but not voting, to be counted in order to show that a quorum was present. It is brought by a firm of importers of worsted goods. The Dingley act, passed in May, 1890, provides that all worsteds shall be classified as woolens at the custom-houses. These importers, who have since that time been obliged to pay the duties on worsted goods the same as if they were woolens, bring suit against the United States on the ground that such taxation is illegal, because the Dingley act was passed in the House by a counted quorum. No legal authority entertains the slightest doubt but that the supreme court will sustain Speaker REED's ruling. The idea is absurd that a man is to be counted as absent while he is in his seat, because he refuses to vote.

The third case is that of the sealing schooner Sayward, seized by the United States for depredations in Bering sea. It is to be hoped that the decision will be in favor of our government; if it is not, it settles forever the Bering sea question in favor of Great Britain.

The fourth case involves the question whether the Interstate Commerce act can be enforced. It comes up in the form of an appeal against an order of Judges BLODGETT and GRESHAM, of the United States Circuit court, refusing to release a railway official named COUNSELMAN, on a writ of habeas corpus. COUNSELMAN refused to testify in a case under the Interstate Commerce law, and the judges held that he must do so, as it would be impossible to get evidence of violations of that law without obtaining it from railway officials themselves. Unless these judges are sustained by the Supreme court, the law is not worth the paper it is written on—it cannot be enforced.

The fifth case is the claim of the Louisiana Lottery company, that the act of Congress which forbids the mailing of newspapers containing lottery advertisements is a restraint upon the freedom of the press, and that Congress has no constitutional right to pass a law impairing the general efficiency of the mails.

Here are five cases, all of them with a political bearing, and the result of the trials will be looked for with intense interest by a very large number of people.

FREE TRADE IN TIN PLATE.

It is amusing to note how rapidly the free trade liars are being driven from one position to another in the matter of American tin plate. First we had it that no tin plate could possibly be produced in America—that "we cannot manufacture it here." This was speedily answered by the actual manufacture of tin plate at Philadelphia, at Demmler, Pa., at Chicago, and at St. Louis.

Then it was said that there were no genuine tin plate works in America; that the iron or steel was rolled in Great Britain, and the block tin imported from there, and nothing but the dipping was done in this country. This lie was promptly squelched by the publication of the fact that the St. Louis Stamping company was manufacturing tin plate from steel plates rolled in Chattanooga, and block tin imported from Malacca.

Then came the lie that there is no block tin in America, and that all our tin would have to be imported, anyhow. This was promptly squelched by the shipment of block tin from the Temescal mines in California.

Now comes the story that the tin plate mills in this country were established merely for political purposes, and that they will all stop as soon as the election is over next fall, which is apparently the "last ditch" of the tin plate liar.

In reply to this it is only necessary to say that men do not put hundreds of thousands of dollars into the erection of expensive works for the manufacture of tin plate from raw iron and block tin, for purely political purposes. It would be cheaper to buy up all the Democratic votes in Ohio at $2 a vote. It would not cost more than the establishment of one tin plate plant. A large plant is now being erected in the city of Cleveland by the Britton Rolling Mill company, and by October they will begin placing on the market a first-class article of tin plate, which will compete with any manufactured anywhere.

M'KINLEY'S OHIO KEY-NOTE.

Major MCKINLEY'S speech, delivered at Niles, Ohio (his birthplace), on Saturday last, a condensed report of which we present to our readers this week, is the key-note speech of the Ohio campaign, as this is the first regular Republican meeting of the year. The major's speeches heretofore have been at non-political gatherings, and not under the auspices of the Republican state committee.

It will be noted that Major MCKINLEY gives the first place in his speech to the really most important issue of the Ohio campaign—the silver question. He plants himself firmly on the side of honest money, and against free silver coinage. His argument on this point covers the ground in dispute completely. It is absolutely unanswerable. He shows clearly the fallacies and sophistries of the free silver men, and proves that the only way in which we can ever reach free and unlimited silver coinage is through international action. No one nation, even so great a one as the United States, can do it alone. He declares himself in favor of the double standard—and we know of no Republican who is not in favor thereof; but he also makes it clear that if we were to attempt to inaugurate the double standard in America, it would simply change our currency to the silver standard and drive all our gold away. The point he makes cannot be controverted.

The remainder of his speech is devoted to the tariff issue, and it is, like everything Major MCKINLEY utters on this subject, absolutely sound to the core, and without a flaw in its logic. The speech is a most admirable one in every part. There is in it no abuse, no appeal to passion or prejudice; but the issues which confront the voters of Ohio are presented in such a way as must keep the campaign, at least on the Republican side, singularly free from personalities and partisan abuse. He has set an example in this respect, which it is to be hoped all the other campaign orators on both sides will feel themselves obliged to follow.

MR. BLAINE'S HEALTH.

The solid facts as to Mr. BLAINE'S physical condition are thus set down by the New York *Sun:*

> The exact truth about Mr. Blaine, as we understand it, is that he is neither in a precarious physical condition nor in midsummer politics. He is the doomed victim of no organic disease that medical vigilance has been able to detect. He is still his physician's patient, in the sense that he receives calls from that gentleman, and much good advice about his daily regimen; but Mr. Blaine is quite clear of the apothecary. He is growing stronger every day.
>
> He is probably not well enough yet to make a long speech at an open-air meeting, or to climb the east side of Newport Mountain without serious fatigue. He is well enough to pursue without inconvenience and with enjoyment the ordinary routine of domestic life at his summer home in Mount Desert. He is not well enough to yield with safety to the most dangerous temptation of convalescence, and to resume full speed at once in official, social and business matters.
>
> He walks out of doors, drives about the island, and eats and sleeps with keen appreciation of returning health. He is secluded from social intercourse and from affairs only to the degree suggested by ordinary prudence. His personal friends, as a rule, understand perfectly the value of rest to Mr. Blaine at this time, and they attach no undue significance to precautions which are intended to prevent anything that may retard recovery, but by no means dictated by absolute necessity.

The hosts of friends of JAMES G. BLAINE all over the country will be glad to read the above, and to know that it is an accurate statement of actual facts. That gentleman has been the victim of a most malicious effort on the part of a few sensational daily sheets, opposed to him a politically, to deceive the people into believing him a physical wreck, doomed to death within a few months from an incurable disorder, and losing his magnificent mental endowments as his physical health declined. It is but due to the great secretary himself that every honest newspaper should contradict the atrocious falsehood.

MEDDLESOME.

The state convention of the Farmers' Alliance of Texas adopted a resolution to send speakers into Ohio "to help defeat MCKINLEY and SHERMAN." We have no particular objection to their coming. They will find scant welcome from the people, however. There is a pretty strong feeling among the people themselves that a purely state campaign does not need outside interference. There are no offices to be filled at the November election in Ohio save state positions. Apropos of this, we quote the following extract from an editorial entitled, "A Question of Minding One's Own Business," in a late issue of *Harpers' Weekly:*

> The suggestion that Mr. Cleveland should speak in the state campaign in Ohio has led to some discussion of the question why the speaking in a state election should not be confined to the state. It does seem a little impertinent for a citizen of Minnesota to come to New York to advise us in the choice of members of our legislature and of governor and state officers. We may be presumed to understand our own affairs better than our friends from Oregon, or even Texas or Maine. They may be very intelligent counsellors, but in regard to our own taxes and schools and domestic interests and local questions their advice is superfluous.
>
> Governor Campbell in Ohio is a candidate for re-election. How many persons in South Carolina or New Hampshire are thoroughly familiar with his course as executive of the state to go to Ohio and exhort its citizens intelligently as to their votes? Mr. McKinley is his competitor. What argument besides his personal character and ability can an orator from Louisiana and Nebraska urge in his favor as a governor of Ohio except that he holds high-tariff views? But what has the governor of Ohio to do with a high tariff?

THE ADVANCE IN GRAIN.

The remarkable advance in the price of grain within the last few days appears to be the legitimate result of the crop shortage in Europe. The bear element in our markets has been selling freely for a long while, thus holding prices down. The news that the Russian government has prohibited all exports of rye was too much of a load for them to carry. Russia exports about 70,000,000 bushels of rye per year, which is absorbed by other countries of Europe, the masses of which use rye bread largely. As the world's rye crop can not supply the shortage thus created, wheat and corn will have to take its place, and the certainty of a market being opened in Europe to supply the lack of this 70,000,000 bushels of rye caused the market to break away from the bears. As a result, rye went up nearly 40 per cent; corn advanced in sympathy, because it is believed that the poorer classes in Europe will use it in large quantities when unable to procure any other kind of cereal food owing to the high prices. Wheat rose over 20 per cent, and the probability is that the greater portion of this gain will be permanent. "Dollar wheat" for export seems absolutely assured. The farmers of America are at last to have their innings.

BLAINE AND RECIPROCITY.

The Washington *Post* has the following queer paragraph:

> Fellows who swear that the tariff issue, as exemplified by the McKinley bill, is the only question before the people in the coming campaign are shouting for Blaine, forgetful, apparently, of the fact that the strongest campaign document the Democrats have this fall is Blaine's saying that "the McKinley bill will not enable the United States to sell one more barrel of pork or one more bushel of wheat."

Unless the *Post* is a gibbering idiot, it knows that BLAINE made that remark of the McKinley bill as first introduced in Congress; that he made it as part of an argument for reciprocity; and that his efforts led to the insertion of the reciprocity clauses, which open markets for thousands of barrels of pork, millions of bushels of wheat, and a vast array of other products of the United States. "BLAINE and Reciprocity" is a rattling good rallying-cry.

IF THOMAS JEFFERSON lived to-day, he would not follow the Democrats of Ohio in their advocacy of free silver coinage. In 1806, during his Presidency, he ordered the coinage of silver dollars stopped at the mints, in order to prevent gold being driven out of the country. Be it remembered, too, that the President has no authority in law to give such an order. But so great was the danger in his mind of putting the country on a silver basis, that JEFFERSON exercised the power unmindful of the question whether he had the authority, and no silver dollars were coined for the next twenty years. The country approved of the course he took. Now, the party which claims him as one of its fathers is reversing his own course, and endeavoring to put the country on a silver basis; but the masses of the people stand now where the country did then. They no more favor a silver basis in this year of grace 1891, than did our great-grandfathers in 1806.

> SENATOR SHERMAN was interviewed at Mansfield the other day, and during the conversation took from his pocket a Spanish dollar and said it was intrinsically worth more than the Mexican dollar, but was at a discount in all countries except its own, because its coinage is unlimited and because it is not backed "by the only metal the world recognizes as the standard of values." "It is a matter as well settled as the rising of the sun," continues Mr. Sherman, "that the only way to keep silver on a par with gold is to treat it as a subsidary coin, or, in other words, to make it the twin with gold, the yellow metal being the stronger child." Here is Mr. Sherman's text, and he announces that he is going to fight it out on that line in the coming campaign. He has a hard fight on his hands.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

The fight may be hard, but it is a righteous one. The Senator has the side of right, of honesty. What answer can you make to his position as to the only way to keep silver on a par with gold? Is it not the method employed by Great Britain, by Germany, by France and all the countries of the Latin Union?

KANSAS is making a phenomenal record as a mortgage-paying state. The Topeka *Capital*, of August 17, shows from reports of registers of deeds, that in 48 counties of that state, for a period averaging three and one-third months prior to August 1, mortgages had been released to the amount of $1,427,037, which is 29½ per cent of the total mortgage indebtedness of those counties. The *Capital* believes there will be a release of $10,000,000 of farm mortgage indebtedness before the end of the present year. This means that the people of Kansas are not quite so crazy on the financial question as they are represented by the more extreme People's party organs. In place of trying to evade their honest debts, they are paying them off.

SEVERAL Democratic sheets are keeping displayed in their columns the following sentence from a letter by JAMES G. BLAINE:

> There is not a section or a line in the entire bill that will open a market for another bushel of wheat or another barrel of pork.

But they have not the honesty to remind their readers that the letter was written when the bill was first introduced in Congress, before the reciprocity clauses were added, and that the words were part of an argument for reciprocity. In the form the law now stands, it opens a market for millions of dollars' worth of our agricultural products annually.

SENATOR GORDON, of Georgia, says the Alliance is an ally of the Democracy. As Senator GORDON is both a Democrat and an Alliance man, his statement is not without some degree of authority. The lesson to Republicans is that they should remain true to their faith and let the People's party severely alone.

THE Boston *Pilot* strongly advises Mr. PARNELL not to come to this country in the fall, and tells him that there would be no surer way for him to see himself utterly humiliated than by bringing himself and his personal ends before the people of this country at the present time.

A NEW SERIAL!

A TYPICAL AMERICAN STORY,

Written Solely For The Blade, Will be Begun in the Weekly of September 3—Send Us Names For Sample Copies!

Everybody likes to read a story. THE BLADE has for years past, furnished to its patrons some of the best continued stories that have been published in America, and it proposes to continue to do so in the future. We take great pleasure in announcing that we will begin in the Weekly BLADE of September 3, a new serial, which will run between two and three months, entitled:

FOR LIFE AND HONOR.

The Story of a Rough Diamond.

This story will cover the subscription period of our campaign subscribers, and we believe that they will find it an added attraction to the many excellencies of the paper. It was intended to begin immediately upon the close of the "Oliver Optic" serial; but the author was, unfortunately, unable to complete it in time. We have foreborne to announce it until we were certain as to when we could begin it. But we have now received the complete manuscript, and will begin its publication promptly on the date named above.

This serial is in an entirely different vein from any that have been published in THE BLADE within the past year or more. It is a story of action and incident; the reader's interest is awakened in the very first chapter, and this interest deepens until the last page is read. It presents a continued succession of scenes from real life, held together by a strong plot, and carried out with quick action. The secret of the hero's flight, with which the story opens, is the pivot on which the whole recital turns; and it is well preserved until the closing installment.

The narrative is clean and bright, without any morbid or unhealthy incident or implication—a fault that can be brought against too many recent stories by American authors. Pure and healthy in tone, quick and decided in action, and abounding with strong situations and much good character painting, we think it is just the kind of a tale to interest THE BLADE'S large constituency, and it is certainly one which no person can object to have the younger members of the family read.

We Want Names!

We desire to obtain a large number of names of persons not subscribers to THE BLADE, to whom to send sample copies, with the end in view that they may, by an inspection of the paper, become three-months' subscribers in order to get this excellent story. We ask all our patrons and friends everywhere to send us the names of such persons in their neighborhood, especially if they be Republicans. THE BLADE has many excellencies as a general newspaper not possessed by others, and we trust that this new serial will prove an an additional one. You can get ten or a dozen names and addresses on a postal card, and we shall be very much obliged to you if you will send them to us at once.

This story is written expressly for THE BLADE, and will be published in no other paper. It is not a "syndicate" story, which is peddled out to a number of papers in different parts of the country; but written for us, on special contract. Do not fail to send us list of names for sample copies!

GOVERNOR HILL, of New York, in his brief speech at the Harrison reception, did a thing gracefully and well which most politicians would have bungled dreadfully. In welcoming the President to Albany, he did not make simply an acknowledgment of the courtesy due the chief executive of the nation in his official character, but he added the following truthful and courteous language:

> The citizens of the Empire state receive you with profound respect and greet you with the greatest pleasure on this occasion, not only because you are the honored chief magistrate of the nation, but because of their appreciation of your high character and eminent public services. They are delighted that you have seen fit to honor us with your presence to-day. They recall with interest your many patriotic speeches during your recent memorable trip to the South and West, and their desire to see and listen to you has been intensified.

Mr. HILL has earned the respect of the Republicans, not only of the state of New York, but of the nation, for the generous courtesy and cordial recognition of Mr. HARRISON implied in his words.

PRESIDENT HARRISON possesses the excellent faculty, in his public addresses, of taking up the dominant issue at just the right time, and clothing his discussion of it in such striking and happy language as to make his utterances axiomatic. In his speech at Albany, on his way to Bennington, he discussed the currency issue, and put it in the strongest light possible when he said that "the first mission of the cheap dollar would be to pay some poor laborer for his work." The President never fails to make a point absolutely clear to his hearers. He does not believe in free silver coinage, nor in greenback inflation, and his speech is proof positive that if the Congress which will assemble next December should be foolish enough to pass a free coinage bill, it would meet with an emphatic veto at his hands.

THE American Protective Tariff League each year offers prizes to senior class students in American colleges, on tariff subjects. This year the subject chosen was "The Effect of Protection on the Purchasing Power of Wages in the United States." The following is the award of prizes, which has just been made:

The first prize of $150 has been awarded to Nathaniel A. Elsberg, College of the City of New York. The second prize of $100 has been awarded to Fred Hamilton Tarr, Amherst College. The third prize of $50 has been awarded to Milton I. Dunlap, Cornell University. Silver medals for especially meritorious essays have been awarded to D. W. Parsins, Colby University; George A. Cooke, Lawrence University; Samuel J. Pawling, Lafayette College. The judges were William McKinley, jr., George Gunton, David Hall Rice, R. H. Thurston and Joseph Nimmo, Jr.

BALMACEDA enforces the concentration of his "Peoples party" fiat money at the point of the bayonet. There is no provision in the Ohio platform on which JOHN SEITZ stands for this method in the United States.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Mrs. John W. Mackay has gone to Homburg.

The Chinese never permit their women to be photographed.

The dogs of one county in Pennsylvania last year killed $8,000 worth of sheep.

The Bodleian has now 500,000 volumes and grows at the rate of 120 a day.

In twenty years there has been no counterfeiting of American postage stamps.

The remains of Camille Douls, the French explorer, murdered in Sahara in 1888, have been found.

Belford's Magazine has a rocky time of it, to all appearances. It is again being edited by the sheriff.

A shark 25 feet in length was recently caught in the harbor of Panama, and its skin was half an inch thick.

The assessed valuation of property in Seattle since the fire, has reached the astonishing total of $46,338,475.

Christie Murray, the novelist, intends to act a part in a play of his own to be produced at the Globe theatre.

That man who is writing reminiscences of Chicago for one of the newspapers out there must be very young.

The 124½ miles between Newcastle and Edinburgh, which is done without a stop, is at present the longest run in Britain.

The wheat harvest is in progress in California. In bulk and value it will be one of the most important harvests of recent years.

On the Missouri Pacific road, 250 miles west of St. Louis is Waterloo, and in the immediate vicinity are Napoleon and Wellington.

The national debt of Germany, which is much smaller than that of any other great country in the world, is, in round figures, £2,000,000.

Leghorn hats are to be as fashionable as ever, only instead of a natural shape they are bent in remarkable forms and covered with white ostrich plumes.

The duke and duchess of Marlborough, the latter the American formerly Mrs. Louis Hammersley, have gone to Norway for a few weeks' salmon fishing.

Two plucky boys in New York with empty guns overawed a pair of veteran house-breakers and kept them with "hands up" till the police arrived.

The days of croquet have by no means passed away, and the national association met this week at Norwich, where twenty Eastern clubs are represented.

A deceased Vienna car-driver turns out to have been the Baron Erwin Schonstein, formerly a millionaire and the last member of a distinguished family.

Whatever be the state of colored photography a process for photographing in colors has been patented in London and the company is about to begin business.

A provincial British postmaster is in trouble. Through a hole in the roof of his office the rain poured in one night and stuck together £200 worth of postage stamps.

A barber of Burlington, Vt., lately beat all records by going out and getting married while a waiting customer was being lathered by his assistant. But it was a close shave.

The social magnificence of a state ball at St. Petersburg is such that on one occasion the guests numbered 3,000, yet there was no crowding and every arrangement was perfect.

The former Miss Jennie Chamberlain, now Mrs. Naylor Leland, lives in "a splendid palace at Albert Gate, London, whose marble staircase and many priceless works of art" are sights.

Sixty years ago only one public banking company existed in London, and at the Bank of England private accounts were at that time opened rarely and with the greatest difficulty.

The Cossack lieutenant, Backmontoff, has walked from Vladivostock to St. Petersburg in thirteen months, and has since started for Paris. He is accompanied by a small gray dog.

Delaware farmers who have lost their peach crop expect to make up for it by their sweet-potato crop, which will be the largest that was ever raised in the state. They are confident of large profits.

An English lady who died not long since left money to pay for sprinkling Tower Hill, London, daily with ashes and gravel, so as to mitigate its slippery condition for the benefit of horses heavily loaded.

A young woman in Nevada who is unusually anxious to be married has caused her picture to be inserted in the Nevada *Transcript*, with the interesting announcement that the original is in the market.

Kaiser William, who likewise paints, has made a design for a painting of Frederick the Great, representing Frederick borne through the clouds by Cupids. The sketch is being painted by the emperor's hired men.

The Mexican State of Jalisco has been in great financial difficulties since the accession of Gen. Galvin to the governorship. It is said to be closing the schools and favoring all kinds of gambling. The state is overrun by brigands.

The will of George Merrill, an old pioneer, who died at Marysville, Cal., a few days ago, provided that a band of music must precede the funeral cortege, and that refreshments should be served at the close of the ceremonies.

The London National Training School for cookery reports that 5,601 pupils entered for training in 1890, 77 teachers obtained diplomas, and since the opening of the school the total number of pupils has slightly exceeded 40,000.

Amelie Rives was named by her grandfather, William Cable Rives, minister to the court of Louis Philippe, after the queen of France. She is now only 28 years old, and at 15 wrote a sonnet, which has now appeared in the Century.

Mrs. Marshall Roberts, as she writes herself since her middle initial O. was dropped, is the richest widow in London this summer, and is described by the English press as having dark blue eyes and hair that hides a golden shimmer.

Prof. Brueckner, in a work on "Klimatschwankungen," argues with considerable evidence that the earth is subject to a weather cycle of about 35 years, a series of wet years and warm and dry ones recurring at about that interval.

Miss Frances E. Willard says: "In spite of all that can be said in praise of any educational institution under heaven, I firmly believe that 'mothering' is the best and the most liberal of all educations. Keep your dear girls at home!"

Miss Edith Clift, who is shortly to be married in Paris to Baron Montbrun, is described as a Titian blonde, tall, slender, with eyes as deep as the blue of the Mediterranean. Her father, Smith Clift, is a rich New York club man and lawyer.

Mrs Charles Page, who has been appointed regent in the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, is a niece of J. Fenmore Cooper, the novelist. Her husband, Dr. Charles Page, U. S. A., has his quarters at Governor's Island, New York harbor.

The Duchessa Eugenia Litta Bolognir, who recently lost her husband and her second son, has just made a donation of $140,000, the proceeds of the sale of her jewels, to the Maggiore Hospital at Milan. The fund is to endow the children's clinico-chirurgical ward.

A prize offered by the *Times*, of Manchester, England, for the best composition on "The Best Book and Why I Like It," has been won by an American girl, Jessie Sudlow, of South Carolina. She is only 17 years old. She chose Scott's "Ivanhoe" for her subject.

The crown prince of Portugal, a child of 4, is in very poor health. His father is also far from being well, and has been advised by his physicians to go to Carlsbad; but he does not dare to leave the kingdom on account of the serious crisis in Portuguese affairs.

Another case goes on record of an honor which a woman has been able to take over the heads of men competitors. Miss Jervis has won the Gilchrist prize for botany at the Birkbeck Institute. This is the first time that the Gilchrist prize has been taken by a woman.

The Lord Hindlip, mention of whom at the annual meeting of the Allsopp & Son's brewing company, limited, last week was received with groans and hisses, is the senior of what is known in England as the pale ale peerage. He was, before his ennobling, Samuel C. Allsopp, brewer.

Princess Milena, wife of the reigning prince of Montenegro, has subjected herself to a severe surgical operation in the clinic of Heidelberg. The princess is now only 45 years old, but she has been married 31 years. As Milena Petrowna Bukottich in 1847 she was called the loveliest and most beautiful woman in Europe.

Congressman Livingstone, of Georgia, who is one of the leaders of the farmers' movement, and suspected of an ambition to be the Alliance candidate for speaker of the next House, is about 55 years old, and lives at Covington, a little town within an hours' ride of Atlanta. He is a farmer, but has always taken an active interest in politics.

Froken Bergliot Bjornson, the charming Norwegian singer, a daughter of the famous writer, Bjornstjerne Bjornson, and Froken Alvilda Poyz have obtained the Schaffer scholarship for the present year. Fru Bosse-Fahlstrom and Froken Sofie Reimers have obtained the Norwegian government's scholarships for artists this year.

Jesse D. Grant, the youngest son of General Grant, who has recently been living quietly in California on a large fruit ranch and farm, has been given control, with a large contingent interest, in a group of silver mines in Mexico, from which over $1,000,000 have been taken in five years. Grant's father-in law, ex-Senator Chaffee, of Colorado, made a fortune in mines.

It takes a woman to fathom a woman's motives. Here is what Mrs. Crawford, *Truth's* brilliant Paris correspondent, has to say of what prompted Queen Elizabeth to favor the marriage of the heir apparent with a commoner: "A marriage between Mlle. Vacarescu and the prince would enable the queen, were she a dowager, to retain her influence at the court of Bucharest, whereas she would have to put up with neglect were her adopted son to take a bride of royal lineage. Carmen Sylva felt sure that Helene Vacarescu would never treat her as a bluestocking bore were she crown princess, and later on queen consort."

Publishers' Desk.

THE CAMPAIGN SEASON.

We are now preparing and arranging our terms for campaign three months' subscribers to the Weekly BLADE in clubs. We want from 20,000 to 30,000 short-time subscribers, and we are going to offer confidential terms to agents for three-months' clubs, which shall be very profitable. We want at least one person at every postoffice in the United States to act as agent. Send on a postal card an application, and we will send our confidential terms by mail. This will give you an opportunity to make several dollars by a very few days' work. Our campaign terms for club subscribers to the Weekly BLADE will be very low. Send for our confidential terms, and when you apply, don't forget to ask also for a sample copy of the Weekly BLADE.

OUR NEW OFFER WITH DR. CARLIN'S RECIPE BOOK.

We give, on the fifth page of to-day's issue of THE BLADE, our new offer for the new edition of Dr. Carlin's Recipe Book. We ask every one to read it carefully, because its terms are entirely different from those of the first offer. Under that, we offered the book as a premium to each one dollar subscriber to the Weekly BLADE. Under the present one, we offer the book for 4 three-months' subscribers, at 25 cents each, to the Weekly BLADE.

Our object is now, to put on our list from 20,000 to 30,000 new names of three-months' subscribers. We wish them to read THE BLADE during the campaign, until fall, that they may get acquainted with its many merits as a family newspaper, and become regular patrons of it.

While we expect to give the most of this new edition to new three-months subscribers, we will, until further notice, receive subscriptions for one year at $1 each, and send a copy of the book free, under the old offer, in order to save disappointment to those who read the first offer, but did not find it convenient to send the dollar at that time.

The first edition of 5,000 copies was snapped up quickly, all being taken within eight weeks' time. This is the most remarkable sale of a book we know of, from an advertisement in only one paper. The second edition is now being printed, and we hope will be bound and ready for mailing by the middle of August. We expect, before we mail the first copy of the second edition, to have on file the names of enough subscribers to exhaust the entire edition. This will be the case, if we judge by the rapidity with which the first edition was snapped up; hence it is important for you to act at once on our new offer.

We have no plans made for a third edition, and shall not print one this year, at least; therefore, if you want the book, you must get us four campaign subscribers at once, so as to be in time to get a copy of the second edition. None will be printed beyond the 5,000 already ordered. This is simply a summer offer, and we cannot afford to make such a one during our regular renewal season.

TO BOYS WHO WISH TO MAKE POCKET MONEY.

A considerable demand has sprung up in many quarters for copies of the Weekly BLADE, to be sold on the streets in towns and cities. This demand is increasing, and we refer to it here because we think many boys and young men—boys in school, for instance—can make some spending-money by selling the Weekly BLADE in the town or city in which they may live.

If you wish to try it, write us a letter asking for terms and instructions for selling the Weekly BLADE on the streets. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE NEW TARIFF LAW.

Last fall we printed the new tariff law, occupying nearly four of THE BLADE'S pages, and sold many thousand copies. The Ohio campaign has renewed the demand; so we have just issued a new edition, which is now ready. It contains the full text of the McKinley bill, as it became a law, and as it now stands in the United States Statutes—complete and unabridged.

To make it the more useful, we have added notes to the different schedules, showing the *changes* from the old law—thus making it invaluable to every one who desires full information.

We will send one copy by mail, postpaid, for 4 cents. Send *two* 2-cent stamps.

Or, we will send two copies for 5 cents in stamps.

Or, *one dozen* copies for 25 cents.

Send in your orders at once for copies of "the new tariff law," inclosing the stamps with the order. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

MAJOR McKINLEY'S PORTRAIT.

We have just prepared a magnificent portrait of Major Wm. McKinley, the famous champion of the protective policy and the Republican candidate for governor of Ohio. It is by all odds the finest portrait we have ever offered our readers. It is 21½x28 inches in size, and will be an ornament to the walls of any home. Every one of our subscribers in Ohio will want one, and we anticipate a large demand from Republicans all over the United States who admire and honor Mr. McKinley.

We will send a copy to any one by mail post paid, in a stout pasteboard tube to assure its safety, for 25 cents.

Or we will send a copy of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months and one of these McKinley portraits for 35 cents. The price of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months is 25 cents; hence we offer the portrait for ten cents additional when taken in connection with THE BLADE. This offer, however, cannot be made except the money for both THE BLADE and portrait come at one time.

Send in your orders immediately! Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

OUT OF PRINT.

All our copies of "Social Etiquette," by Miss Bouton, are sold; and there is no use of sending in any further orders for the book as we cannot fill them. It is out of print.

We have a few copies left of Miss Bouton's "Health and Beauty." When these are gone, this book will also be out of print. Those who desire a copy of this, Miss Bouton's best book, should order immediately, before the few still remaining on hand are disposed of. The price is $1 per copy, postpaid by mail. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY

We have published five different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Gen. Grant.
RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Calvin.
EMINENT MEN—Benjamin Harrison.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices.

Any one portrait.................25c
Any three portraits..............50c

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

OUR NEW PICTURES.

We have just received, and are now ready to mail, two new pictures, *in colors*, which we will send to subscribers to THE BLADE, each carefully inclosed in a heavy pasteboard tube, postpaid, for **25 cents each**. They are the following:

"Napoleon at Friedland, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonnier, the original of which belonged to A. T. Stewart, of New York, and was bought at the sale of his collection by Judge Hilton for $60,000, and presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in that city. It is the most wonderful painting of a battle scene ever produced on canvas, and represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite and superb regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland.

The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors, faithfully reproducing the detail, brilliancy and sentiment of the original. **Price 25 cents.**

"Christ Before Pilate," by Munkacsy the famous Hungarian artist. This is *not* the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is *in colors*, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000. It represents the Savior brought to the Pretorium, or residence of the Roman governor, Pilate, at Jerusalem. He stands erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on Pilate's face Around him crowd the rabble of Jerusalem. On Pilate's right stands Caiaphas, the high priest; on his left, two elders, watching the proceedings. Through the whole picture are groups of figures and faces reflecting the emotions that animate each.

The copy we offer is 17x24 inches, in colors; the price has hitherto been $1, but our price is **25 cents.**

"The Grand Canal of Venice," by Turner, the famous English artist. The original was painted at the height of Turner's fame as a splendid colorist; and was bought by Cornelius Vanderbilt, of New York, for $100,000. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay. On the right are the steps and a portion of the church of Santa Maria delle Salute; beyond this, the custom-house. Opposite, in the middle distance, is the Ducal Palace, and beyond it, towering above the city-roofs, the campanile (bell-tower) of St. Mark's church. The canal is filled with barges and gondolas, and is the busiest and gayest part of Venice.

The picture is 17x22 inches, black and white, faithfully reproducing every detail of the original. Price 25 cents.

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

HOW GRANT WENT BROKE.

Bet His Last $40 on a Horse Race and Lost It.

One of the most interesting men I ever met in the judge's stand was Gen. Grant. The popular impression of Gen. Grant is that he was singularly reticent, but I found him to be pleasant and communicative.

I met him first when he was returning from his trip around the world. He had been through Mexico and stopped in New Orleans on his way home, and was the guest of Walter Fearn, who was minister to Greece under President Cleveland.

As president of the Louisana Jockey club I invited Gen. Grant to come out and see our racing, says R. W. Simmons in the New York *World*.

"The newspapers have been attacking me a great deal on account of my love for horses," said he, "and perhaps I had better not go." I told him he was no longer in office and that there could be no harm in his going. He finally consented, and was driven out to the track by Dr. Choppin, president of the Boston club. I invited him up into the stand and he chatted very freely.

"Do you know," said the general, "that I never hear of racing that I do not recall my experience in New Orleans in 1844. At that time I was a young lieutenant, stationed at St. Louis. I went down to New Orleans to visit James Hewitt, and one day I accepted an invitation to go out to the track and see a horse race.

"I do not remember the names of the horses that were running, nor do I recall the distance of the race. I only know that I was standing watching them when I saw one, a gray horse, about 300 yards in front of the other.

"The excitement of the race overcame me, and I enthusiastically yelled out, 'I'll bet $40 on the gray horse.' A gentleman standing beside me said quietly, 'I'll take that bet.' I reached down to get my money, when he said in a courteous way, 'Your word is sufficient, sir.'

"You can imagine my feelings when a few moments later my horse began to fall back and the other horse to move up. Presently the second pressed the gray and won very easily. Then I felt in my pocket and found that all the money I had in the world was just $40. I gave that to the gentleman who had won it, and went back to Mr. Hewitt's very much crestfallen.

"I was ashamed to tell Mr. Hewitt I had been such a fool to lose my money on a horse race, and I knew nobody else from whom I could borrow, and I wanted to go back to St. Louis.

"One day I was walking along the wharf, wondering how I was ever going to get back home, when I saw the steamboat J. M. White unloading. I knew this was a boat plying between St. Louis and New Orleans, and a brilliant idea occurred to me. Why not see the captain, tell him my story, and ask him to trust me for a passage.

"I at once went on board and asked for the captain. I was told he was in the barber shop and would be out in a few minutes. When the captain came in I said: 'Captain, I am Lieut. Grant, and I want to get to St. Louis, where I am stationed. I have no money.'

"'I shall be delighted to have you, lieutenant,' replied the captain. 'The boat leaves to-morrow afternoon at 5 o'clock; come aboard whenever you wish.'

"I have never forgotten that race, and I have never forgotten Capt. Swon's kindness.'"

A DANGEROUS HABIT.

Placing Money in the Mouth a Source of Disease, Says a Doctor.

"I can tell you," said a prominent physician to a representative of the San Francisco *Call*, "what is a fruitful source of disease."

"And what is it?"

"In riding in the street cars you have no doubt seen passengers, particularly women, take a piece of coin from a pocket book and place it between the lips while waiting for the conductor to come along. It is a habit formed by many and a most dangerous one."

"Why?"

"Did you ever for a moment think," continued the physician, "where a piece of coin may have been before it comes into your possession, to what use it may have been put, or where its place of lodgment was? I have known of many instances in which coin has been used to close the eyes of leprous Chinamen. Then again there is a certain class of women who are superstitious and believe that if they will place in their stocking the first piece of coin they receive in the day luck will follow them all day long, and how many are there who carry money in their boots or shoes and draw it from there as necessity demands? Just think of money that has been used in the manner I have described being placed between the lips of any one—man or woman. Money carries with it many a blessing, but it also carries upon its face the germ of many a disease, which is communicated to the people in the manner I have described."

BLADELETS.

Choice of Language.

"Can I read your paper?" asked the man in the rear seat.

"I don't know whether you can or not," replied the Boston man ahead of him, "but you may try if you choose," and it took the brakeman, the news agent and the conductor to separate them.

As You Read It.

"Dropped Three Stories" is the heading of a late news item.

It hardly seems possible the editor would mention his waste basket labor, but it turned out that it pertained to a child who had dropped from a third-story window.

And it wasn't hurt a bit, the little innocent.

Same Old Way.

Graveller—"And you say you have a hundred souvenir spoons! Didn't they cost you lots of money?"

Traveler—"Not at all. The waiter turns his back, and I do the rest."

"That was a great snap," remarked the hammock rope, as the fair occupant struck the ground; "an' I'm kind of struck on the thing myself."

THE RISING GENERATION.

Dramatis Personæ.

Man of the World........aged about 25 years
Maiden........................aged about 10 years

"If I were just as big as you,
And you were small like me,
If you were I, and I were you,
What would you like to be?
Would you care to be an angel,
With harp, and always good,
And practice music all day long—
As Aunt Kate says I should?
Or would you like to have a beau
Like Jack Jerome, next door;
He kissed me thirteen times last night,
And then he cried for more;
Or would you?"

"Wait one minute,
I tell you what I'd do,
If you were just as big as I,
And I was small like you,
I would not care for Jack Jerome,
And music is a bore;
But when your mother kissed me,
You bet I'd ask for more.
Of course, you must not tell her this.
For such things can not be."
"Well, if you like Mama so much,
Why don't you wait for me?"
—[Robert Sale Hill, in Puck.

Her Price.

Husband—When the tailor comes for that suit of mine to be mended I want you to let him have it.

Wife—But I should think you would let me mend them. It is so much cheaper.

Husband—No, it isn't. The last time you mended my clothes it cost me $50 for a new dress for you.—[Clothier and Furnisher.

Science Causerie.

NEWS OF THE MOON.

New Things Seen by the Aid of Photography.

Photography possesses the power to reveal things upon the moon which cannot be seen by the eye, even with the aid of the best of telescopes. A careful study of the negatives of the moon made with the aid of the great Lick telescope has revealed the existence of many unknown objects there, including great crater mountains and rifts or chasms in the surface of the moon, as well as some of those mysterious objects that go under the descriptive name of bright streaks or rays.

Near the great crater which we call Copernicus, another crater of nearly equal dimensions is shown upon the negatives, although it is absent from the most elaborate maps of the moon and cannot be seen even with the Lick telescope, except when the magic eye of the camera, instead of the human retina, is applied to look for it. When it is considered that this mysterious crater represents the remains of a mountain ring more than 50 miles in diameter, it appears exceedingly strange that it should escape detection by the telescope when directed to the moon, and yet be visible upon a photograph of the moon. The reason appears to be that the walls of this newly discovered crater were long ago destroyed, being razed by some denuding force nearly to the level of the surrounding surface. It is consequently but the remnant of a great crater ring. Even in that condition, however, it would be visible to the eye but for the fact that its huge neighbor, Copernicus, whose walls are still standing to a great height, is surrounded by enormous masses of luminous material, which looks like lava that must have overflowed the surrounding country ages ago, and reflects back the light of the sun to our eyes with overpowering brilliancy. The glare of this broad reflecting surface, covering hundreds of square miles, is so great as to conceal the comparatively low relief of the broken crater ring.

Another discovery, also arising from inspection of the negatives made with the Lick telescope, relates to the wonderful system of bright rays surrounding the most perfect crater in the moon, Tycho. This extinct volcano is some 54 miles in diameter, and is surrounded on the outer side of its lofty walls by a comparatively level region, some 25 miles broad, of a much darker hue than that of the crater itself or of the surrounding country beyond. The hundreds of great streaks which radiate from Tycho like the spokes of a wheel, varying in width from ten to twenty or 30 miles, and in length from a few miles to nearly 2,000 miles, have always appeared, when viewed from a telescope alone, to take their rise from the outer edge of the dark rim surrounding the crater, but the Lick negative shows that some of the streaks at least pass through this dark rim and extend clear up to the very walls of the crater. The suggestion that these mysterious streaks had their origin in the volcanic energy of Tycho when it was still an active crater, is strengthened by this evidence that the streaks actually reach to the crater itself.

These discoveries are likely to give renewed interest to the study of the moon's surface, and while it is perhaps too much to expect that a great deal of light will be thrown by astronomical photography upon the question whether evidences of the present or former existence of life upon the moon can be detected from the earth, yet there can be no question that a new method of attacking the many problems that still remain to be solved concerning the character and condition of our satellite has been placed within the reach of astronomers.

Light Without Matches.

To instantly obtain a light sufficient to read the time by a watch or clock at night without the use of matches, and without the danger of setting things on fire, is an easy matter. Take an oblong vial of the clearest of glass, put into it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea, upon this pour some pure olive oil heated to the boiling point; the bottle to be filled about one-third full; then cork tightly. To use the light, remove the cork, allow the air to enter, and then recork. The whole empty space in the bottle will then become luminous, and the light obtained will be a good one. As soon as the light becomes dim its power can be increased by opening the bottle and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter. In very cold weather it is sometimes necessary to heat the vial between the hands to increase the fluidity of the oil, and one bottle will last a winter. This ingenious contrivance may be carried in the pocket, and is used by watchmen of Paris in all magazines where explosive or inflammable materials are stored.

Something About Bees.

In a recent work on the bee Mr. T. W. Cowan states that the insect can draw twenty times its own weight, can fly more than four miles an hour, and will seek food at a distance of four miles. By a beautiful mechanical adaptation, its wings bear it forward or backward, with upward, downward, or suddenly arrested course. Its threefold voice organs are vibrating wings, the vibrating rings of the abdomen, and a true vocal apparatus in the breathing aperture or spiracle. The buzz is produced by the first two, and the hum—which may be "surly, cheerful or colloquially significant"—by the vocal membrane. A number of the bee's notes have been interpreted. "Humm" is the cry of contentment; "Wuh-nuh-nuh" glorifies the egg-layings of the green; "Shu-u-n" is the note of the young bees at play; "S-s-s-s" means the muster of a swarm; "B-r-r-r" the slaughter or expulsion of the drones; and the "Tu-tu-tu" of the newly-hatched young queen is answered by the "Qua-qua-qua" of the queens still imprisoned in their cells.

Why Meteors Vaporize.

It has been demonstrated that, while the greatest velocity imparted to a cannon ball scarcely exceeds 690 meters a second—about 1,500 miles an hour—meteors from space penetrate the air with a velocity, it is claimed, of 40,000, sometimes 60,000, meters per second. This tremendous speed raises the temperature of the air at once to 4,000° or 6,000 centigrade, causing in many case the complete destruction of the meteorite by combustion.

Color of the Stars.

There are three well-defined classes of stars, judged by the quality of light they yield. In the first class are the clear white and bluish-white stars like Sirius and Vega. These are supposed to be the hottest stars, and most luminous in proportion to the extent of their surface. Then there are the golden-yellow, or pale orange stars, of which Arcturus and Capella are fine examples. These have begun to cool. Finally, we have the deep orange and red stars, like Aldebaran and Antares. These have advanced still further in the cooling process.

Notes.

China has just coined a silver dollar which will be accepted in trade of the Mexican and Japanese coins heretofore used.

Experiments lately made in Hartford, Conn., show that light can be seen through a clean cut opening of not more than one forty-thousandth of an inch.

Scientific men rely almost entirely upon the regularity of the motion of the moon for fixing and determining dates among the peoples of earlier civilization.

The zinc-tannin process of preparing wood to resist decay is proving a great success. It hardens the wood and makes it far more useful, especially when used for railroad ties.

There are now over 325 electric railroads in the world, 90 per cent of them in this country. About 4,000 cars, 7,000 motors, 2,600 miles of track and 750,000,000 passengers carried in a year tell the tale.

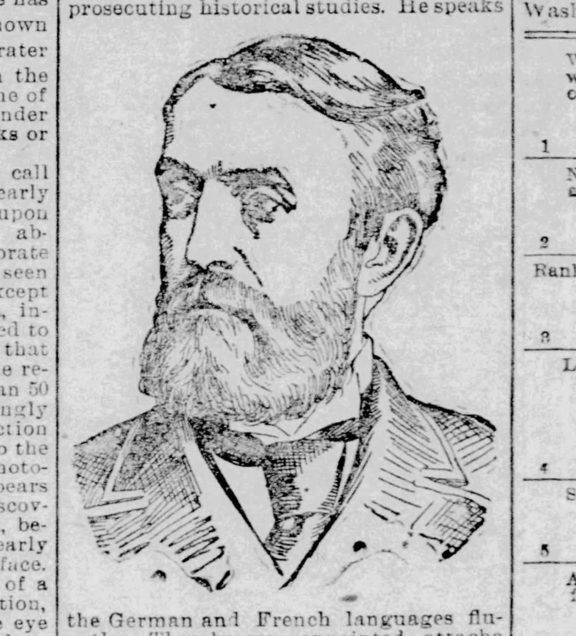
An emulsion consisting of water, soap and kerosene in suitable proportions is the most effective remedy yet found to destroy the cinch bug. A furrow is made about a field, some fresh cornstalks added, and when the bugs collect they are sprayed with the emulsion.

The electric light, which has been utilized to grow flowers and fruits by night or on cloudy days, has recently been employed with good effect on board a West India steamer, too keep alive and flourishing some exotic vines and plants, which were being transported to the West Indies for acclimation.

ANDREW D. WHITE.

A Proposed Republican Nominee For Governor of New York.

Prof. Andrew D. White will accept the nomination for governor of New York should it be offered him by the Republicans. He thinks the Republicans can win this fall. Andrew D. White was born in Homer, N. Y., November 7, 1832. His ancestors were New Englanders and noted for their sturdy traits of character and practical common sense. He entered Yale college and was graduated in 1853. Afterwards he spent two years in Europe prosecuting historical studies. He speaks



the German and French languages fluently. Then he was appointed attache of the American legation in St. Petersburg, Russia. He returned to America in 1856, and soon after received the appointment of professor of history and English literature in the University of Michigan. He resigned in 1862, and subsequently was twice elected to the state senate. He was largely instrumental in organizing Cornell University, and was practically its founder. His works include "The Warfare of Science," "Syllabus of Lectures in Modern History," "The New Germany," "A History of the Doctrines of Comets," "Studies in General History." Professor White is a man of wealth, much of which he has devoted to the endowment of Cornell university. He thoroughly believes in the influence of newspapers and brought his influence to bear to have lectures delivered on journalism in the university. The lectures have been largely attended by the students, and have already proven the wisdom of the originator. Professor White lives in Ithaca, N. Y.

NEGROES HAVE THE BEST OF IT.

Two Weeks' Trial of a Wonderful Piece of Legislation in Texas.

Houston Letter in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*: The separate coach act has been in effect two weeks. The verdict of those who travel by rail in Texas is that "the niggers have the best of it." On the first train which left Austin, the state capital, for Houston the day the law began to work 64 white people crowded into one coach; four negroes, three women and a man, were the only occupants of the other coach. The largest merchant in Houston was on his way home; he stood up in the aisle of the white coach, looked across the platforms into the almost empty coach "for negroes" and said with emphasis: "This is nonsense."

Then the merchant squeezed into a seat with a member of the legislature who had helped to pass the law, bit off the end of an unlighted cigar and begun to discuss the merits of the measure. "I can't see," he said, "that there is any use for such a law in this state. When it comes to keeping negroes out of the sleepers, or making railroads haul separate sleepers for the races, I am with you. I don't want to have negroes traveling in the same sleeping car with me. But in the day coaches, it seems to me, there is no need of such a law as this. We haven't enough negroes traveling in Texas to call for such legislation. In parts of the South where the negroes are thick it may be well enough to require separate coaches for them. Take it up in North Texas, there isn't an average of one negro to a train; yet the railroads will have to haul empty coach room for the occasional negro passenger and the white people will have to crowd together and be uncomfortable. There wasn't any need of this legislation." The member of the legislature listened and made little reply.

Just before the train started a dusky Mexican under an enormous sombrero came on board with his family. He looked into the coach where the four negroes were, then he marched back and made himself, his wife, and his little ones uncomfortable in a single seat with the white folks. A drummer turned around, and, with a wink, remarked in a subdued tone to all behind him: "Nigger in one car, white man in the other; Mexican and Chinaman pay their money and take their choice."

But the rub came when the train got under way, and ten white men sat fingering cigars which they couldn't light. The conductor came through for the tickets. The Houston merchant got up, shook out the legs of his pantaloons, and, nodding toward the coach for negroes, said:

"See here, conductor, can't we go in there and smoke, if those people don't object? We'll ask them."

The conductor looked into the other coach. Two of the negroes had dropped out at the first station. Only two remained. The conductor shook his head.

"It wouldn't do," he said. "The law doesn't allow white folks and niggers to ride in the same coach under any circumstances. I'd lay myself liable if I let you go in there."

The merchant sat down again, and five other men who wanted to smoke as badly as he did grumbled with him. The merchant kept his eyes on the coach ahead. In the course of an hour the solitary negro who was riding got out.

"Come on," said the merchant. "It is all right now."

And ten men arose, filed into the coach for negroes, doubled the seats, cocked up their cigars, and proceeded to make themselves comfortable. They had it all their own way until a few stations on, a negro came aboard, and then, throwing away their stumps, they were forced to the crowded coach "for whites."

A Tariff Picture.

GERMANY.	NEW YORK.
One year ago every stocking factory in Chemnitz and all over Germany was running full blast day and night. To-day the condition of the Chemnitz hosiery trade is demoralized. The United States is really the only country the Chemnitz manufacturers can look to for the exchange of an old dollar for a new one, but even this they are unable to secure, hence they have reduced the price of all cut and circular hosiery to a starvation point in order to compete with American goods and continue their hold upon the American market.—[Trade Correspondence of the Dry Goods Chronicle.	What a vast difference there is in the appearance of things at present throughout the districts of this (New York) state compared to what it was a year ago! Manufacturers of knit goods are steadily employed, and the only drawback to their business at present is the low prices for which goods must be sold. A great many knitting mills are running night and day and many more are running overtime, one new two-story addition to Dunn, Smith & Co.'s knitting mill at Fort Plain, N. Y., will be ready for occupation by August 1 next. The productive capacity of these mills will then be double what it is at present.—[Trade Correspondence of Wade's Fibre and Fabric.

A Man of Poor Judgment.

Justice (to prisoner)—I see you have a jug there. Is that the whisky that made you drunk?

Prisoner—Yes, your honor.

Justice—Pass it here. I'll sample it.

Bailiff—Pass the jug to his honor!

Justice (after a long pull)—The prisoner gets twelve months on the chain gang. Any man who would get drunk on good whisky like that and run the risk of losing the jug is irresponsible and should be taken care of. Clear the court.—[Atlanta Constitution.

His Explanation.

Victim—What? Two dollars for drawing that tooth? Why, the dentist across the street only charges a dollar.

Dentist—Yes, but I take twice as much time about it as he does.—[Munsey's Weekly.

You Take No Risk

In buying Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it is everywhere recognized as the standard building-up medicine and blood purifier. It has won its way to the front by its own intrinsic merit, and has the largest sale of any preparation of its kind. Any honest druggist will confirm this statement. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Be sure to get Hood's.

TO EVERY UNION SOLDIER

The Census Bureau is anxious to obtain detailed information respecting the record of Union survivors of the war. It is found that the census enumerators neglected the most important inquiries, made on the blank given below. Union soldiers and their widows are requested to fill out the blank below in pencil, cut it out, and send to Washington, addressing the envelope to "Census Bureau, Washington, D. C."

Write full name below. If a widow, write given name only, and add "widow of," supplying the soldier's name.

1

Name enlisted under, if different from above.

2

Rank at muster-out.

3

Letter of company. | No. of regiment.

4

State mustered from.

5

Arm of service—cavalry, artillery, infantry, or navy.

6

Date of enlistment.

7

Date of discharge.

8

Present P. O. address.

9

If a pensioner or applicant, No. of certificate or application.

10

Cut from the Toledo BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

If in regular army, write U. S. A. on line 6; if in navy, U. S. N.; if in marine corps, U. S. M.; if in colored regiment, U. S. C. T.

LIQUORICE.

What it Is and Where It is Grown—Its Cost.

The British consul at Bussorah, in an interesting report on the growth of the liquorice plant on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, says that these great rivers in the part where the root is found flow through flat, treeless prairies of uncultivated and nearly uninhabited land. For three months of the year hot winds blow, and the temperature reaches 104. For six months the climate is moderate and salubrious, and for three months bleak and wintry, the thermometer going down to 30 at night.

The liquorice plant is a small shrub, with light foliage, growing to about three feet high, where its root can reach the water. It grows without any cultivation. No lands are leased for the purpose, and no objection is made to its being cultivated. It is found in abundance from Ctesiphon, ten miles from Bagdad, down to Kut-ul-Anara, half way between Bussorah and Bagdad. It grows on red earth soil, and also on light, almost sandy, soil, where the wood is best, provided it has plenty of water, and the ground is not more than fifty yards from the actual river or stream.

Only one firm works it in Bagdad, and it is well known that the business is a prosperous one. The wood, after being once dug up and cut, grows again better afterward. The time of collecting is, generally speaking, during the winter, but it is possible all the year round. The root when dug is full of water, and must be allowed to dry, a process which takes the best part of a year, especially in hot weather. It is then sawed or cut into small pieces six inches to a foot long. The good and sound pieces are kept, and the rotten ones are used for fire wood.

It is then shipped in native river boats to Bussorah, whence it is shipped in pressed bales to London, and again from there to America, where it is used largely in the manufacture of tobacco. The consul thinks the trade is capable of expansion. The demand in America is great, and shipments are easily disposed of. After sorting there still remains some useless wood in the bales, perhaps seven per cent. From figures supplied by the Bagdad firm engaged in the business, it seems that the total net cost of a ton of liquorice root laid down in London is about £4.—[London Times.

BULWER'S REPARTEE.

He Shut Up Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons.

In reading in last Sunday's *Times* Richard B. Kimball's interesting account of Bulwer, I was reminded of an incident that happened in Parliament in July, 1855, which illustrates the great novelist's good humor and quickness of repartee. A kinsman, McHillingfleetcazley, a member of Parliament for the North Riding of York from 1832 to 1862, had taken me into the House—strangers' gallery—and was showing me the celebrities. Of course, I was anxious to see the author of "Pelham"—I was only a boy then—and I was fortunate enough to hear him, too.

It happened thus: The debate was on Lord John (afterward Earl) Russell's ignominious failure during his mission at Vienna to bring the Crimean war to an end, and the opposition was very hot against the party in power. At last Lord Palmerston, then prime minister, rose and got to talking in a hectoring way about "this unnecessary and unprovoked attack upon the government," and ended by saying in a loud voice, and looking straight at the two literary members—Bulwer and Disraeli—who were sitting together on the front of the opposition bench.

"The gentlemen are making 'Much Ado About Nothing.'"

He sat down amid loud cheers from his own side; but in an instant Bulwer was up, and with exquisite grace and sarcasm, said:

"Mr. Speaker"—then turning to bow slightly toward the treasury bench—"I beg to remind the noble lord that in chronological order 'Much Ado About Nothing' comes after the 'Comedy of Errors.'"

I leave readers of Shakespeare to imagine the tumultuous "Hear!" "Hear!" "Hear!" from the conservative side and the laughter all over the house.—[New York Times.

Much in a Name.

Farmer's Wife (excitedly)—I b'leeve our new boarders are just married, and trying to hide it. Mirandy, what was Mr. and Mrs. Newcome a-doin' when you and father come on 'em so quick in the orchard?

Miranda (just home from college)—They were engaged in a practical discussion of osculatory reciprocity.

Farmer's Wife (disgusted)—And that idjut of a man told me he b'leeved they was swappin' kisses.—[Baltimore American.

Time Went Slow.

During one of the dullest days last week in the Stock Exchange when there was nothing doing, and every one was waiting for the hands on the clock to reach 3 p. m., Murray Ballou, calling a broker to him, said, "Say, old fellow, what time is it?"

"Two o'clock," was the answer.

"Two o'clock! I have had two century plants bloom since then."—[Boston News.

What He Would Do.

"Well, Rastus, what would you do if you had a cool million?" asked Barberry.

"I,d eat de whole business," returned Rastus. "I'se powerful fond of millions, sah."—[New York Truth.

An Urgent Case.

Mrs. Kingley—I see your church is to send away your minister for three months. Isn't that a long time?

Mrs. Bingo—Yes. But we need the rest.—[Life.

The Summer Boarder.

A madman has been discovered in the Pennsylvania mountains. He is probably a summer boarder who rang for a pitcher of ice water.—[Baltimore American.

USE OF WORDS.

Expressions Which Have Changed Their Meaning.

Many words once written with dignified motive now cause us to read passages of standard literature with a guffaw. The word "imp" was once a term of high honor. But how now sounds the line from Spenser, "Ye sacred imps that on Parnasso dwell?" Over many a grave of the old French nobles may be read the line, "Here lies that noble 'imp.'" A sacred poem, written by Gascoigne three centuries ago, begins a stately address to the posterity of Abraham, with the words: "O Abraham's brats," brat being then a word of stately meaning.

Opening an old dictionary at random one day my eye happened to fall on the word "tragedy;" a note explained that it comes from a Greek word which means "a goat song," because the oldest tragedies were exhibited when a goat was sacrificed, or given as a prize to the best actor. The word "infant" means literally "not speaking." Have you a pug dog? Did you ever think his face looks like that of a monkey? The monkey he most resembles is the pug monkey, which gets its name from Pug or Puck, as Shakespeare writes—the sprite of mischief.

"Canter" is an abbreviated form of "Canterbury gallop," so called because pilgrims to Canterbury rode at the pace of a moderate gallop. A grocer, so says the dictionary, was originally one who sold by the gross. A "grenade" derives its name from its shape, which resembles a pomegranate. A "biscuit" means "twice baked," because, according to military practice, the bread or biscuits of the Romans were twice prepared in the ovens. Did you ever notice the leaves of the dandelion? They are said to resemble, in form and size, the tooth of the lion, and so the French call it the *dent de lion*, and we, "the dandelion."

The Pope was formerly called "the Pape," which means the same as "papa," or father. Vinegar comes from two Latin words, *vin* and *acer*, meaning "vine" and "sour." These are only a few of the many curious and interesting things I found in my afternoon's search in the old dictionary. When you are at loss for something to do, follow my example, and you will be surprised at the many bits of information you can pick up in a short time.—[Irish Times.

QUEER SUPERSTITIONS

About the Seventh Son of a Seventh Son.

In France a seventh son in direct succession is called a marcou. In Orleans during the present century, the following was written concerning the marcou: "If a man is the seventh son of his father, without any female intervening, he is a marcou; he has on some part of his body the mark of a fleur-de-lis, and, like the kings of France, he has the power of curing the king's evil. All that is necessary to effect a cure is that the marcou should breathe upon the part affected, or that the sufferer should touch the mark of the fleur-de-lis. Of all the marcous of the Orleannais, he of Ormes is the best known and the most celebrated. Every year, from twenty, thirty, forty leagues around, crowds of patients come to visit him; but it is particularly in Holy Week that his power is most efficacious, and on the night of Good Friday, from midnight to sunrise, the cure is certain."

A darker superstition concerning the seventh son exists in Portugal, and is described in the *Churchman*. It is there believed that the unfortunate being who is the seventh male in direct succession is in the power of the prince of darkness, by whom he is compelled, on every Saturday evening, to assume the appearance of an ass. In this guise, and accompanied by a troop of dogs, he is compelled to race over moor and through village until the light of the Sabbath dawns, when he may assume his human form for another week.

THE EFFECTS OF COFFEE.

That Quality Which Makes It a Stimulent so Generally Popular.

Coffee owes its stimulating and refreshing qualities to coffeine. It also contains gum and sugar, fat, acids, cassein and wood and fiber. Like tea, it powerfully increases the respiration, but, unlike it, does not affect its depth.

By its use the rate of the pulse is increased and the action of the skin diminished. It lessens the amount of the blood sent to the organs of the body, distends the veins and contracts the capillaries, thus preventing the waste of tissue. It is a mental stimulus of a high order, and one that is liable to great abuse.

Carried to excess, it produces abnormal wakefulness, indigestion, acidity, heartburn, irritability of temper, trembling, irregular pulse, a kind of intoxication ending in delirium and great injury to the spinal functions.

Unfortunately there are many coffee tipplers who depend upon it as a drunkard upon his dram.

On the other hand, coffee is of sovereign efficacy in tiding over the nervous system in emergencies.

Coffee is also, in its place, an excellent medicine. In typhoid fever its action is frequently prompt and decisive. It is indicated in the early stages before local complications arise.

Coffee dispels stupor and lethargy, is an antidote for many kinds of poison, and is valuable in spasmodic asthma, whooping cough, cholera infantum and Asiatic cholera.

It is also excellent as a preventive against infections and epidemic diseases. In districts rife with malaria and fever the drinking of hot coffee before passing into the open air has enabled persons living in such places to escape contagion.—[St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Two Boys.

Little Daughter—Oh, mamma, didn't you say Dick musn't go with that neighbor's boy?

Mamma—Indeed I did.

"Well, he's with him behind the barn smoking cigarettes."

"Horrors! Is that dirty-faced boy teaching Dick to smoke cigarettes?"

"No'm. Dick's teaching him."—[Good News.

Often the Way.

"How about your great novel, Bagby?" asked his friend. "I suppose it is in its tenth edition by this time."

"No," said Bagby sadly; "it hasn't gone into its first yet."—[Judge.

Not an All-Round World, After All.

First Deadly Enemy—The world is wide enough for us both.

Second Deadly Enemy—Yes; but is not deep enough for you.—[Puck.

Perfectly Secure.

Mrs. Tooral—Your cat's such a splendid mouser.

Mrs. Rooral—Yes; she'd make me feel safe without a chair or table in the house.—[Puck.

She Knew the Answer.

I sat beside her on the beach,
And as I saw the fancy clocks
On her hose, I asked her why it was
That stockings cost much more than socks.

She shook her curls at me, and said:
"No doubt you think you're very 'fly;'
But the reason socks come lower is—
Because they don't come near so high."
—[N. Y. Herald.

YOU DID not, perhaps, see our illustrated and larger advertisement, which appeared in the first issue of this paper this month. Better read it. Better write to us at once, anyhow, and learn Free how money can be earned at our New line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Beginners are earning from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. Any one can easily learn how, and do it. No risk. We start you. You can work in spare time only, or all the time. Address TRUE & CO., Box 1277, Augusta, Maine.

We send the marvelous French Remedy CALTHOS free, and a legal guarantee that CALTHOS will STOP Discharges & Emissions, CURE Spermatorrhea, Varicocele and RESTORE Lost Vigor. *Use it and pay if satisfied.* Address, VON MOHL CO., Sole American Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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To Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Texas and all points West and Southwest. Aug. 25, Sept. 15 and 29. Good for 30 days, with stop-over privileges.
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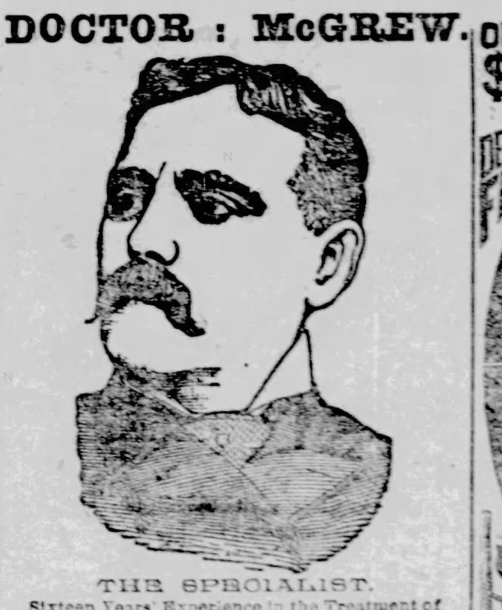
DOCTOR : McGREW.



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SECOND 5,000 EDITION

—OF—

Old Dr. Carlin's Recipe Book

A Reliable $2 Book Given Away with the BLADE.

In a little over six weeks after we announced the first 5,000 edition of the above book in connection with a years' subscription to the WEEKLY BLADE, every copy was exhausted. We now have a second 5,000 edition in process of making, which will be ready to mail about August 15th. We gave every copy of the first edition free to all subscribers who remitted us one dollar for a year's subscription to the WEEKLY BLADE. We reserved the privilege of withdrawing that offer after exhausting the first 5,000 copies of the book, and therefore do so now. Such is the popular demand for the book, however, we have concluded to bind a second edition of 5,000 copies to offer in another manner, which we predict will be appreciated even more than our first offer. Please read now our description of the book, after which we will tell you how to obtain a copy of the book free—the most remarkable offer ever made in connection with any newspaper.

A few years ago the BLADE publishers, at great expense, put out one of the best general recipe books ever issued to the general public, called "OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES." It was a compilation of the best recipes and formulæ known up to the date of its publication on all household subjects, including cooking, the care of the house, the care of furniture, carpets and clothing, recipes for baking, cooking, washing, care and culture of flowers, for bee keeping, for the general care of and cure of the diseases of horses, cattle, sheep and swine; and in fact a compendium of useful and handy knowledge on any topic needed by any member, male or female, of any household in the United States. It was suited to the wants not only of the country, but also of the dwellers in towns and cities; in fact, it was an extremely valuable book for anybody and everybody.

This book was published in a large volume of 600 pages, octavo, with the subjects closely classified and indexed, so as to make it extremely convenient to find the information on any subject. It was originally published for subscription, and many thousand copies were sold through agents at $2 per copy. The book has never sold for a less price than this until last summer, when we closed out all the remaining copies we had on hand to subscribers of THE BLADE at $1 each.

But as the book is entirely too valuable to stay out of print, we have decided to bring out a new edition of 5,000 copies, which will be printed from the original plates, on good paper, and bound in flexible cloth covers. We are preparing this edition entirely for the purpose of presenting a copy to everybody who will send us four three months subscribers with $1, according to particulars given fully below.

The book is positively fully worth the original price—$2 per copy—and this makes the present offer the most remarkable one ever made by a newspaper publisher. Our present design is to issue but 5,000 copies for this special offer, and we apprehend they will all be taken by if not before September 1st. This offer will not be continued after September 1st, unless it be necessary in order to close out some copies remaining on hand. Anyhow, this offer will be withdrawn at the end of the warm season, and the book will not be obtainable after we enter upon the time for yearly renewals next fall. Therefore it is important to act at once. Get your name on file early, not only to secure a copy EARLY (we shall commence to mail about August 15th), but in order to make sure of a copy at all. You know how quickly we sold the first edition; the second edition may go MORE QUICKLY. The following is a description of the book:

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES.

General Household.

Cleaning—How to Clean Carpets, Clothing, Casks, Gloves, Brushes, Matting, Mattresses, Silk, Sponges etc., and a vast number of other Recipes. How to Dye all Colors on all Kinds of Fabrics—two pages of Recipes for Different Kinds of Inks. The Laundry—How to wash Different Kinds of Delicate Fabrics—To Wash Flannel, Fine Cotton Goods, Stockings, Lace, and Table Linen. To Remove Stains, Mildew, etc. To Gloss Shirt-fronts—Recipes for Soap—for Removing Different Kinds of Stains. To Make Starch—and several pages of other recipes useful at different seasons of the year in the household. Pests of the House—How to Destroy Ants, Bugs, Caterpillars, Cockroaches, Moths, and Other Insects—11 pages of Recipes for Cleaning all Kinds of Household Tinware, Tableware, Marbles and Metals—in fact a compendium of useful information of every kind for the household.

House Plants and Birds.

The General Care of all kinds of House Plants—To Make Them Blossom—How to Fertilize Them—To Keep them in Winter—Earth for Pot-plants—To Destroy Insect Pests. Care of Birds—Their Food—Mocking Bird Food—Diseases of Birds. Medical and Surgical Symptoms of all Common Diseases, 6 pages. List of Drugs suited to Domestic Use, with the Proper Dose—4 pages. Prescriptions for Various Diseases, 20 pages. Baths—Different Kinds—General Rules for Giving Baths—Directions for Each Kind of Bath. Surgical Recipes—for sprains, nose-bleed, blisters, boils, burns, ulcers, carbuncles, chafing, chilblains, corns, deafness, cuts, earache and discolorations, etc.; Diseases of the Eye, Care of the Feet, Felons, Inflammation, Neuralgia. Liniments, ointments and salves—6 pages of recipes. Seven pages of recipes for food for the sick room, for children, etc.

Poultry.

Their Food and General Management—Kind of Food Necessary—Green Food—Water Supply—Poultry Houses—Hatchery—Rearing Chicks—How to Prepare for Market—Diseases of Poultry, 9 pages—Breeding—what varieties should be kept—Capons—The Different Kinds of Fowls, with the Characteristics of Each Variety—Pea-fowls—Ducks and Geese.

The Stable and Occupants.

The Building—Floor—Manger—Stable Utensils—Feeding and Watering—Grooming Horses—Exercise—Horses' Clothing—Pasturing—Diseases of Horses, with remedies, 4 pages—Tricks and Vices of Horses, and how to cure them—Things to Know About Horses—How to Buy a Horse—the points to be looked for in Horses for different uses.

The Toilet.

A collection of recipes and prescriptions for the toilet—the Hair—its Care—how to Curl and Crimp it—Recipes for Dyes—Loss of Hair—Baldness and the Remedy—Dandruff—Hair Oils—Pomades—Pomatums—To Remove Superfluous Hair. The Hands and their Care—Recipes for Chapped Hands—For Making Camphor Ice, Cold Cream, Cosmetics. Care of Nails. The Skin—how to Keep it Healthy—Remedies for chap, sunburn, for blackheads, to remove pimples, tan and wrinkles. The Teeth and Breath—Recipes for Tooth Powder—for Sore Gums, Lip Salves, etc. Perfumery—3 pages of recipes for making different kinds of perfumery. How to Shave—Sharpen Razors—Shaving Paste. Trapping, Hunting and Fishing—Directions for Making the various kinds of Traps, with hints for Trapping—Different Kinds of Game—The use and Care of Guns—How to Dress the Different Kinds of Skins—To Clean Furs—To Tan Sheep Skins. How to Fish—Different Kinds of Bait, flies, hooks, rods, etc. Varnishing, Polishing and Papering—Recipes for Varnishes of all kinds, 7 pages. For Polishing, 4 pages. Papering—How to Prepare the Walls—Glue Sizing—How to Paper a Room.

Miscellaneous.

Recipes of All Kinds, 87 pages, for a vast number of things, all useful for the farm or household, the orchard, the garden, or the field.

Accidents and Poisons.

Six pages on prompt aid in various kinds of accidents, and household antidotes for poisoning from most common causes.

Bee Keeping.

Fourteen pages on this pursuit. Different kinds of bees in the hive—the Queen, Drone and Worker Varieties of Bees—How to Make Bee-keeping Profitable—Honey Extraction and How to Do It—Raising Queens—Wintering Bees—the whole subject concisely treated.

Cements, Glues and Pastes.

Aquarium Cement—Architectural Cement—Cement for Mending Boots and Shoes—Cistern Cement—Earthenware Cement—To Cement Glass to Metal—Hydraulic Cement—Cement for Labels—Cement for Leather—Cement to Unite Leather and Cloth—Cement for Stoves—Cement for Water pipes—White Cement—Grafting Wax, and nearly two dozen others of every character. How to Use Glue—Draughtsman's Glue—Flexible Glue—Liquid Glue—Mouth Glue—Mucilage. Paste—Six different recipes for all purposes—To Soften Putty.

Recipes for Cooking.

Food and Its Uses—Giving a description of the constituent parts of all the principal articles of food—Table of Kitchen Weights and Measures. How to Make Essences, 12 different recipes—Bread, Yeast and Yeast Cakes—12 well-tested recipes for different kinds of Bread—34 recipes for Biscuits, Muffins, Rolls, Rusks, Shortcake, and Waffles, Battercake — 11 different recipes. Breakfast Dishes—56 recipes. Dinner Dishes—How to Set and Arrange the Table—Dinner Bills of Fare. Soups—44 different recipes. Fish—33 recipes. Clams and Oysters—16 recipes. Salt Fish. Poultry and Game—a vast number of recipes for cooking every kind. How to Choose Meats of All Kinds—To Bake Meats, Boil Meats, and Broil Meats, Fried Meats—Roasted Meats. Miscellaneous Recipes. Sauces, Salads and Ketchups—16 pages of recipes. Vegetables—Recipes for the Different Modes of Cooking all Kinds. Puddings—8 pages of recipes for different kinds. Pudding Sauces, 4 pages. Pies, 8 pages of recipes. Custards, Creams and Ices, 8 pages. Pickles, 5 pages. Preserves, Jams and Jellies, 8 pages. Supper Dishes—Cheese—Household Drinks—a vast variety of first class recipes. Domestic Wines — Cake, 12 pages of recipes. Cookies, Jumbles and Snaps, 3 pages. How to Can Fruits and Sausagemeats. Vegetables—Homemade Candies, 6 pages. To Serve Fruits and Melons—Food for the Sick, 6 pages—Table of Time of Digestion of Different Foods.

Disinfection.

Directions for disinfectants for household use in case of disease or otherwise.

For Farmers.

The Dairy—Rooms and Utensils Necessary—The Cow-house—Dairy-maid's Duties—How to Make Butter, Cheese, etc.—Diseases of Calves—Treatment of Cows—Cures for Cattle Diseases—How to Feed and Water Cattle—To Make Cows Gentle—Milking—Rules for Dairymen—Miscellaneous Recipes for a vast number of useful things about the Farm, Garden, Orchard and Household—How to Construct Ice-houses—A Cheap Ice-chest—Strength of Ice—Various Farm Measures—Cultivating Squashes, Strawberries, Tomatoes and Potatoes—How to Make Vinegar—To Destroy Weeds—Kalsomining Walls—Whitewash—Wounds to Trees—The Meaning of All Flowers and Gems.

HOW TO OBTAIN A COPY OF THIS BOOK FREE

We want three months' subscribers this time—our object being to add at once several thousand new trial subscribers, who will become acquainted with the Blade, and at the end of their term a large percentage will renew for one year and become regular patrons. herefore, we now offer to send FREE, postpaid by mail, a copy of "Old Doctor Carlin's Recipes" to any person who will send us a club of only four (all at one time) three months' subscribers at 25 cents each. The money enclosed to be one dollar in current funds, with the addresses of four people to whom we will send each the Weekly Blade three months, and we send the book to the sender of the club. Of course it is understood that the book is not mailed to the three months' subscriber, but only to the sender of the club.

The club can be easily raised, as no one will hesitate to pay 25 cents for a three months' subscription to so good a paper as the Blade.

The 5,000 books, therefore, ought to bring us 20,000 three months' subscribers very quickly. The subscriber who pays 25 cents will get good value for his money, and the club raiser who gets the book will be amazingly well paid for an hour's work. If the club raiser be already a subscriber to the Blade, simply send us four new three months' subscribers. If the club raiser be not a subscriber, your own name may be sent as one of the four.

As stated above we want each one of these 5,000 books to bring us four three months' subscribers. We, however, believe a large number of people are yet intending to send us $1.00 on the terms of our first edition offer. In order not to disappoint those who were a little tardy on the first offer, we will continue until further notice to accept one dollar for a year's subscription to the Blade with a copy of the book free. Many subscribers whose time will expire next winter should quickly take advantage of this by renewing now, because the book offer will be withdrawn before the coming fall and winter renewal season. Send a dollar now, and your time will be extended one year, and the book mailed soon as ready.

We advise quick action in this matter. We promise nothing beyond 5,000 copies now being made. The first 5,000 copies were taken in less than eight weeks; the second 5,000 may be exhausted in less time. We shall enter names in order as received, and will probably commence to mail the books soon as ready—about 10th to 15th of August.

Under no circumstances will any one be entitled to a copy of the book unless the book is asked for when the order is sent.

We will under no circumstances recognize any claim sent afterwards for those who have heretofore remitted $1. Our object is to present this book only to subscribers who remit to us *after* the reading of this advertisement.

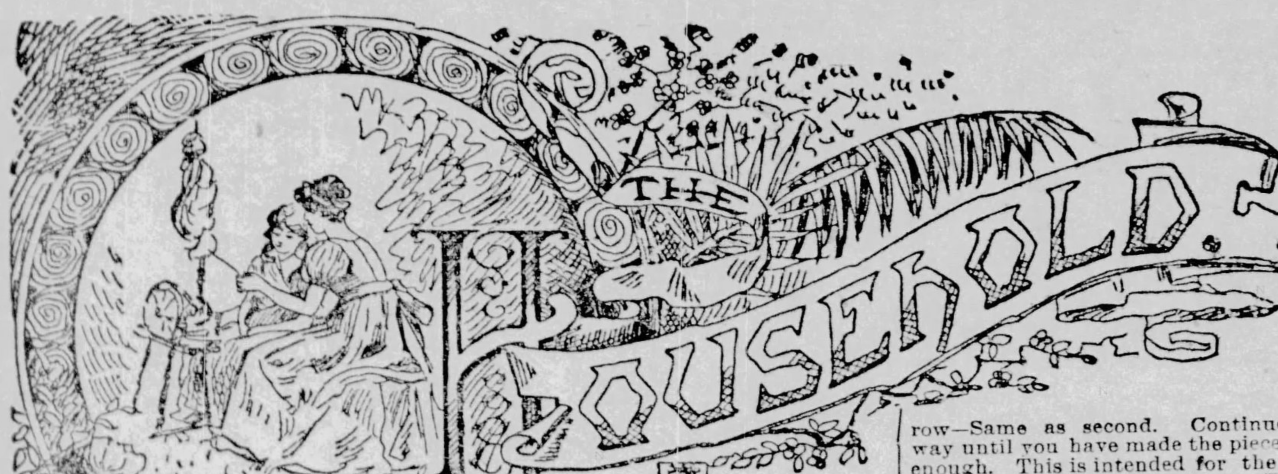
So far as the sale of the book separate from THE BLADE is concerned, it is out of print. It cannot be bought nor obtained in any other way except with the subscription to The Weekly BLADE.

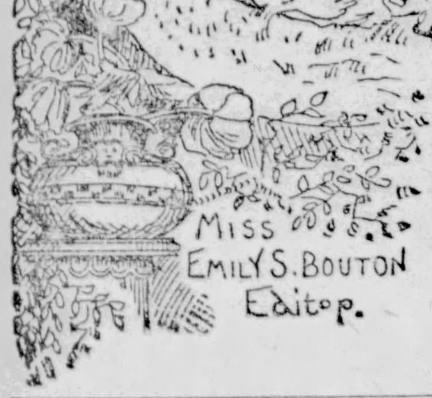
We make this offer during the dull season, to obtain new subscribers to THE BLADE. We could not afford to make such an offer during our renewal season, which would involve our giving away 112,000 books. In point of fact, this is simply an experiment.

Remittances must be made either by New York draft, money order, express order, postal note, or by registered letter. Checks on local banks are not par with us, because we have to pay for collection, and we must get $1 cash for each subscription under this offer. As many orders as you wish may be sent in one letter; but we cannot in any case allow any discount from the $1 mentioned above, nor use the club rates with this offer. We must get $1 cash with each order, in par funds.

The order for printing and binding the second edition of 5,000 copies has already been placed; the printing is now in progress, and we do not think the books will be bound and ready for mailing until August. But all orders will be entered on our books as soon as received. THE BLADE will start at once, and a book will be mailed as soon as they are ready, in the order in which we have received these subscriptions. So send in your order at once. The papers will start immediately, and the book follow as soon as it is ready. Address all orders,

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.





HOME TALKS.

DESCRIPTION OF HORRORS.

They Both Fascinate and Demoralize—The Remedy With Readers—Let the Demand Cease and the Supply Will Fail.

I TOOK up a newspaper the other day, one of the most widely read in a large interior city, and upon the first page in flaring headlines were enough of the incidents of a brutal murder to bring a picture of it before the mind's eye which could not easily be gotten rid of. Not content with that, however, there were six or eight columns enlivened (?) with illustrations of the horrible details of how the murderer stole upon his victim and carried out his evil designs; of his antecedents; of the lying deceit and treachery which had preceded this last atrocity. Then the previous life and surroundings of the murdered man were gone into at length; the room where the deed was perpetrated was described, with every article of furniture located; and finally everybody concerned in any possible way was interviewed. Naturally one would suppose that the people to whom so muce space was given in a leading paper, for the reading of a large community, a large part of it presumably the better class, must be persons of importance in either the social, political or business world. On the contrary, they belonged among the lowest and vilest. Not one concerned would be allowed to enter into our homes unless they crept in under false pretenses. And yet their vileness and their brutality were described at length, to be read in the family circle, if not aloud, by the members separately, and thus the poison kept in circulation. For it is poison of the worst sort, and all the more to be dreaded because it works so subtly and so noiselessly.

Considered on the plane of business, I do not know that newspapers can be blamed, since it is the demand that always creates the supply. If these things were not called for, they would not be published. It is unfortunately true that the sensational newspaper will sell more readily upon the streets and railroad cars than the one which refuses to pander to this taste for the horrible and the indecent, and hence, so long as the one thought of the world is money getting, what will bring it to men's pockets will find its place. Such atrocious stories with all their shocking details will be published in what are called respectable papers, and the imaginations of not only the mature and world-experienced, but those of the young will be blackened irretrievably. For it is undoubtedly true that nothing can restore the pristine whiteness to the spirit upon which is graven images of sin.

The one remedy lies in the hands of the readers of the papers. They can refuse to take those that pander to the worst in human nature in this way. Especially is this an important matter for the consideration of parents. They are responsible for their children's future. I have known those who were full of anxiety about the formation of the character of their boys and girls in the right way; who carefully taught them principles of truth and honor; who watched their school and church going, and yet upon their tables every day were papers that reeked with details of murders, robberies, scandals and vice of all kinds. Nor was there the excuse of a desire for local news, for it was published elsewhere.

If the power of thought could only be realized, if its silent molding influence upon both mind and body could be understood, these things would soon come to an end. Emerson says that "any thought pressed, followed, opened, dwarfs matter, custom, and all but itself." Watch yourself, watch those around you, and you will see how true this is. "A man's actions," he writes elsewhere, "is only a picture-book of his creed. He does after what he believes." And his beliefs are the result of the thought images constantly impressed upon his mind.

It has been often noticed that a crime committed in some unusual manner never stands long alone, but is soon repeated in other parts of the country. An extraordinarily strong impression has been made by the published details upon some minds just in the peculiar condition to receive it. The thought-image is worked over and over until the desire is born and grows to turn the image into a reality, and then comes the deed itself.

There are exceptions, it may be said, but if they are, they prove the rule. Evil thoughts, no matter how produced, if only reflections from the recital of wrong-doing, intensify the evil in human nature. No one is so strong as to escape smirching if brought into contact with vice and crime by reading its details simply for entertainment. That is the object, or else to satisfy a morbid curiosity, for no possible good can come from familiarity with the circumstances of a scandal, or a murder, the consequence of unbridled passion or the coveting of another man's property. No good end can be subserved by going over the ground leading up to a horror, and if that is true of men and women of mature minds, how much more is it of the young, and how much greater the evil wrought.

"I would not allow that book in my house, lest my children should get hold of and read it," said an anxious mother to me one day concerning a recent publication of somewhat doubtful moral tendencies. At her side when she spoke lay the paper with its glaring headlines which I mentioned in the beginning, and she made no attempt to disguise its presence; indeed, she had probably never thought of it, for it was one of the daily visitants of the household.

"Did you read about the murder?" I asked a little later.

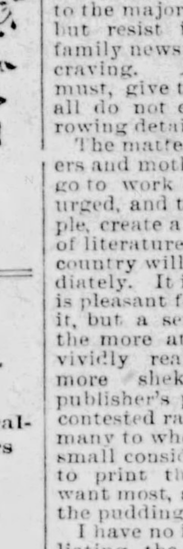
"Oh, yes; or rather Ned read it aloud to us while we were waiting for breakfast. A good piece of journalistic work my husband says, and I guess it is, for it made the cold chills creep up and down my back all the time he was reading."

Only think of that, as a preparation for breakfast, too! and yet she objected to the book which was not half so likely to be read, and would be less harmful even if followed from beginning to end. Let horrors alone. Shut details of crime away from your homes Neither read them yourselves, or have them brought where the younger and more inexperienced may pore over them. I know that there is a sort of fascination to the majority of minds in the horrible, but resist its power. See that your family newspapers do not pander to this craving. All papers, because they must, give these things in outline, but all do not enter into minute and harrowing details.

The matter is in the hands of the fathers and mothers of the nation. Let them go to work and by argument earnestly urged, and the still more forceful example, create a sentiment against this kind of literature, and every newspaper in the country will shut down upon it immediately. It is not that this sort of thing is pleasant for those who have to do with it, but a sensation sells the paper, and the more atrocious it is and the more vividly realistic the description, the more shekels it puts into the publisher's pockets, and in the fiercely contested race for money, there are too many to whom principle is a matter of small consideration. It is their business to print the kind of paper the people want most, say they, and "the proof of the pudding lies in the eating."

I have no intention of excusing or palliating the publishing of these things which cannot fail to injure the public morals, but simply to urge upon readers, self-protection by demanding that only so much of these horrors shall be published as are necessary as news. When the demand ceases, the supply will cease also. EMILY L. BOUTON.

Two Kinds of Teas.



SOME one writes to know what is meant by high tea as distinguished from the afternoon tea. The latter is a very simple entertainment offered to those who may call upon the hostess between certain hours that have been designated upon her cards of invitation, usually from 4 to 6 in the afternoon. The number of these cards may be considerable, not less than at the ordinary reception. This form of entertainment has been before fully described in the HOUSEHOLD. To the high tea only a limited number of guests may be invited, and these to spend the evening, which is to be devoted to some form of recreation. The guests may be seated either at small tables, or one large one may be used. In the latter case it may be spread with either a dinner or tea cloth. A pretty center-piece of flowers, also small vases, set about here and there, give a very pretty appearance.

Arrange the places as usual with the silver for each course, and the usual accompaniment of butter plates, or bread and butter plates, salt cellars, glasses, napkins, etc. Fresh fruits may also be placed upon the table to beautify it. Tea, coffee and chocolate may all be served at this repast. The menu may include oysters in some form, such as fried, boiled, steamed, or cooked in any other way. Bread and butter, or rolls, are served with the oysters. A second course may consist of chicken broiled or fried, or lamb chops with potatoes in some form; rolls, rusk or tea buscuit may be served with this course, and the chocolate or coffee is also brought on at at this time. Some kind of salad may form the third course, with which olives and fancy cheese may be used. The repast should be closed with some simple dessert. Ices are not usually considered most desirable at this time, as they are better later in the evening, if served at all. Jelly, charlotte-russe, fresh fruits and light cakes of some kind are better.

The above menu is merely suggested to show something of what is expected at a high tea. An ingenious hostess will often contrive to have some entertainment that will amuse the company while the changes of the courses are made. Some of these have been before given in THE BLADE.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

A VERY HANDSOME PORTIERE may be made of cream-colored momie cloth, double-width, or bolton sheeting, of any shade desired. Across the top, eight inches below the edge, put on a band of velvet five or six inches in width. This may be any color desired, to correspond with the furnishings of the room. Around the edge of the portiere tassels may be sewn, made of rope silk. Cut strands, the number to be decided by the size of the tassels desired, about three inches long, then tie a strand around the middle, after they are laid evenly together. Double the bunch and wind or tie another strand of the silk about half an inch from the top. Trim the ends evenly, and sew these at equal intervals along the edges. Below the band of velvet put a trimming of knotted fringe, of the same color of the velvet. Those who are accustomed to making the knotted fringe, will need no instructions in regard to it. The portiere may be suspended by twisted cords, made of the Bagarren art thread, drawn through the edge or hem of the goods.

A PRETTY PORT-FOLIO may be made of canvas, covered over with bengaline or with some handsome flowered silk. If the plain goods is used it should be decorated with embroidery or paintings. The piece of canvas should be twice as long as wide; the width being in proportion to the size of the port-folio desired. Fold both ends so that they will come within an inch of each other in the middle. Make a fan of silk of some pretty color to match the colors of the decoration. Fasten these in each of the four sides in order to give space in the port-folio. Bows of ribbon may be put on one side through which the pen or pencil may be passed.

ANY OLD FRAME may be utilized for a picture, providing it is not too heavy or too large. Cut a mat or cardboard that will just fit in the frame and cover it smoothly with flowered silk. Take the same silk and cover the frame itself, putting it on full enough to form a puff. Fasten it in this way. Tack securely on one edge with some tacks, turn the silk over so that it will cover the tacks, and drawing it over the frame, tack it securely to the back, and then put a strip of tape over the edge to hold it firm, and give it a good finish. Put the frame over the mat and fasten the picture in firmly.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

A PIN CUSHION.—Make a chain in tolerably fine cotton with a steel crochet needle the desired width of the pin cushion. You must leave off at the end of every row, and when finished the ends of the cotton must be carefully run in with a coarse needle. 1st row—3 treble, 3 ch, miss 3 loops; repeat from*. 2d row—4 treble, *2 ch, miss 2 loops, 1 treble, 2 ch, miss 2, 3 treble; repeat from*. 3d row—3 treble, *2 ch, miss 2, 3 treble; 2 ch, miss 2, 1 treble; repeat from*. 4th row—1 treble, *3 ch, miss 3, 5 treble; repeat from*. 5th row—3 treble, 2 ch, miss 2, 3 treble, *2 ch, miss 2, 1 treble, 2 ch, miss 2, treble; repeat from*. 6th row—Same as second. Continue this way until you have made the piece large enough. This is intended for the right or upper side of the cushion. For the wrong or under side, cast on the same number of stitches, and merely make 2 ch, 1 treble all the way. When finished sew together and make a crochet edging around it, thus: 1st round—3 ch, 1 dc, all the way round. 2d round—4 ch and 1 double into the middle of each scallop. 3d round—5 ch 1, double into middle of each scallop. If the edging is preferred rather wide do a few more rounds in the same manner. Now make a muslin bag of the same size as the crochet cover, and fill this with bran. Cover this with blue or pink silk, slip it inside the crochet and sew up the last side.

Correspondence.

SAFETY VALVES.—You all know what an important part in the construction of an engine a safety valve plays. It keeps it from blowing up. Well, I think there are times when we Christians need a safety valve to keep us from blowing up spiritually. I once heard of a lady who, when she got into a passion and was in danger of "blowing up" the hired girl, would rush off to a secluded corner with her rocking chair and rock just as hard as she could, meanwhile keeping her tongue busy, saying that old rhyme we knew as school children about "Peter Piper," who picked so many peppers. That was her safety valve, harmless enough surely; but I know of another quite as effectual and, I think, a better one. I have a strong passion for books. I love them for the knowledge they impart, and I love them too much. Yes, you can love them too much, there is no doubt about that. I had been thinking for some time that I should have to conquer my intense love of books. Ruskin tells us that a few books well read constitute a library; but I was not satisfied with a few. I wanted numbers of them. Well, at a missionary meeting our pastor's wife handed me some of those small lay-by envelopes, in which I was to put a few pennies every week. Would you believe it? I made those into safety-valves, and when I felt an intense desire for a new book I slipped a few pennies into the little envelope and contented myself with reading the old books.

Are there any of you who need a safety-valve? If so, may God help you to find one. He does so much for us, and it is so little we can do for Him, let us be constantly watching for an opportunity of doing some little work "In His name." We are not thankful enough for His many blessings, especially for the great unspeakable gifts of Christ and His love. How could we women possibly live our lives—endure its trials and responsibilities—without Christ to lean upon? This human, tender-loving Christ—to whom we may go and receive help and comfort in time of trouble.

I do not think we sufficiently realize the power of Christian influence. A workman in our employ once said to me that a neighbor of mine was the most perfect Christian woman he ever knew. I desired to know how he judged.

"Why," he said, "we worked there for two months and her house was torn up for repairs from cellar to garret, and during the entire time I did not hear an unkind or impatient word pass her lips," and he raised his hat—he positively did! He was a common workman, used horrid grammar and chewed horrid plug tobacco, but he took off his hat in remembrance of that woman's silent Christian example. While down at the creek, the other day, my little boy was amusing himself throwing stones into the water, and as I watched the circles they made, narrow at first, and then gradually widening until they disappeared among the waves, I thought, so it is with regard to the influence of a Christian man or woman. It may affect only one or two people at the beginning—it may begin with the home circle, but it will widen in effect until it, probably, includes the stranger at our gates. May ours be of such a nature that it will be pleasing in God's sight.—N. M. S.

Correspondence Clippings.

One sister, in writing, says she don't think Phillipa a Christian. I don't claim to be, by a great many people's opinion, and I should like her to give, what in *her* opinion are the most essential points in a Christian character.

I, too, should like to hear from the old contributors asked for lately. I am anticipating a trip to see my parents, and no one who has not lived in this vast "prairie sea" can imagine the keen delight one takes in going East, where they can see trees, fine grass and fruit.—PHILLIPA.

Christmas seems a long way off during these hot days, but it is not too early to begin to prepare for it, and I would like to suggest to the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD, who keep chickens, what very pretty presents can be made from wings. When you kill chickens cut the wings off carefully, sprinkle a little salt over the joint to help thoroughly dry them. Then, when you have a little time, cover the joint end with a piece of bright silk, velvet or cloth; sew a loop to hang it by, and you have a present for your friend who does not keep chickens that will be both ornamental and useful. White wings with blue covers; black wings with scarlet, and the mottled Plymouth rock wings with crimson are the prettiest combinations, but any others will do as well. Another useful and pretty present may be made of a square bag, filled with chicken feathers, and covered with a gay cover of cretonne or patch work. This is to be used for a foot cushion in cold weather; and for an elderly person, or one troubled with cold feet, they are very comfortable.—FRANCES HOWARD.

In answer to "Farmer's Wife," I do not think I could understand that cook book any better than she does. I, too, am a farmer's wife and daughter, and when I can have an abundance to do with, of the very things she speaks of, I have all the variety I wish. Corned and dried beef may be prepared in two or three different ways, and salt pork in various ways, that are inexpensive.

There are plenty of inexpensive puddings and pies, and even fruit cake may be made without eggs. Salt fish may be freshened and fried, boiled or baked, and taste the same as fresh. I have a great curiosity to know in what state she lives. I have resided in six different states and never saw a farm without a garden, even if the variety of vegatables was not great.—MOLLIE.

If "Mollie" will send some of her recipes to the HOUSEHOLD, they will no doubt be helpful to many, besides this Farmer's wife.—ED.

"Farmers Wife," I have just finished your letter in THE BLADE, and have laughed until I am hungry enough to eat a piece of salt pork, and a potato boiled with the jacket on. I guess your recipe book is a twin sister of mine. I just laid mine on the shelf until I collect a few more BLADE recipes, when I shall revise it. I sometimes get tired of trying to find a dish for a change that is not too expensive, as I have to economize, and have found this I prepare sometimes for breakfast which we like very well. For a family of four, take 1 pt. of sweet milk, put in a pudding pan, let it come to a boil, sift in ½ teacup of flour, stirring all the time; add 3 eggs well beaten, a pinch of salt and pepper, and a small bit of butter. Place in a hot oven ten minutes. Also, a good way to prepare green wax beans for winter is to cut them in small pieces and dry as you would apples.—HUNGRY JACK'S WIFE.

Inquiries.

Will some one tell me how to remove the seeds from grapes, and also what I can make of cabbage, that will keep?—FRIEND OF THE BLADE.

Will some one tell me the best way to entertain a person who has been very ill for some time and does not care to talk much?—LIZZIE.

I would like a recipe for making cucumber pickles in a large quantity ready for use. I want to put up a barrel, and I get tired soaking out the salt.—HUNGRY JACK'S WIFE.

Will some one tell what to do for a burning and a cramping in the feet at night?—ROSE.

Will some one tell how to cure the face of pimples, blackheads and flesh-worms?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Please tell the best way for putting up eggs for winter use.—W. E. BROWN.

Will some one tell me how to make the eye-lashes grow? Will cutting what there is of them do it?—HARRIET GERTRUDE H.

What about that badge that was talked of for the members of THE HOUSEHOLD, to be worn at the World's Fair? It would no doubt make many pleasant acquaintances. Our obliging Editor should at least have one, if she attends, so we may all recognize her.—MENAH.

Will some one tell me if Prince Christian, whose daughter has just been married at Windsor, is Queen Victoria's son?—VERDANT.

Will some one suggest something that I can make that will be a suitable wedding gift, for a city friend? I have very little money to spend, but can do almost any kind of fancy work. Would like to give something useful as well as pretty.—AMANDA S.

I should like to know how to prepare mushrooms for the table, and how to distinguish between the good ones and the poisonous kind.—MRS. F. WILEY.

Answers to Inquiries.

Mrs. E. Lyman—We cannot insert advertisements in this department, much as we would like to oblige a "King's Daughter."—ED.

H. C. E.—A strong solution of cold salt and water is good for bathing weak or inflamed eyes. Do not know if it would be as good if used hot. You could try it, as it could do no harm.—ED.

Tell "Daisy" to get mountain sage and make a tea of medium strength and use as a wash, and her hair will return to natural color. Can be procured of druggist.

Mrs. Flora A. Moore—The best way to arrange trees for the lawn is as near the forest shape as possible. In after years if one should die it will not be missed, as if set in rows.—G. R. HAWKINS.

Say to Stella Davis that it is not the spraying of her plum trees with paris green that causes the injury to the trees that she complains of, but it is the work of the *leaf aphis*, which the paris green will not destroy. The paris green spraying is the remedy against the work of the curculio, in about the proportion as she uses it.

Let her take about ¼ pound of hard bar soap, and boil it in ½ gal. of water until it is thoroughly dissolved, and while boiling hot pour into it about three pints of coal oil, and agitate the mixture until it forms an emulsion. Let it cool, and use about 1 qt. of this emulsion to about 4 or 5 gallons of water, thoroughly spraying the trees as she did with the paris green; about two applications, and the work is done.—W. S. YOUNG.

Gertrude Edmundson—Your story was written with a lead pencil, and on both sides of the paper, so that it is impossible for us to use it, and, at present, we have all we need for the Children's department.—ED.

I saw a request for a remedy against chiggers. I have, for several years, used sulphur. Mix it with sugar or molasses. If one dose does not stop them, two will, and with me it lasts the whole season, though I have seen persons who would have to take it again in four or five weeks. It will not cure itch. For that trouble it must be differently used.—NORWEGIAN.

Theodore—A parrot should be treated like a child; it appreciates kindness. Words in common use and that are easily spoken should be employed. The parrot should be placed in a room by itself and its teacher outside; then call to the bird, using the words you want to teach it; when the bird answers, which it will in time, feed and pet. Use patience and common sense.—JOHN BRENNEMAN.

Recipes.

In answer to J. A. Roberts I send a recipe for canning fruit without sealing or boiling:—Salicylic acid, 140 grains; Soda sulphate, 60 grains; sugar, 4 lbs. to 1 gal. of hot water; let it get cold and cover fruit.—W. E. BROWN.

TOMATO PRESERVES—Peel the tomatoes, cut them crosswise and remove the seeds; let them drain so there will be no juice standing on them. Take ¾ lb. granulated sugar to each pound of fruit; make a syrup, adding 1 lemon to each 4 lbs. of the tomatoes, and cook the same as with other preserves. These will keep nicely and will not have a strong taste usual to preserved tomatoes. You can use the seeds and juice for catsup.—FRIEND OF THE BLADE.

FOR STICKY FLY PAPER—It should be mixed in a tin cup or can; use an old knife or flat stick to stir and spread with. Melt a quantity of rosin in can, and pour in an equal amount of castor oil. When it is mixed, try a little on paper; if it is too oily, the paper will be greasy; if too much rosin, it will not be sticky enough to hold a fly. Spread on any paper that is finished like writing paper.—MENAH.

CANNING GREEN CORN—Cut the corn off the cob and put it into a glass jar. Pack it in as closely as possible, pounding it down until the juice covers the corn so that it will cook in its own juice. Then put the cover on the jar, being careful not to put it on tight, and set it into a boiler with enough water in it to come half way up on the jar. Put a cover on the boiler to keep in all the steam and boil for three hours. Then screw the cover of the jar on tight and put away in a dark place.—R. A. U.

HOW TO MAKE BLACKBERRY AND GRAPE WINE—To make wine put the berries in a vessel, with very little water to start them boiling. Be sure to boil long enough to get all the water out. Then strain into a glass jar, or bottle, and tie a cloth over it, and let stand a few days. Strain again; the oftener you strain it the better. In three weeks it will ferment, then strain and seal up. Never put sugar in it until ready to use. This makes the best wine in the world, but it is not a sweet wine.

To made grape wine on a small scale, put in a glass jar ripe grapes; put 1 pint of sugar to ½ gallon jar, and close the lid without the rubber. Let it stand a week or so. It will draw every particle of wine out of the grapes. Take out the hulls and drink.—F. R. MORGAN.

HE RAISED A STAKE,

And it Was the Turning Point in His Career.

"Ten years ago," says a big millionaire, "I stood without a nickel in my pocket outside of a restaurant door in San Francisco. I was indulging in an optical feast and wondering how all those good things in the window would taste if they were sliding down my hungry palate. I was trying to think how I could get the price of a meal, honestly or dishonestly, it mattered little. Before I had evolved a plan of action a prosperous-looking man, who was flipping a half-dollar in his hand, dropped it through an iron grating, and it fell in the subway below. He gave an almost unconcerned glance in the direction the coin had gone and then walked away. It was a "ground-hog case" for me, and I determined to secure that coin, so I walked into the restaurant and asked the proprietor if I might retrieve a $5 gold piece which I had dropped into the cellar. He replied, "Certainly," and gave me a hatchet with which I might remove a wooden bar that had been nailed across a door leading from the basement to the opening under the grate. There was much litter and dirt down there, and in searching for the coin I found many others, which had been dropped in a similar way. I cleaned up $8 from the dirt, an amount sufficient to completely dwarf an able-bodied appetite, secure a clean shirt and a proportionate amount of self-esteem and reliance. I visited men of influence, whom I had not sufficient courage to visit before, and I have not been seriously insolvent since that time. Thus you may see on what a slender thread often hangs a chance in life."

—The world is full of shoddy and shams, but real merit is always recognized. Thirty years ago Dr. Shallenberger discovered an Antidote to the poison of Malaria, which has had an immense sale, although until recently it has not been advertised in a single newspaper. Merit alone has sold it all these years because it cures when all else fails, and is just what is claimed for it. It *infallibly* destroys Malaria and could not harm an infant. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail for one dollar. Address,
DR. A. T. SHALLENBERGER,
Rochester, Pa.

Life in Chicago.

In Chicago—"Have you no witnesses in your favor?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir; my wife."

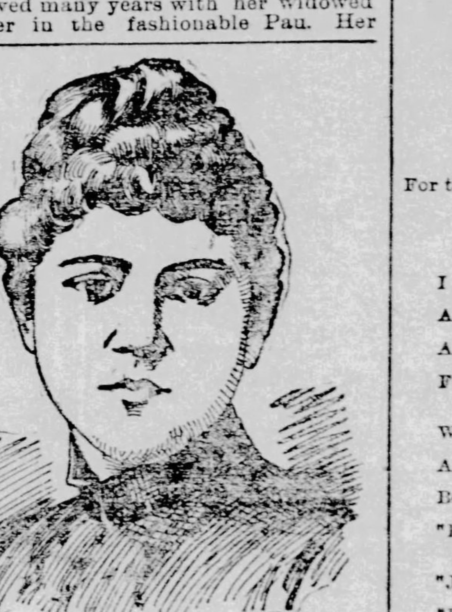
"Your wife? She cannot testify."

"Well, what's the matter with you giving me a divorce?"—[Philadelphia Times.

MRS. ALICE COOPER CRANE.

A Society Woman Claims She Was Forced Into Marriage.

A law case that has set all society talking in the two greatest English speaking cities of the world, London and New York, is the appeal of Mrs. Alice Cooper Crane in London to have her marriage annulled. The grounds of the application are certainly the most extraordinary ever made before a court of justice. Miss Alice Cooper was born in New York and has lived many years with her widowed mother in the fashionable Pau. Her



ALICE COOPER.

cousin, Walter Beverley Crane, met her there, and he although, but 18 and she eight years his senior, became desperately infatuated with her. A year or more afterwards they were in London, and, on, a pretext of a ride to St. Paul's, young Crane inveigled Miss Cooper into a carriage. It was driven rapidly to St. Bride's church, and on the way Crane drew from his pocket a pistol and threatened to blow out his brains instantly if she did not consent to marry him.

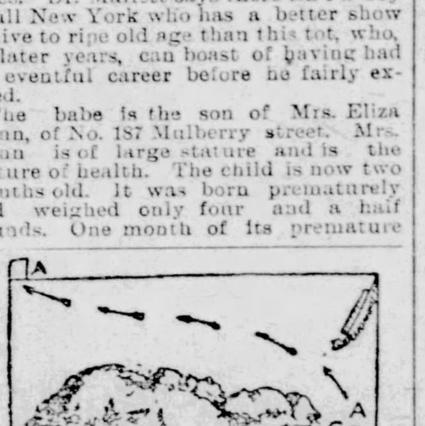
In a very great fright Miss Cooper consented and the marriage ceremony was performed. Crane at once left for the United States and the pair have never since met. The English judge refused to annul the marriage, stating that Mrs. Cooper proved too much. Walter Crane, who comes from a wealthy and aristocratic family, and is now in New York, says that the story is a piece of fiction which he has agreed not to deny in order to promote the divorce. "The whole affair," he says, "was a piece of youthful folly and infatuation." The marriage was opposed by his parents. He met Miss Cooper in London and they were married with her full co-operation. Their letters grew cold. Crane has not seen his wife since and now she probably wants to marry someone else and has taken this extraordinary step to obtain a divorce.

A BABY INCUBATOR.

Medical Science Brings the Fullness of Life to a Child.

The doctors at Charity hospital, on Blackwell's Island, New York city, recenty hatched out a bright, plump baby boy. The little fellow was taken out of an incubator, after a month's durance, and has been laughing and gurgling ever since. Dr. Mallett says there isn't a boy in all New York who has a better show to live to ripe old age than this tot, who, in later years, can boast of having had an eventful career before he fairly existed.

The babe is the son of Mrs. Eliza Dunn, of No. 187 Mulberry street. Mrs. Dunn is of large stature and is the picture of health. The child is now two months old. It was born prematurely and weighed only four and a half pounds. One month of its premature



SECTIONAL VIEW OF INCUBATOR WITH CHILD IN POSITION.

(Arrows Show the Current of Hot Air.)

A A A—Ventilators. B—Row of hot water bottles. C—Perforated mattress.

existence has been spent in the incubator with the result that it now weighs something over eight pounds. Though at first weak and fragile and without a fair chance in its unequal struggle, it is now healthy and properly proportioned. This is how the doctors hatched the blue-eyed little infant.

The incubator used had just been received from Paris, and Willie, or Eddie or Archibald Dunn, or whatever he'll be named, had the honor of being its first occupant. The arrangement of the contrivance is anything but complex. It consists of a black walnut box just big enough to hold the little one. The accompanying cut shows a sectional view of the occupant in position.

The four round rings at the bottom are bottles filled with hot water heated to a temperature of 98 degrees. The patient lies on a perforated mattress supported by iron rods. At the foot of the box towards the bottles is a ventilator. The outside air runs through to the other side over the bottles. In passing it becomes heated. At the patient's head is another ventilator, and then at the top on the other side there is another. The arrows indicate the current of air induced to so circulate by the arrangement of the ventilators. The bottles were changed as often as necessary.

The babe was wrapped in cotton, and remained in the box steadily for a month. It was nourished every few hours during the day. Every morning a pretty, motherly-looking nurse bathed the child in cod-liver oil from head to foot. It was feared that even pure water might injure the delicate skin.

FOR SLEEPLESSNESS

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. C. R. DAKE, Belleville, Ill., says: "I have found it, *and it alone*, to be capable of producing a sweet and natural sleep in cases of insomnia from overwork of the brain, which so often occurs in active professional and business men."

AN AUTOMATIC DOCTOR.

It is Always at Hand and Keeps You Busy Breathing.

The London *Lancet* describes a simple device for developing the lungs and enlarging the chest. The device is a small belt or cord which encircles the chest at the point of its greatest expansion, and a take-up mechanism to which the ends of the belt or chord are attached; this take-up mechanism consisting of a coiled spring, adapted to tighten the belt at intervals, and a train of wheels, by which the speed of the spring in taking up the belt may be regulated.

Upon the exhalation of the breath, after the full expansion of the lungs, the chest returns to the size natural to it in ordinary breathing, thus leaving the belt loose; immediately the take-up mechanism begins to gather in the slack of the belt, which it continues to gather, and finally it tightens the belt about the chest until the pressure is uncomfortable to the wearer, compelling him to take another full inspiration, thus lengthening the belt.

This lengthening is accomplished by the withdrawal of the strap from the case, which act again coils the spring; the spring in turn, when the breath is exhaled and the chest resumes its natural size, again begins to gather up the slack of the belt. These processes are continued as long as the device is worn, full breaths being induced at intervals, thus naturally strengthening and enlarging the lungs and chest.

Soothing to the Guest.

Prominent Citizen (rushing into Oklahoma hotel)—Tanner, your little son, Theobald, who is over at his aunt's, got his uncle's gun down just now an' shot Preacher Harps in the leg!

Landlord Tanner (proudly, to recently arrived tenderfoot)—Only think, stranger; the little feller is not quite five years old!—[Puck.

Children Enjoy

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious the most gratifying results follow its use, so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

For the Young Folks.

MY MOTHER'S CHAIR.

ELLEN A. LUTZ.

I view that little old time chair
Through a mist of rising tears;
A well worn rocker, laid aside
Battered with use and years.
Around its patchwork cushioned frame
Such precious memories cling,
For there, in childhoods happy hour,
Did mother rock and sing.

When a docile little maid I sewed
In the summer afternoon,
And eagerly essayed to hem
A ruffle for my gown.
Beguiling all the tedious hours
My mother's song arose,
"By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows."

"Jesus my all to heaven is gone,"
"Blow ye the trumpet, blow,"
"He dies, the Friend of sinners dies,"
"Fear not, oh little flock, the foe."
"How happy every child of grace,"
"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,"
"His loving kindness, oh how good,"
"How gentle God's command."

"Jerusalem, my happy home,"
How sweet the measures ran,
My mother's song revealed to me
Salvations wondrous plan.
And when a flood of sorrow came
She sang amid the storm,
"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

My mother's voice has long been hushed
Her form beneath the sod,
She tunes the golden harp of praise
With the ransomed host of God.
But the memory of her gospel lays
Float down across the years.
While memory wakes their cadence sweet
I dew her chair with tears.

Toledo, O.

WHY BEES MAKE HONEY.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

It is really a lovely garden. Never were there whiter lilies, nor bluer violets, nor more interesting pansies.

But it needs something. I think it is bees.

For bees are so picturesque! And then the hives!—the hives are as picturesque as the bees themselves. Apple-trees without beehives under them are as forlorn as lilies without bees over them.

So we bought some beautiful hives, and placed them in the orchard, just on the edge of the garden. Soon they began to be filled with delicious honey in dear little white cells; but the bees were nowhere to be seen. Every morning they disappeared, flying far out of sight, and the lilies and roses were as forlorn as ever. We had the credit of having bees, for every one could see the hives and taste the honey; but we did not have the bees.

So one morning I went out and talked to them about it.

"Dear bees," I said, "what is it that you miss in the garden? Every morning you fly away; but where can you find whiter lilies, or bluer violets, or more interesting pansies?"

"We are not looking for whiteness, or blueness, or interestingness," the bees explained. "We are looking for honey; and the honey is better in the clover-field that is only a mile away."

"Oh! if that is all," I exclaimed gladly, "Pray don't have the honey on your minds—"

"We don't," they said. "We carry it in little bags."

"I mean, don't mind about the honey—"

"Certainly not; how could we, when we havn't any minds?"

"But please don't feel obliged to hunt for honey. I don't care at all for honey; that is," I added hastily, as a slight buzzing made me fear that perhaps I had hurt their feelings, "I like you, you know, for yourselves alone, not for what you can give me. The honey is delicious, but we can buy it very nice at the grocer's. If you like honey for yourselves, I will buy some, and fill the hives for you, so that you needn't work at all, if you will only stay in the garden, and hover over the lilies, and—and—be picturesque."

They promised to try. And they did try. Whenever I looked from my library windows, I could see them practicing their hovering, and they really hovered extremely well. Satisfied that my garden was at last complete, I gave up watching it, and devoted myself to literary work. Every morning I seated myself at the desk and wrote rapidly till noon. But one day I was interrupted by a bee.

He had flown in at the window. Perching himself on the lid of the inkstand, he waited awhile; then at last asked quietly:

"Why are you not out of doors this beautiful morning? The garden is lovely; I cannot see—" and he glanced critically at the vases about the room—"I cannot see that these lilies here are any whiter, or the violets any bluer, or the pansies any more interesting than those out there. And we miss you. A garden really ought to have people walking about in it. That is what gardens are for. I don't see why we must be out there to be seen, when there is nobody to see us."

"But, dear bee, I am not looking for flowers this morning; I am writing."

"And what are you writing?"

"A sonnet."

"Are there no sonnets to be had at the stores?"

"Oh, yes! Shakespeare's, and Milton's, and Wordsworth's, of course."

"And are your sonnets better than Shakespeare's?"

"Why, of course not."

"Then let your sonnet go. Come out in the garden with us, and on the way home I'll buy you a sonnet at the store; a Shakespeare sonnet,—the very best in the market."

"But, you see, I want to try making a sonnet of my own."

"Very well; let me see you try."

I took up the pen again, and was soon absorbed in my rhymes and rhythm. Indeed, I had quite forgotten that the bee was there, till he stirred uneasily and finally sighed.

"Are you not happy in the garden?" I asked.

"Not very."

"But why not? Haven't you all the liberty you want?"

"No; we have every liberty except the liberty we want."

"And that is—"

"The liberty to work. We find that it isn't lilies; it isn't clover; it isn't honey; it's making the honey that we like. It isn't even making the honey for you, that we care so much about; because, you see, you don't like honey; it's just making it."

"I don't understand. I can't see how anybody can really like to work."

"But we do. Suppose you finish your sonnet, while I try to think over a few arguments to present to you later."

So again I took up the pen, and again I was soon happily absorbed, and had entirely forgotten the poor bee, till I heard him say, wearily:

"It doesn't seem to be very easy to write a sonnet."

"No," I exclaimed enthusiastically, "it isn't at all easy. That is the charm of it. Anybody can write some kind of verse, but very few people can write sonnets. There are a great many rules for making a sonnet; you can only have just so many lines, and just so few rhymes, and the sentiment must change in just such a place, and very few people have the patience for it. Even Shakespeare did not keep to the severest style of sonnet."

"And are you trying to obey all the rules?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Why, for the fun of it. It is so interesting to see whether one can do it."

"But it must be awfully tedious; and from your own account, you are really working harder over it than you need to."

"Only because it is a great deal more interesting to do a thing well than just to do it. Let me read you something from Wordsworth's sonnet about the sonnet. He says:

In truth the prison unto which we doom
Ourselves no prison is;

meaning that, if we are willing to take pains, there is a great deal of enjoyment in working hard over a thing, even if it is a very small thing. He gives a great many comparisons, about nuns being contented with their narrow convents, and hermits in their cells, and students in their libraries, and weavers at the loom; and here, oh, here, is an allusion to you, dear bee; he tells how—

—Bees that soar for bloom,
High as the highest peak of Furness-fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells.

That is just what you meant, isn't it?—that you are one of those he speaks of who 'have felt the weight of too much liberty?'"

"Yes, that is what I meant; but I think I said it better than he says it. If it is a fine thing to say what you mean in just fourteen lines, why isn't it a finer thing to say what you mean in fourteen words? And really it seems to me that I put the whole of his sonnet into saying that it is not for the honey that I care, nor for the sonnet that you care; but the fun of the work."

"The fun of the work! That is a new idea—but I believe you are right."

"Of course I am right. Sweetness is all very well, but I should think it would be very tiresome just to be sweet, like a flower; I'd rather be a bee, and have to hunt for the sweetness."

"And I'd rather be a human being and have to make things sweet. For, after all, if a bee doesn't find any sweetness, he can't have any, while people can make it for themselves. Do you know, by the way, that you have given me a splendid subject for a poem?"

"Perhaps I have. But if you will excuse me, I will be off to the clover-field; and my advice to you is, if you must write a poem, try to put it in four lines, instead of fourteen."

So I tried, and this is the poem:

Sweetness in being sweet, that's for the flowers;
Sweetness in finding sweets, that's for the bee;
Sweetness in making sweet sorrowful hours,
That is the sweetness for you and for me.

—[St. Nicholas.

1.—WHAT ARE WE?

We belong to a genus of birds that are known as birds of prey, but the adjective noble is often prefixed to that expression when applied to our branch. We have a bill curved from the base; our claws are sharp, curved and strong, and our whole frame very robust and muscular. Our legs are short, and we use them with great power in striking or seizing our prey. The acuteness of our vision is wonderful, and we have great powers of flight, having been known to fly over 1,800 miles in 24 hours. We sometimes attain a speed of 150 miles an hour. We soar very high in the air, then swoop downward upon our prey.

2.—GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

DEAR (mountain in North Carolina):—I must write and tell you how I spent (lakes in Oregon). After eating an excellent breakfast which consisted chiefly of (river in Idaho), sister (river in Australia), brother (lake in New York) and a neighbor boy and girl, called (city in Mexico) and (river in Australia), went down to (lake in Maine) to skate. (River in Australia) has a large (island in Atlantic ocean) dog, with which we had great fun. At about 10 o'clock we started home. When we had gone about half the distance, we met my (city in France) and my uncle (cape of Virginia) who said they were going hunting. Uncle gave us all some (city in Ceylon) and we went to our house. It was 11 o'clock when we arrived and as we were very hungry, we postponed another excursion we had planned until after dinner. While we were eating dinner a fierce storm arose, which filled us all with the (cape of North Carolina). The wind blew a perfect gale from the (cape of New Zealand), the (mountains in Africa) fell, and all the sky was (sea of Europe). We took (some country in Europe) and some dainties, and had tea in the nursery. Then we all ran out and had a (cape of Newfoundland). We watched and waited for the storm to abate, but it did not, so we had to give up in (cape of British America). Our friends now bade us (cape of North America) and departed. (City in France) and uncle returned about 8 o'clock that night, with only a (channel in the Arctic Ocean) as a reward for their long and tiresome hunt. (Cape of North America). Your loving little (city in Nebraska).

P. S.—O, yes! (Mountain in North Carolina). I want to thank you for my beautiful (river in West Virginia), (river in Africa), (mountain in Alaska) which you sent (lakes in Oregon). Write soon. (City in Nebraska), (mountain in North Carolina). V. M.

3.—DIFFERENT AGES.

1. That which is bound over another.
2. A kind of gum.
3. The price paid for sending a letter through the public mails.
4. Spoil. To plunder.
5. To prance in a riotous manner.
6. A kind of vegetable.
7. Fierce.
8. A small city.
9. Money coined.
10. Benefit, gain.
11. The produce of the vine for the season.

VALENTINE MITCHELL.

4.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In tillage, not in frown;
In village, not in town;
In all, not in few;
In raw, not in chew;
In toil, not in free;
If you find the answer, a town in Michigan 'twill be. G. R.

5.—DICK'S LETTER. (JUMBLED.)

Steal apples—you'll—a gun—DEAR BOB:—Your—hurry up—My—I want—father has—you—haven't any—from;—and there's—You said that—cooning—miles—frogs, near—see us—up here.—so pack—an orchard—Thompson,—until you—hunter and—country;—it, it's—moved out—for us to—like it;—a pond—friend, Dick—catch any—so now,—here, too;—money, you—have lots—only twenty—here in the—I know—to come,—come to—but I—and come—can foot—won't—come,—(if you—full of—I've got a—after we—and we'll—up your—of fun,—just—things—If you—on.— SID.

6.—HIDDEN FISH.

I heard a dreadful crash, Ada
Mississippi, Kentucky and Alabama are Southern states.
She let me wear her ring a week.
This calico does fade.
Bob, as Susan has come, you may go.

MABEL.

Answers.

1. Merino sheep.
2. Professor.
3. Ozone, Lark, Islam, Vill, Ezad, Rana, Galloy, Opinion, Lass, Dapple, Seat, Marrow, Ideal, Tiny, Homer
4. Six. SIX IX XL / IX X L / S I X
5. GREAT, RUNNER, ENGINES, ANIMATOR, TENACITY, RESTH, SO, R
6. Peony, Lilac, Pink, Clover, Calla.

Catch a Tartar

and when caught scrub well with SOZODONT. Don't spare it. Brush for dear life. If you destroy it, all the better for you and your teeth. It will destroy the health of the mouth, its beauty, and your sweet breath.

BABY IN HIS GLORY

NEAT GARMENTS NOW IN FASHION.

Never Happier Than When Perched in His Toilet Basket—He Swings Like an Oriole and Crows Like a Rooster.

Bless the baby! What would the world be in a few years without him? Of course it is meet that so important a creature should be arrayed, if not like Solomon in his glory, at least in the most dainty and fitting habiliments. Fashion does not neglect him, and each year new and pretty devices are brought out for his especial benefit.

Not least important of his belongings is his basket, mounted on an artistic bamboo rack, and quite large enough to hold him as well as his toilet articles. It is provided with all the articles of his bath, and is lined with pretty colored silk, over which is diaphanous white stuff that can be removed and replaced easily and protects the silk lining from soil. These baskets can be purchased at the shops lined and furnished, or may be lined at home, which reduces the expense considerably.

The little fellow is seated enthroned in his basket, robed in the dainty wrapper which is a necessary part of his outfit. Of these little garments there should be two or three in every baby's wardrobe, either plain or elaborate, as the case may be. The one illustrated is of finest ivory-white cashmere cut in simple sack wrapper fashion with a yoke back and front of delicate briar stitched tucks. About the two front edges, the bottom and the collar and cuffs is exquisitely hand embroidered daisies in blue with yellow centers. This little garment is closed with ribbon bows down the entire front.

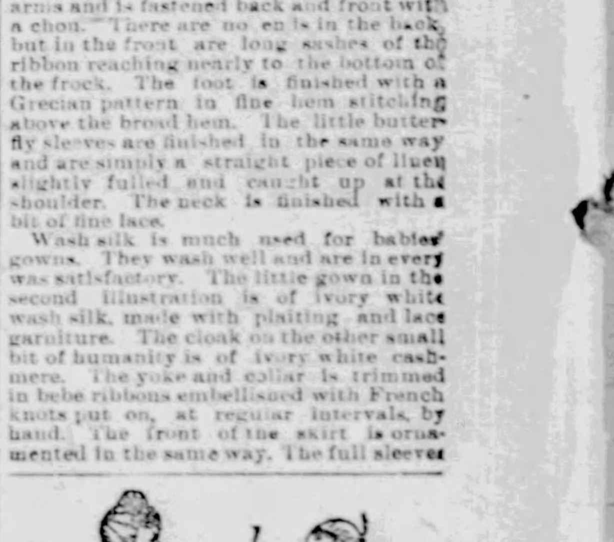
While his life is being numbered by

INFANT'S ROBE AND FROCK.

months the baby continues to be garmented in the long robe which from time immemorial has imparted length to his abbreviated anatomy. There is a semblance of a waist which furnishes opportunity for the frills and furbelows, which, by time-honored custom, is considered the prerogative of the baby. The robe in the first illustration is of fine India linen. The upper part of the perfectly loose waist is finely tucked. Below this is a narrow fluted puff and a tucked band. The long full skirt is finished at the foot with a band of tucking and a wide frill of Valenciennes lace. The same lace finishes the neck and sleeves.

The little frock in this same illustration is suited to the baby at that stage of his career when he is able to stand on his own feet, and so to put it, make his own way, if not in the world at least about it. It is the popular guimp style of frock without waist, excepting such as formed by the broad ribbon cincture. This cincture passes close under the arms and is fastened back and front with a chou. There are no ends in the back, but in the front are long sashes of the ribbon reaching nearly to the bottom of the frock. The foot is finished with a Grecian pattern in fine hem stitching above the broad hem. The little butterfly sleeves are finished in the same way and are simply a straight piece of linen slightly fulled and caught up at the shoulder. The neck is finished with a bit of fine lace.

Wash silk is much used for babies' gowns. They wash well and are in every was satisfactory. The little gown in the second illustration is of ivory white wash silk, made with plaiting and lace garniture. The cloak on the other small bit of humanity is of ivory white cashmere. The yoke and collar is trimmed in bebe ribbons embellished with French knots put on, at regular intervals, by hand. The front of the skirt is ornamented in the same way. The full sleeves



SILK FROCK, CLOAK AND BONNET.

are trimmed about the wrists in the same way. It is closed with ribbon bows. The little bonnet worn with this is of feather-edged ribbon, arranged in diagonal bands and held together with lacy crocheting of silk. The tiny round crown is of silk crocheting and the full ruche about the face is of fine brussels net, trimmed with two rows of bebe ribbon run on the edge by hand. The bonnet is easily made and can be successfully fashioned by any one skillful with a needle.

The bib approved of fashion for the baby is simply a delicately ornamental handkerchief folded cornerwise and moored with a pin of gold in the front and back. As to his shoes and stockings, the first shall be of softest kid, with soles and uppers of the same leather. His stockings shall be short, reaching only an inch or two above his shoe tops. Indeed, it might be more proper to call his stockings socks, as that is really what they are. In fact, as he grows older he continues to wear socks, as the English fashion is obtaining, and during the warm weather socks which leave the leg bare for a wide space are being used for children until they are 5 and 6 years old.

Hawaiian Names.

The Hawaiian names are highly figurative, and generally derived from some particular event which they were desirous of commemorating. Kamehameha signified "the lonely one;" Keopuolani, "the gathering of the clouds of the heavens;" Kaukeanoli, "hanging in the blue sky;" Kamamalu, "the shade of the lonely one,"—a name assumed after the death of her father; Hoapili, "close adhering companion," from the friendship which existed between the old king and himself; Kaahumanu, "the feather mantle;" Liliha, "the fat of hogs;" Auhea, literally "where," from her mournful repetition of this word, after the decease of Kamehameha; Kapiolani, "the captive of Heaven;" Kalaimoku, "the way of the gods;" Kahekili, "thunder;" Paalua, a name of Kalaimoku, "twice blind," expressing his grief by saying he had lost his eyes for the deaths of Kamehamena and a favorite wife.—[Buffalo Commercial.

Fearful.

"Darwin looks very pale and anxious to-day."

"He is worried. He is to have a very painful operation performed."

"What's that?"

"He's to have a porous plaster removed from his back."—[Epoch.

The Poor Cannibals.

Uncle Tom (philanthropist) — Just think, Rose, dear; only five missionaries to twenty-four thousand cannibals.

Rose—Goodness, how sad! The poor cannibals will starve to death. Surely they could send them a few more, Uncle.

Correctly Judged.

Parrot.—Who is that very dignified-looking gentleman, yonder? He has an air that would abash a police captain.

Wiggins.—Just so. He's an inspector of police!—[Puck.

—Hood's Sarsaparilla has a steadily increasing popularity, which can only be won by an article of real merit. Give it a trial.

News of the Week.

☞ THE BLADE is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know: second, all important political events: and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

AT BENNINGTON.

Dedication of the Battle Monument—President Harrison Present—A Great Day for Vermont.

BENNINGTON, Vt., Aug. 19.—The apprehensions of rain, entertained last night, proved groundless and Bennington's great day dawned clear and beautiful, and at an early hour all was bustle and stir with the arriving of many thousands of visitors to join the thousands already here, the martial music of marching bodies and the hurrying of preparations for the parade. It seems as though the surrounding country for miles has emptied its entire population into the historic town. The decorations, so elaborate and beautiful, were spared the expected dampening and were the admiration and wonder of every rural eye.

Col. W. Seward Webb, accompanied by a mounted Grand Army post, escorted President Harrison from Gen. McCullough's house to the Soldiers' Home, where Governor Page and all the living ex-governors of the state were waiting to greet him. The President alighted from his carriage and was escorted into the house, where he remained a short time, while he was introduced to the distinguished guests. He then resumed his place in the carriage, which, with the other vehicles, took their places in the line.

At 9 o'clock the guns of Fuller's battery boomed the signal for the formation of divisions, and at 10:30 o'clock, the procession moved with the Putnam phalanx of Hartford, the position of honor as escort to the President in the van, with a score of carriages following containing the distinguished guests.

The President left the line at the reviewing stand and the column passed before him. The procession continued its march to the massive and lofty pillar which will tell generations yet unborn of the patriotism of the Green Mountain Boys of 1777. Here the first division, except batteries, was massed on the west side of the monument; the second and third divisions, except carriages, on the east side.

The batteries then took positions and fired a national salute of 21 guns. Meantime the President and party, the orator of the day, Hon. Edward J. Phelps, Gov. Paeg and other distinguished speakers and guests, with the representatives of the press, about 40 people in all, had taken their positions on the platform at the base of the monument. Around and about the open spaces were black with the multitudes gathered from many states to witness the ceremony of the dedication.

When all were in their places and quiet had been secured, Hon. Wheelock G. Veazey, ex-commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., arose, advanced to the front of the platform and addressed the vast concourse as follows:

"We stand at the point where Stark had brought volunteers from New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Vermont in August, 1777, to defend the military stores here collected, and to operate in his discretion upon the flank of the hostile army which in its southward movement through the Champlain valley invaded the western borders of the territory of Vermont. Measured by consequences and the verdict of history, it was a battle of surpassing importance. It is this fact that accounts for the erection of this massive structure a century after Burgoyne had the sudden attack of heart failure when he heard of the result at Bennington. It is this fact that accounts for the presence of President and Cabinet, of governors and statesmen from so many parts of the broad land that now constitutes our country.

"To each and all of her sons and daughters, immediate, and remote, now here from beyond her borders, Vermont extends her hand and heart with one universal acclaim of deep, sincere welcome.

"In the arrangements of the long programme it is appointed that the first part, which will pertain more especially to this monument, shall be here enacted, and with becoming reverence the exercises will be opened by prayer."

Rev. Charles Parkhurst, D. D., of Boston, editor of *Zion's Herald*, offered prayer. Then Gov. C. S. Page was introduced and delivered the address of welcome.

The governor's remarks were handsomely applauded, and ex-Gov. B. F. Prescott of New Hampshire, president of the Bennington battle monument association, was received with enthusiasm as he stepped forward to transfer the monument, the result of the association's many years of effort, to the care and keeping of the state. Gov. Prescott spoke as follows:

"Your excellency: My duty on this occasion is simple, and I should transcend it if I attempted to recite the events preceding and at the battle of Bennington. That duty has been committed to a gentleman whose ripe scholarship and graceful eloquence admirably qualify him for the effort, and to whom this vast concourse of people will be delighted to listen.

"I will, however, allude to a few facts, purely historical, as this event may justify such a recital."

Then followed a statement of historical facts already familiar, covering the inception of the monument idea, its progress and commemoration. Then said the speaker: "We gather to-day to dedicate and consecrate it. And now, sir, in this distinguished presence I, as president of the Bennington Battle Monument association, in its behalf, and by its direction, now transfer, through you as governor, to the state of Vermont this monument, erected to commemorate one of the most decisive battles of the Revolution, and this deed conveys the title to the property."

Governor Page accepted the noble offering in a brief speech.

Music followed, and the president of the day, Gen. Veazey, came forward leading the distinguished scholar, diplomat and orator, Hon. Edward Phelps. A roar of applause greeted their appearance, and when the last murmur had died away Mr. Phelps delivered the oration of the day.

In his oration, Mr. Edward J. Phelps, of Burlington, said substantially: "Vermont consecrates to-day her first historic monument. But not hers alone. New Hampshire and Massachusetts, who fought with her and for her in Bennington, have joined in erecting this memorial of their common history. And they are hereby a splendid representation to share in the triumph of its completion and to give to the occasion by the distinction of their presence a higher dignity, a more generous grace.

"The day has a still larger significance; it is trebly fortunate. It marks not only the anniversary of the battle and the happy consummation in this structure of the exertions of fifteen years, but likewise the centennial of the entrance of Vermont into the Federal Union. It unites in its suggestions the great memories and the great hope in the life of our commonwealth, the expiring century and the limitless future. It is fit that we should signalize such an occasion.

"It is appropriate and gratifying that the Chief Magistrate of the nation should be at such a time our most honored guest. In this scene, party differences are forgotten. We are only Americans. And in loyalty to that great office, and respect for the incumbent who fills it so well, we are all this day on the President's side.

"History is full of battles; all its pages are stained with blood. It would be well for history if their memory could perish. But there have been battles nevertheless, where smoke went up like incense; consecrated in the sight of heaven by the cause they maintained. Such was that for which this shaft shall henceforth stand.

"It was on our side the people's fight. No government directed or supplied it; no regular force was concerned; it was a part of no organized campaign. New Hampshire sent her hastily embodied militia, not the less volunteers.

"In Vermont and Massachusetts it was the spontaneous uprising of a rural and peaceful population to resist invasion, to defend their homes, to vindicate their right of self-government. Lexington and Bunker Hill were in this respect its only parallels in the revolutionary war.

"The march of Burgoyne from Canada to the Hudson had been, till then, a continuous victory. He was a brave and skillful soldier, leading a well appointed and powerful army. Ticonderoga, the key and stronghold of the northern frontier, had fallen unexpectedly without a blow. The Vermonters retreating thence had been overtaken and utterly defeated at Hubbardton. The advance of the British to Stillwater had been almost unopposed and there was as yet no promise of effectual resistance. Even Washington, steel-proof against despair, wrote that he saw not how Burgoyne's march to Albany could be checked.

"The situation of the inhabitants of the Hampshire grants were most critical. Their whole frontier was open to incursions of an enemy whose allies were savages. They called upon God first in a day of fasting and prayer, appointed by their convention, and not only appointed but solemnly kept. And then they called upon New Hampshire and John Stark. New Hampshire, ablaze with patriotic feeling, issued instant orders for her militia to march. Stark's reply was brief, for he was not a man of words. 'I am on the way,' said he, 'with all the men I can muster.' With the eye of a born soldier, he saw that the Vermonters were right when they declared that there could be no frontier but a frontier of armed men. That the Hampshire grants must be held, because no enemy could be resisted to whom the gates of the country were thus thrown open, and that the effectual blow against Burgoyne must be struck on his flank.

"At Manchester he was met by a peremptory order from Congress to march at once to join Schuyler, leaving the grants to their fate. He refused to obey it. The cause was more to him than Congress, and he understood its necessities better than they did. On the 19th, three days after the battle, but before the news of it had reached them, that body adopted a resolution that his conduct was prejudicial to discipline, and injurious to the common cause, and demanding of New Hampshire to revoke the orders under which he was acting. Three days later they sent him a vote of thanks, their only contribution to the victory that caused the destruction of Burgoyne.

"Of the stores that had been previously gathered at Bennington much has been said and but little is known. Their importance has probably been exaggerated. That Burgoyne needed them, such as they were and desired still more to deprive his enemy of them, is undoubted. But they were by no means the principal object of the expedition he sent out, altogether disproportioned to so small a matter. He saw as clearly as Stark did that his left was the dangerous quarter. It was not the feeble resistance before him that he was afraid of, which had not yet fired an effectual shot. It was what he well called 'the gathering storm that was hanging on his left.' He perceived that he must strike a blow in that quarter which would put down opposition and make safe his flank and his rear. He meant to mount his dismounted dragoons on horses obtained in the grants, and to occupy and secure that ground. The troops he sent out were therefore choice and well commanded and followed by a strong support. And their orders were, not merely to capture Bennington, but to cross the country to Rockingham and thence march to Albany.

"The British commander proceeded with the caution the importance of his expedition demanded. When he found that he must fight, and perceived the resolute and thorough soldiership of Stark's movements, he chose a position with excellent judgment, entrenched himself strongly, and placed his troops and his guns to the best advantage. Stark could not wait, as he would have done, for his enemy's advance. He was unable to subsist his ill-provided forces long, nor could he keep them from homes that were suffering for their presence. His only chance was to attack at once, and his dispositions for it, most ably seconded by Warner, his right-hand man, were masterly beyond criticism.

"He had no artillery, no cavalry, no transportation, no commissariat but the women on the farms. Half of his troops were without bayonets, and even ammunition had to be husbanded. He lacked everything but men, and his men lacked everything but hardihood and indomitable resolution. Upon all known rules and experience of warfare, the successful storming by a hastily organized militia of an entrenched position at the top of a hill held by an adequate regular force would have been declared impossible. But it was the impossible that happened in a rout of the veterans that amounted to destruction.

"History and literature, eloquence and poetry have combined to enshrine in the memory of mankind those decisive charges at critical moments by which great battles have been won, and epochs in the life of nations determined. I set against the splendor of them all, that final onset up yonder hill and over its breastworks, of those New England farmers, on whose faces desperation had kindled the supernatural light of battle which never shines in vain. That conflict was the last hope of the Hampshire grants. They were fighting for all they had on earth, whether of possessions or of rights. They could not go home defeated, for they would have had no homes to go to. The desolate land that Burgoyne would have left, New York would have taken. Not a man was on the field by compulsion, or upon the slightest expectation of personal advantage or regard. The spirit which made the day possible was shown in that of Stephen Fay, of Bennington, who had five sons in that fight. When the first born was brought to him dead, 'I thank God,' he said, 'that I had a son willing to give his life for his country.'

"Such, in merest and briefest outline, was Bennington. Its story, imperfectly preserved, comes down to us only in flashes, but they are flashes of glorious light. Its consequences were immediate and far-reaching. It was the first success of the Revolution which bore any fruit. Its sounded the first notes in the knell which announced that the power of Great Britain over the colonies she had created and had sacrificed was passing away. Burgoyne heard it, and knew what it meant. Washington heard it, and hearing, took heart again. Confidence replaced despair. Gates succeeded Schuyler in command at Saratoga, and the militia poured into his camp. The invincibility of the British commander was gone. He fought desperately, but in vain. On October 17 he surrendered."

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S SPEECH

The President Delivers a Scholarly Address to the Vermonters.

BENNINGTON, Vt., Aug. 20.—Following the conclusion of Mr. Phelps's oration yesterday at the ceremonies attending the unveiling of the monument, President of the Day Veazey introduced President Harrison, who arose amid prolonged cheers and addressed the assembled thousands as follows:

"MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—There are several obvious reasons why I should not attempt to speak to you at this time. This great audience is so uncomfortably situated that a further prolongation of these exercises cannot be desirable, but the stronger reason is that you have just listened with rapt attention to a most scholarly and interesting review of those historical incidents which have suggested this assemblage, and to those lessons which they furnish to thoughtful and patriotic men. [Applause.]

"A son of Vermont, honored by his fellow citizens, honored by the nation in which he has served in distinguished public functions, honored by the profession of which he is an ornament and instructor, has spoken for Vermont [Applause]; and it does not seem to me fit that these golden sentences should be marred by any extemporaneous words which I can add. I come to you under circumstances that altogether forbade preparation.

"I have no other preparation for speech than this inspired cup of good will which you have presented to my lips. [Applause.] The most cordial welcome which has been extended to me to-day makes it unfitting that I should omit make a cordial acknowledgment of it. Perhaps I may be permitted, as a citizen of a Western state, to give expression to the high regard and honor in which Vermont is held. Perhaps I may assume, as a public officer, representing in some sense all the states of the union, to bring to-day their appreciation of the history and people of this patriotic state. Its history is unique, as Mr. Phelps has said.

"The other colonies staked their lives, their fortune and honor on the struggle for independence, with the assurance that if, by their valor and sacrifice, independence was achieved all these were assured. The inhabitants of New Hampshire grants alone fought with their fellow countrymen of their colonies for liberty, for political independence, not knowing whether, when it had been achieved, the property, the homes upon which they dwelt, would be assured by the success of the confederate colonels.

"They could not know, they had the gravest reason to fear, that when the authority of the confederation of states had been established, this very government, to whose supremacy Vermont had so nobly contributed, might lend its authority to the establishment of the claims of New York upon their homes; and yet, in all this story, though security of property would undoubtedly have been pledged by the royal representative, Vermont took a conspicuous, unselfish and glorious part in achieving the independence of the united colonies, trusting to the justice of her cause for the ultimate security of the homes of her people. [Applause].

"It is a most noble and unmatched history; and if I may deliver the message of Indiana as a citizen of that state, and as a public officer, the message of all the states. I came to say: "Worthy Vermont." (Cheers.) She has kept the faith unfalteringly from Bennington until this day. She has added, in war and in peace, many illustrious names to our roll of military heroes and of great statesmen. Her representation in the national congress, as it has been known to me, has been conspicuous for its influence, for the position it has assumed in committee and in debate, and so far as I can recall, has been without personal reproach. (Cheers.)

"We have occasionally come to Vermont with a call that did not originate with her people, and those have been answered with the same pure, high consecration to public duty as has been the case with those who have been chosen by suffragists to represent the state, and I have found when the difficult task of arranging a Cabinet was devolved upon me, that I could not get along without a Vermont stick in it [laughter and applause], and I am sure you have plenty of timber left in each of the great political parties. [Cheers.]

"The participation of this state in the war of the rebellion was magnificent. Her troops carried to the fields of the South that high consecration of principles that actuated their fathers in the revolutionary struggle. (Applause.) They did not forget on the hot Savannahs of the South, the green tops of these hills, ever in their vision, lifting up their hearts in faith that God would again bring the good cause of freedom to a just issue. (Applause.) We are to-day approaching the conclusion of a summer of extraordinary fruitfulness. How insignificant the stores that were gathered at Bennington in 1777, compared with these

gleat storehouses bursting with fullness to-day. Our excess meets the deficiency of Europe, and a ready market is offered for all our cereals. We shall grow richer by contributions which other countries shall make as they take from our storehouses the food needed to sustain their people.

"But, after all, it is not the census tables of production or of wealth that tell the story of the greatness of this country. Vermont has not been one of the rich states of the Union in gold and silver, and its lands have not given the returns that some of the fertile river-sides of the West yield. This has been her constant effort and honest toil, but out of all this there has been brought a sturdy manhood, which is better than riches, which, rather than on wealth, the security of our country rests. (Applause.)

"I beg you to accept my sincere thanks again for the evidence of your friendliness, and my apology that the conditions are not such as to enable me to speak as I could wish." (Cheers.)

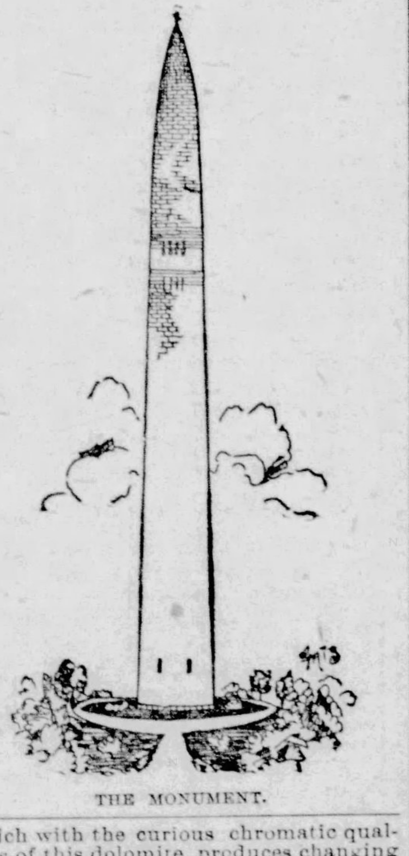
The literary exercises, long to be remembered in the annals of the Green Mountain state, were brought to a close with music and the benediction.

The division then re-formed in proper order, with the carriages of each division in its rear, and marched through Monument avenue, Main and North streets to Camp Vermont, where the troops and other organizations were dismissed. The escorts and carriages proceeded to the large tent near the Soldiers' Home, where the banquet was served, over 3,000 people sitting down to the table.

THE MONUMENT.

The Beautiful Shaft Erected to Commemorate Bennington.

The monument which will commemorate the battle cost altogether with the site $100,000. It is a mighty shaft of gray blue dolomite 300 feet high, bearing on its apex a rod with a gilt star. The cut stone has the rough rock face,



THE MONUMENT.

which with the curious chromatic qualities of this dolomite, produces changing effects. It stands on a commanding site, 283 feet above the Walloomsac river. The foundation is the solid rock of the mountain, on the top of which was the Bennington of the Revolution. The lookout room is 188 feet above the foundation, and is reached by an iron staircase.

From this lookout the battlefield is visible seven miles away. The first room in the monument contains four tablets, three of them inscribed respectively to the states of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont. The fourth is blank.

The lookout room contains four historic granite tablets, placed there by the Vermont historical society, the Masonic fraternity, which laid the cornerstone in 1887; the order of Odd Fellows, and the Grand Army of the Republic.

In front of the monument has been erected the grand stand, where the exersises will take place.

GEN. JOHN STARK.

The Hero of Bennington and His Quiet Farm Life.

John Stark was born in Londonderry, N. H., August 28, 1728, and died there in 1822. His father emigrated from the North of Ireland and settled on the extreme frontier of New Hampshire in near neighborhood to the Indians, where the son grew up with few advantages of book education. He made frequent excursions into the forest, and on one of these occasions, in 1752, was taken prisoner by the savages, and remained in captivity until he was ransomed by the colony of Massachusetts. The bold and defiant bearing of Stark excited the admiration of his savage captors, and after running the gauntlet, in which he took the unexpected part of using his club on the Indians, he was released from the drudgery usually imposed on captives, and was called by them "the young chief." The knowledge he thus gained of forest life and of the topography of the border, was of great service in subsequent conflicts with the Indians. In 1755 he was appointed a lieutenant in Major Rogers's famous corps of rangers, and served with it, soon rising to the rank of captain, through all the campaigns around Lake George and Lake Champlain, where traditions still exist of his sagacity and bravery. At the close of the war he retired from the army and engaged in farming, and so continued till tidings reached him of the battle of Lexington. Promptly mounting his horse, and at the head of several hundred of his neighbors, he set out to join the army at Cambridge. Being there appointed colonel, he organized a regiment of 800 hardy backwoodsmen. On June 17, 1775, he was stationed about three miles north of Boston, where he had a full view of

GEN. JOHN STARK.

Bunker's and Breed's hills. Seeing that a fight was inevitable, he led his men into the battle. His ammunition giving out, he was forced to retreat. He was soon after ordered to Canada, and then rejoining Washington, was with him at Trenton and Princeton. Having been slighted, as he thought, in the promotions, he resigned his commission and retired to his farm. In 1777, Stark was made a brigadier general, and continued in active service during the war, commanding the northern department in 1778 and 1781. In 1783 he again retired to his farm, where he died at the age of 93 years.

DEMOCRATIC BOODLE.

Verification of the Report That $500,000 Have Been Subscribed to Defeat Major McKinley.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—C. C. Shayne the well-known fur merchant, whose recent interview with a New York importer, while both were traveling on a train to Saratoga, has been widely published, returned to New York, Monday. Mr. Shayne talked freely about the circumstances connected with the interview, and showed no disposition to retract his statement regarding the information he had received from the importer to the effect that $500,000 was being raised in this city by free trade merchants to defeat Major McKinley in Ohio.

"The attempt of the gentleman," said Mr. Shayne, "who made this statement, to try now to have it appear that it was said in a joking mood is ridiculous. We had luncheon together in Poughkeepsie, talking politics meanwhile. When we returned to the train he had become much warmed up by the tariff discussion in which we engaged.

"Not only did he say that the sum I have named ($500,000) was being raised in New York for the use against McKinley in Ohio, but he said that his firm had subscribed $500 to the fund. Previous to this we had made a bet of $100 on the result of the Ohio election. He says now, I believe, that this was only a 'mouth bet,' and a part of the bluffing that was going on. I have been in politics some years, and am known as a serious man, not giving to joking or bluffing.

"It looks to me much like an attempt on the part of the gentleman to creep out of his bet, which he probably feels that he will lose. We shook hands over the bet, and I claim that it was as straight and square as if the money was up. A gentleman will pay his 'mouth bets' as well as any other."

As corroborating his statement regarding what was said during the conversation on the train, Mr. Shayne referred to a letter published Monday from Adolph L. Sanger, a prominent Democrat of this city. In this letter Mr. Sanger, while trying to make as little of the incident as possible, said that "one of the gentlemen present in rather a joking way observed that the Democrats would do it this year, that is, raise the funds to defeat McKinley, as he had just subscribed $500 toward a $500,000 fund to be raised among the importers."

Mr. Shayne said he had other evidence on the subject. Mr. Shayne will go in a few days to Ohio, where he will make four speeches.

FALSE CERTIFICATES ISSUED.

Common Chinese Emigrants Effect a Landing by Means Thereof.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 22.—Collector Phelps has discovered that someone has been issuing notary certificates of prior residence to Chinese who are in no wise entitled to landing papers, being neither merchants nor professional men. It has also been ascertained that these certificates have been forwarded to addresses in China, and later have made their appearance here, the Chinese proving to be common emigrants.

In most cases these frauds have been detected. Fictitious names of alleged San Francisco merchants were given on these certificates as vouchers for the character of the party holding them. It is alleged that in some instances Consul Bee countersigned these papers. Collector Phelps thinks he has a clue to the forger and says that he will land him in jail within a fortnight.

SHORTAGE IN THE MACKEREL CROP.

The Annual Catch is Falling Off to a Large Extent.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Aug. 25.—An agent who has been engaged in purchasing mackerel caught off the coast of Ireland for the past three years writes that about the middle of August the Irish mackerel catch was fully one-half less than last year and as a result, quotations were high. Owing to the large amount of fish consumed fresh, especially during the spring, there was hardly enough to supply the home demand and consequently but little fish were cured for the American market.

Up to the time of writing but 900 barrels of the fish had been salted against 9,000 barrels at the same time last year. Mackerel are growing scarcer each year and the catch is falling off to so great an extent that if the loss follows in the same ratio for a few years to come, the business will be almost a total failure.

Remarkable Balloon Ascension.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Aug. 22.—A most remarkable balloon ascension was made yesterday at a summer resort fifteen miles below Wilmington. Charles Williams, a negro helper to the aeronaut, became entangled in the guys to the balloon just as it was ready for the ascension. While struggling to release himself, the balloon suddenly shot upward, leaving the professional aeronaut on the ground and carrying the terrified negro to a hight of 5,000 feet. The balloon fell a mile away, and it was supposed Williams had been killed, but just before reaching the ground he succeeded in disentangling himself from the ropes, jumped away, and escaped unhurt.

A Heavy Rainfall in Texas.

VAN HORN, Texas, Aug. 21.—A heavy rain fell in this vicinity last evening, extending from Brancho station to Sierra Blancha. The rain was one of the heaviest, to cover such a large territory, that has been known to have fallen in these parts for years, and the people are inclined to attribute its copiousness to the scientific experiments of Gen. Dyrenforth's party, near Midland. A great deal of water is now on the ground, and ranchmen say it will insure a good range for cattle for many months.

Gloomy Harvest Prospects.

CALCUTTA, Aug. 20.—Dispatches from Rangoon, the capital of British Burmah, state that the harvest prospects, almost throughout Burmah, are of the gloomiest description.

THE HOLY COAT.

Pilgrims Go to Treves to See the Sacred Garment Said to Have Been Worn by Christ at the Crucifixion.

BERLIN, Aug. 21.—The garment known as the holy coat was exposed to view yesterday morning in the cathedral at Treves. Two Knights of Malta in full costume, with drawn swords in their hands, stood on either side of the shrine enclosing the holy coat case, which was surrounded by tall lighted candles on handsome candlesticks and surmounted by a large gold cross.

There was an impressive scene in the sanctuary, over 100 priests assisting in the ceremonies, which were grand in the extreme.

The cathedral was richly decorated for the occasion, and was packed to the door with people. The interior of the sacred edifice was a sight well worth seeing. The vestments of the priests, the scarlet uniforms of the Knights of Malta, the countless lights flickering in every nook and corner, the prismatic rays filtering through the old windows, the strange congregation, composed of people of many nations and all walks of life, formed a picture not often seen.

Bishop Korum, during the course of his address to the assembled multitude, earnestly urged the faithful to unite in venerating the garment from which power and virtue proceeds.

The nave of the cathedral was then cleared, so as to enable the municipal authorities and parochial societies to march up to the shrine of the holy coat and venerate that relic.

The scene was a motley one. English tourists in light tweed suits and Prussian officers in uniform stubbornly refusing to kneel before the relic, and a Bourgeois citizen in evening dress were prominent in the crowd. The service, with the monotonous Gregorion chants and the ministration of the eucharist to representative ecclesiastics, seemed of the character of a mediæval ceremony. The unveiling of the relic evidently made a deeply devotional impression on the crowd of worshipers. Many were overpow-

HOLY COAT.

ered by their feelings. Several women fainted. There was a general movement of the crowd, prompted by curiosity, as well as religious fervor. The procession passed the shrine of the pilgrims, most of whom handed a rosary or crucifix to attendant priests for contact with the relic, which was accompanied by a low hum of paternostors and aves. Among the pilgrims are cripples and sufferers from almost every complaint. Outside the cathedral there was a busy scene, to which processions with banners and music, throngs of visitors and venders of photographs, rosaries and images, who had a thriving trade, all contributed.

There were some scenes of disorder, owing to somewhat violent attempts made to gain early access to the cathedral.

Treves is overflowing with pilgrims and with visitors, whose curiosity alone has been excited. The streets are filled with processions of all descriptions, and sacred banners, crosses and lighted candles are to be seen on all sides.

During the whole time the holy coat is on exhibition about twenty excursion trains a day will arrive at Treves, a very great number for a continental city, and a large temporary railroad station has been built for the pilgrims; but in order that the town may not be overcrowded, the different bands of pilgrims, led by their priests, will only be permitted to remain one night in town; arriving, say in the evening, they will march the next morning, in procession, to the cathedral, and must leave town the same evening, in order to make way for other religious bodies of people.

Some idea of the number of people at Treves and of the accommodation provided for them can be judged from the fact that nearly 500 citizens of Treves sent in petitions to the municipal authorities for licenses to keep inns and other public houses during the exhibition of the holy coat. In addition nearly every private householder has made arrangements for receiving visitors during the six weeks of the exhibit.

Extra horse car lines have been laid, and there will be a market held every day of the six weeks.

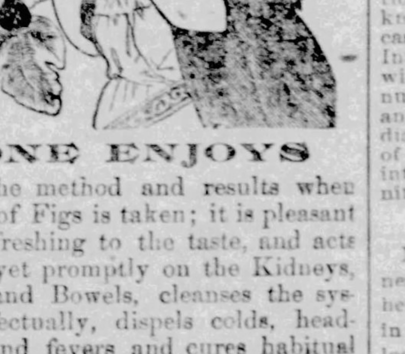
Much comment has been caused by the remarks of Bishop Korum in his opening address yesterday, when he referred pointedly to the spiritual significance of the holy coat as being a seamless vesture and as being a symbol of the unity of the Catholic church. There were many Roman Catholic members of the reichstag present, and it is said that the bishop particularly and in a not to be mistaken manner addressed his remarks to those members.

The holy coat is distinctly visible in the body of the cathedral, and is much more plainly seen than upon the former occasion of its exhibition. The old silken covering being almost entirely worn away, appeared yesterday to be a brownish yellow color.

Bering Sea Commissioners Return.

VICTORIA, B. C., Aug. 22.—The United States commissioners to Bering Sea have returned to Naniamo on the steamer Albatross, having concluded their labors. The British commissoners are also returning, and will reach Victoria in a few days.

SYRUP of FIGS



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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SUPREME COURT WORK.

The Legality of the McKinley Bill and the Propriety of Speaker Reed's Rulings to be Judicially Inquired Into.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—Law officers of the department of Justice are preparing for four important cases when the United States court meets for the October term. In three of them is involved the most important legislation of the Fifty-first Congress. Aside from certain matters in connection with the Bering Sea controversy, the Supreme court will have before it the question of the legality of the McKinley bill, and incidentally the right of Congress to pass a protective tariff measure under any circumstances. The legality of Speaker Reed's quorum-counting process is also to be determined. Two other issues are presented in the matter of habeas corpus cases, upon one of which practically depends the enforcement of the Inter-State Commerce act, and on the other the right of Congress to prohibit the circulation of lottery advertisements through the mails. These questions are based on constitutional grounds mainly, and the decisions of the Supreme court in the matters involved must embrace the most profound sort of jurisprudence.

The solicitor-general is now at work on these cases preparing the arguments in behalf of the government. The first will be that of the sealing vessel Sayward, seized and forfeited by the United States for sealing depredations in Bering Sea. The issue of general interest is that bearing on the validity of the McKinley bill. Three suits are filed respectively by Marshall Field & Co., of Chicago, importers of woolen goods; Boyd, Sutton & Co., of New York, importers of cotton and silk laces; and H. Herman Steinbach & Co., of New York, importers of cotton goods. The claim of these three firms is that the McKinley bill is not a law. Three arguments are presented in support of this position. The first is that relating to the omission of the tobacco rebate section. This section was omitted by accident in the enrollment of the bill, after it had passed both the House and Senate.

The Importers Claim.

That the bill signed by the President is not the bill passed by Congress, hence what purports to be the McKinley act is not the law. The second argument of the importers is that the reciprocity section of the McKinley act confers on the President legislative powers in violation of the constitution. The government will hold that such powers are not conferred. The President is given discretion to levy duties under a previous act, or to suspend them in view of certain contingencies. This does not, however, give him legislative functions. The third argument of the importers is that the sugar bounty section is unconstitutional. The interesting feature of this point is that it raises the broad question whether Congress has a right to pass a protective tariff measure which goes beyond the constitutional provisions relating to the raising of revenue. The United States will hold that the general welfare clause of the Constitution covers the sugar bounty section as well as the right of Congress to levy a protective tariff. The position of the government, however, in general will be that the law is not invalid, even should these three sections be successfully attacked; that the court can act upon them independently and without impairing the remainder of the law.

The question of Speaker Reed's count is an appeal case of Ballin & Co. against the United States under the Dingley act. This act was passed May, 1890. Before its passage there was much litigation growing out of the distinction between worsted and woolens in the tariff schedule. This act provides that thereafter the secretary of the Treasury should classify all worsted as woolens. Ballin & Co., who imported worsted, which were taxed as woolens, brought suit against the United States on the ground that such taxation was illegal because the Dingley act was never passed. In support of this the journals of the House were submitted, showing that Speaker Reed had counted members present and not voting in order to establish a quorum at the time the bill passed the House. A second point was made that the secretary of the Treasury, and not the board of appraisers, was required by law to act in this particular matter of worsted classifications. It was on this second point that the lower court decided in favor of the importers, the United States appealing the case to the Supreme court. When it is reached by that tribunal both questions will be reopened and a decision on Speaker Reed's count of a quorum will be had.

Another important case will be heard—that of Counselman vs. the United States—which is an appeal from an order of the Circuit court of the Northern district of Illinois refusing to release Counselman on a writ of habeas corpus. Judge Blodgett and Gresham both held that Counselman must testify, inasmuch as it would be impossible to get evidence of the violations of the interstate commerce law unless such evidence came from railway officials themselves. It will be seen that unless the position taken by Judge Blodgett and Gresham is sustained by the Supreme court the inter-state commerce law might as well be wiped off the statute books, as hereafter it would be impossible to secure conviction.

The question of the constitutionality of the lottery act comes up in two habeas corpus cases. One is from Mobile, Ala., and the other is from New Orleans. Persons were arrested for mailing newspapers containing lottery advertisements. Their claim is that the lottery act is a restraint upon the freedom of the press, and second that Congress has no right to pass laws impairing the general efficiency of the mails.

THREE DEPARTMENTS INTERESTED.

The Right to Sell Beer in the Indian Territory at Issue.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 22.—A question has arisen that is of interest to three of the departments of the government, viz., the treasury, war and interior departments.

It is in substance whether there is anything in existing laws to prevent the sale of lager beer in the Indian Territory. The only statute bearing on the subject, prohibits the introduction of "ardent spirits" or "spirituous liquors" in the Indian country, and this, as affects beer has been differently construed by the judges having jurisdiction over the territory in question. One judge having jurisdiction over a limited portion of the northern part of the territory has decided that the sale of beer within the territory is contrary to law; but the judge whose jurisdiction covers the southern and major part of the territory has decided otherwise.

Naturally the persons intending to introduce the malt beverage into the Indian Territory conduct all their transactions within the jurisdiction of the judge known to be favorable to their side of the case. Acting Secretary Chandler, of the Interior department, has had a conference with the commissioner of internal revenue, with a view to the prevention of any more admission of beer into the Indian country, as a violation of the spirit of the law against the introduction of intoxicating liquors, but so far no definite plan of action has been agreed upon.

Trouble Over Brice's Convicts.

NASHVILLE, Aug. 19.—The East Tennessee mine troubles reached the courts here yesterday in an exhaustive bill filed in chancery by an influential firm of local attorneys on the part of operators of the Briceville mines against the board of prison inspectors. The bill seeks to enjoin the board from ordering the removal of the convicts from the mine and to declare illegal the appointment of Mine Inspector Ford, on the ground that he is not a practical miner, as the law requires. Argument for the preliminary injunction will be held by Circuit Court Judge McAllister Saturday.

The Teutonic Beats the Record.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—The White Star line steamer Teutonic, which arrived here this morning from Liverpool, beat the record for western passages. Her time from the bar at Queenstown to the Sandy Hook bar was five days, sixteen hours and 31 minutes. This is one hour and 37 minutes faster than the time of her sister ship, the Majestic, on her last trip from Liverpool, which then made the fastest westward passage up to that time. One day the Teutonic steamed 517 miles, which also beats the record of speed for a day.

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HARRISBURG CONVENTION.

Pennsylvania Republicans Put in the Field a Ticket That is Bound to Win at the Fall Election.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Aug. 19.—Ten o'clock was the hour announced for the opening of the Republican convention this morning, but it was not until 10:40 that Chairman Andrews, of the state committee, made his way to the speaker's desk at the front of the stage of the Opera-house and called the convention to order. At that hour the house was only about half filled, only a few spectators being present.

The call of the roll by Secretary Frank Willing Leach revealed the presence of 204 delegates. On motion of Mr. Seiders, of Franklin county, Hon. Henry Hall, of Mercer, was chosen temporary chairman.

C. H. Magee was made chairman of the committee on resolutions, and Wm. R. Leeds chairman of the committee on permanent organization.

The convention reassembled at 2:20 o'clock. The committee on permanent organization reported in favor of John P. Elkins, of Indiana county, for permanent chairman, and recommended the continuation of the temporary officers of the convention. Mr. Elkins was escorted to the platform amid applause, and temporary chairman Hall surrendered the gavel to him.

Chairman Magee, of the committee on resolutions, reported as follows:

The Platform.

The Republican party of Pennsylvania, in convention assembled, reaffirming the cardinal principles of the party, enunciated by the national convention of 1888, and approving the course of the Republicans of the 51st congress in incorporating them into the law of the land, make the following declaration:

First—It heartily endorses the broad and statesmanlike administration of President Harrison which has exhibited an intelligent, inflexible purpose to execute the federal laws, maintain the dignity of American institutions and insure the continuance and growth of prosperity and peace in the nation.

Second—We view with peculiar satisfaction the direction of affairs of the postoffice department by one of our own citizens, the Hon. John Wanamaker, whose clean, businesslike and comprehensive administration of its affairs has advanced the postal operations of the nation to a plane never previously attained.

Third—It has been with especial gratification that the Republicans of this commonwealth have observed the brilliant administration of the state department by one of Pennsylvania's native sons, whose superb diplomacy has electrified the hearts of all Americans, exacted from foreign people a degree of respect and admiration for the United States flag hitherto unequalled, and opened wide to us in other lands commercial gates heretofore barred. These magnificent achievements justify the confidence and furnish new occasion for us now to reaffirm the loyalty and devotion of the Republicans of Pennsylvania to her most distinguished son—the Honorable James G. Blaine.

Fourth—We cordially endorse the action of the Republican Congress in passing the McKinley bill, in conformity with the national pledge to protect the material interests of American labor. This beneficent measure has, in spite of malignant Democratic abuse and misrepresentation, already brought about a broader and more settled prosperity to all classes, particularly to the operative, the mechanic, the miner and the farmer.

Fifth—We favor bi-metallism and endorse the action of the Fifty-first congress in providing for the purchase and coinage of all the silver produced from American mines, and we recommend such tariff duties as will protect our country and its currency from the debasement which will surely follow if this nation is made the dumping ground for all the silver of the world.

Sixth—We re-affirm our devotion to the welfare of those who sacrificed property, home, health and life for the nation's honor during the late war, and we cordially approve the action of successive Republican Congresses, particularly the Fifty-First, in spite of malicious and unrelenting Democratic opposition, in providing proper and adequate financial aid to all deserving veterans still surviving, and to the widows and orphans of those who have entered the bivouac of the dead.

Seventh—The Republican party of Pennsylvania has never hesitated to pledge itself to the forms demanded by public sentiment and has never faltered in carrying out the promises so made. In accordance with pledges given we have recently placed upon our statute books numerous laws having for their object the amelioration and advancement of labor in this commonwealth, thereby winning the unqualified and public approval of the wage earners of the commonwealth.

Eight—In accordance with the promise contained in our platform of last year and mainly in compliance with the expressed wish of various labor organizations, we have made provisions for the submission to the people in November next of the question of holding a constituent convention with a view to such changes in the organic law of the commonwealth as may be deemed expedient.

Ninth—Also in conformity with the promise made a year ago, we have enacted a law having in view an absolutely pure and unrestricted ballot. We pledge the party to such changes and improvements, if any, which a practical application of this law may prove to be essential to a fuller accomplishment of the purposes, and in the event of negative action in November next upon the question of holding a constitutional convention we promise with a view to eliminating the provision in our present constitution compelling the numbering of ballots to prevent the necessary legislation for submission to special constitutional amendment upon this particular subject to the people of the state at the earliest day possible.

Tenth—Furthermore, in compliance with pledges made to the people, the Republican party, having in view the equalization of the taxation has enacted measures whereby, mainly through an increase in taxation on corporations, the state appropriation to the public schools has been increased from $[illegible] to $5,000,000 annually, and the personal property tax returned to the counties increased from $500,000 to $1,[illegible] annually. It has further provided for the return of all the retail liquor licenses, aggregating $2,500,000 to the respective counties, cities, boroughs and townships. We pledge ourselves to renewed effort in the same direction, to the end that our revenue laws may be so revised as to treat with equality all the various industries of the commonwealth, thus relieving the land of the farmer from unfair discrimination to which it has heretofore been subjected.

Eleventh—We denounce the unscrupulous partisanship of Governor Pattison in vetoing all the apportionment bills passed in compliance with constitutional direction by the late Republican legislature, and in negativing other legislation, particularly the compulsory educational bill, having in view the material and moral interests of the people of Pennsylvania.

Twelfth—We commend the Republican mayor, city solicitor, county controller and district attorney, of Philadelphia, for their discovery and prompt prosecution of those guilty of official malfeasance. Dishonesty is non-partisan. Tweeds and Bardsleys arise in all parties. The Republican party has always shown itself ready to punish official dishonesty wherever found, and we urge the before-mentioned officers to prosecute to conviction any and every guilty official without regard to his politics.

Thirteenth—We are in favor of the prompt repeal by the legislature of all mercantile taxes levied by the state, and of such amendment to the revenue and other laws as will effectually promote the orderly receipt, the lawful and safe custody, and the prompt and proper disbursement, not only of the moneys of the commonwealth, but of all of its cities, boroughs and townships, and the laws should be so improved as to absolutely prevent the use of all public funds, small or great, for the personal benefit of public officials.

Resolved, That we reaffirm the unswerving devotion of Pennsylvania Republicans to the supreme and sovereign right of every lawful citizen, rich or poor, native or foreign-born, black or white, to cast one free ballot in public elections and to have that ballot duly counted, and we demand effective legislation within constitutional limits to secure the integrity and purity of federal elections throughout the union.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Aug. 20.—After the adoption of the platform by the Republican state convention, yesterday, the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the rule for the election of the chairman of the State committee adopted by the State convention of 18[illegible] be rescinded and the chairmanship be declared vacant.

Resolved, That the rule in vogue prior to 18[illegible] be reaffirmed, and the chairman for the present campaign selected by the candidates for auditor-general and state treasurer thus nominated, in conjunction with the permanent chairman of this convention.

D. M. M. Gregg, of Berks county, was then nominated for state auditor, and John W. Morrison, of Allegheny county, for state treasurer.

Gregg and Morrison are regarded as an invincible combination by assembled Republicans, and they confidently expect victory in November. The speeches of Harry Hall, of Mercer, and John P. Elkins, of Indiana, the temporary and and permanent presidents, were eloquent, and above the average convention speeches. The nominating speeches were not brilliant, and attracted little attention. Had it not been for the Blaine resolutions and the enthusiasm created by the mention of his name, the convention would have been rather dull. Both candidates made brief speeches of acceptance upon being conducted to the opera-house before the convention adjourned.

In the evening Lieut. Gov. Watres was selected as chairman of the state committee, and it will probably be called together in a week or two for organization, when a successor to Senator Quay in the national committee will probably be selected.

THE ALLIANCE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

A Thorough State Organization Perfected and Platform Adopted.

BOSTON, Aug. 25.—The state control committee of the People's party met here and elected George F. Washburn, of Boston, permanent chairman and E. Gerry Brown permanent secretary. A thorough state organization was effected. It was voted to put a state ticket in the field this autumn.

After an extended debate a platform was adopted, and it indorses the action of the conference held at Cincinnati May last. It demands that United States treasury notes be issued in sufficient volume to transact the business of the country on a cash basis, such notes to be legal tender and to be kept at par by being increased or decreased in volume in proportion to the population, and the average market price of a given number of commodities; favors the establishment of postal savings banks; demands the enactment of laws which will prevent tax dodging and favors a graduated tax upon inheritances; favors government ownership of all means of transportation and communication; and when it becomes evident that any branch of commerce is used for the profit of a few men at the expense of the general public, recommends that the people should assume control of such commerce through their national, state and municipal administrations, especially advocating municipal coal yards; opposes the granting of municipal franchises to private corporations for a term of years; demands that the importation, manufacture and sale of all spirituous liquors be conducted by the government or state; demands that all public employes be subjected to the rules of civil service, and declares in favor of the eight-hour day; demands industrial training in connection with the public schools, equal pay for equal work, and that the employment of private armed bodies be made a penal offense; demands restrictive immigration; declares against convict labor; favors woman suffrage, annual state elections, and insurance by the state; protests against legislation tending to bring medical practice under the control of any particular schools of medicine, and against the contract labor system as used by the government of town, city or state.

The Alliance in Georgia.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 20.—The State Alliance met in annual session here yesterday. Great interest centered in this meeting, as it was understood a fight would be made on President Livingstone. The morning session was devoted to routine work of the organization. The only breeze there was, was over an effort on the part of one of the delegates to inject what promised to be a fight on Livingstone, but a resolution indorsing Livingstone was passed with but one dissenting vote. A resolution providing that no alliance man should vote for any man for speaker of the National House of Representatives who is not in full accord with the Alliance principles was tabled. This was intended as a blow at Crisp and it is not believed the resolution will be taken from the table.

The Nebraska Independents.

HASTINGS, Neb., Aug. 19.—The Independent State convention completed its labors at an early hour this morning by nominating A. Dallemand and E. A. Hadley for regents of the State university, and then adjourned.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE

M'KINLEY

Opens the Ohio Campaign in a Great Speech at Niles to 30,000 People.

NILES, O., Aug. 22.—This little city, one of the busiest little towns in the Mahoning valley, was to-day the scene of the greatest political gathering in the history of the state, with the possible exception of the Grant-Conkling meeting of 1880, at Warren, three miles west of here. Niles, which is on the southern border of the Western reserve, was the birthplace of Maj. McKinley, the Republican candidate for governor of Ohio, and her citizens, irrespective of politics, joined in a movement soon after the nominating convention in June to have the opening meeting of the campaign held here. Maj. McKinley readily acquiesced in the arrangement, and for weeks the preparations have been going forward.

The committee of arrangements had not greatly overestimated the crowd, for between 25,000 and 30,000 were in attendance. Five railroads enter Niles, and all the forenoon special trains came in loaded with enthusiastic Republicans. Delegations came from Cleveland, Ashtabula and Painesville on the lake; from Warren, Youngstown and other places down the valley, and from Massillon, Canton, Alliance and other places in Stark county, where Maj. McKinley lives, there was an outpouring of his political admirers. The iron mills of the valley were closed and the mines, which penetrate the earth in all directions hereabouts, suspended operations for the day, giving the brawny workmen an opportunity to attend the meeting. There was also a good attendance of farmers.

Maj. McKinley arrived in Niles at 11 o'clock and at once a procession was formed, in which 3,000 men participated, after which he spoke to the throng.

In his speech Mr. McKinley said, touching the silver question:

It does not take a very wise man to see that if a dollar worth only 80 cents intrinsically, coined without limit, is made a legal tender to the amount of its face value for the payment of all debts, public and private, a legal tender in all business transactions among the people, that it will become in time the exclusive circulating medium of the country. Gold, which is 20 per cent more valuable on every dollar, will not be paid out in any transaction in this country when an 80-cent silver dollar will answer the purpose. Nor will the greenback be long in returning to the treasury for redemption in gold. We shall do our business, therefore, with short dollars rather than with full dollars, as we are now doing.

The question of silver is a business one in which all the people, whatever may be their political affiliation, have a deep interest. If we could have an international ratio, which all the leading nations of the world would adopt, and the true relation be fixed between the two metals, and all agree upon the quantity of silver which should constitute a dollar, then silver should be as free and unlimited in its privileges of coining as is gold to-day.

But that we have not been able to secure, and with the free and unlimited coinage of silver adopted in the United States at the present ratio we would be still further removed from any international agreement. We may never be able to secure it if we enter upon the isolated coinage of silver.

Gov. Campbell declared that, while he had his doubts about it, he was willing to chance free and unlimited coinage of silver. I am not willing to "chance" it. Under present conditions the country cannot afford to chance it. I can imagine nothing which would be more disturbing to our credit and more deranging to our commercial and financial affairs than to make this the dumping ground of the world's silver. The silver producer might be benefited, but the silver user, never.

If there is to be any profit in the coinage of silver it should go to the government. It has gone to the government ever since the Bland-Allison act. This new declaration would take it from the government and give it to the silver producer.

Now, the people know that if we had two yardsticks, one three feet in length and the other two and a half feet in length, the buyer would always have his goods measured to him by the shorter stick, and that the longer stick would go into permanent disuse. It is exactly so with money. A 100-cent dollar will go out of circulation alongside an 80-cent dollar, which is a legal tender by the fiat of the government.

On the tariff question Major McKinley said:

A revenue tariff, pure and simple, such as the Democratic party of Ohio advocates, can benefit and encourage and build up no domestic industry. It does not encourage labor save in foreign countries. It increases the demand for foreign goods, and diminishes the use of domestic goods. It is for the foreign shop and against the American shop. It supplies work for foreign labor and takes it from our own labor. It would not light a single fire in an American furnace or mill, but would extinguish those which now burn, unless our labor would work at the same wages as the labor of competing countries. In short, it is well conceived to benefit every other nation but our own.

A revenue tariff has not in our experience been a success, even as an agency for raising the money required for public purposes. It has more than once failed in our history to supply the revenue wants of the government. It has found our country prosperous and our treasury well supplied with revenue, and a few years under its operation has left the treasury bankrupt and the business of the country in a deplorable condition.

And this is easily accounted for and entirely logical. Commencing with the country prosperous under protection, the Democrats have enacted a revenue tariff, and the people of the country, influenced by supposed and temporary profit, buy foreign goods instead of domestic goods. They may be cheaper for the time. But this eventuates in the destruction of our industries, for it increases the use of foreign goods and encourages the disuse of domestic goods, and with the disuse of domestic goods comes diminished production at home and less employment for home labor, and finally no employment at all, and with that comes poverty to the people, which limits their capacity to buy bread, and following that comes diminished importations and diminished revenues, and then a deficient and defaulting treasury.

And then there inevitably follows direct taxation, for if the government cannot secure needed revenue from tariffs to meet the public expenses it must resort to internal taxation. In the meantime, our industries are destroyed, and our laborers dismissed from the factory and mine and forced to the farm to become the farmer's competitors instead of, as before, his customers and consumers, and then there invariably follows a rise in the price of foreign goods to the American consumer.

NOTHING IN IT.

Secretary Blaine Denies that He Told Gen. Alger that He Would be a Presidential Candidate.

BAR HARBOR, Me., Aug. 21.—A reporter called on Secretary Blaine yesterday with a clipping from a New York morning newspaper, in which appeared certain alleged statements of Mr. Blaine regarding the Presidency. "There is nothing in this," said Mr. Blaine, "nothing whatever. Why, it says that somebody alleges that somebody told somebody else, and so on. It is just simply 'Dick told Tom that Harry told a friend that the old gray goose was dead.'"

"Then you have not seen Mr. Alger?"

"Why, no, I have not seen him for a long time."

"And you haven't said to Mr. Alger that you would run for the presidency?"

"Why, how could I? There's nothing in this at all—nothing."

Denied by Gen. Alger.

BENNINGTON, Vt., Aug. 21.—In conversation with a newspaper man yesterday morning, Gen. Alger remarked on the handsome reception accorded President Harrison.

"General Alger," said the reporter, "a dispatch from New York states that Mr. Blaine has told you he has entered the field as a candidate. Is that so?"

"I have no knowledge of it."

"Do you think he will be in the field?"

"I had a conversation with Mr. Blaine on the subject before he was sick, but he said nothing to indicate that such was his intention."

Regarding the denial by Gen. Russel A. Alger of a reported statement of his that Blaine was to the next candidate of his party, and that Mr. Blaine had declared himself a candidate, the New York *World* yesterday said that the statement was furnished to that paper by Comrade S. O. Thomas, G. A. R., of 410 Kearney street, San Francisco, who declared that Gen. Alger had made the statement to him during the recent G. A. R. encampment at Detroit.

ROME, Aug. 20.—Signor Marco Spinatts, of the arsenal at Spezzia, has invented a new rapid firing cannon of 4 7-10 millimetres diameter, which is capable of discharging 50 balls per minute, and is said to be superior in mechanism to any rapid firing gun yet produced.

AWFUL ACCIDENT.

A Building Explodes or Collapses in New York City—At Least Fifty Persons Killed and Burned.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—It now seems probable that one of the worst disasters which ever happened in this city occurred just before noon to-day. From all that can now be learned fully, if not more than fifty people have lost their lives. The accident came so suddenly that not a single person in the two big buildings at 70 and 72 Park Place, occupied by John C. Eberle, escaped alive.

There was but one eye-witness left to the beginning of the accident. This man is named A. A. Johnson. He is a janitor in the building at 81 Park place, directly across the street from where the accident occurred.

He said he was standing on the steps of 81 at noon when he heard the sound of an explosion. It came from across the street. It was not loud. Almost immediately the front walls of the two buildings collapsed and the entire building caved in with a deafening crash.

It came so suddenly that it was impossible for living beings to escape from the buildings. On the ground floor of one of the numbers was a restaurant that was crowded with people. The other floors were occupied by the Southern Publishing company; S. Lontele & Co., art designers; Ellis & McDonald, bookbinders. The owner of the restaurant was of the name of Rosenfeld. It was said also that a portion of the building was occupied by a drug firm, in which the explosion occurred.

Roundsman Taylor was on his way to dinner, passing along Park Place, when he heard the explosion. He ran at once to the scene, and realizing that something must be done, he ran to a hardware store on Vesey street and secured a dozen axes and distributed them to the firemen, who had already arrived on the scene. The firemen and bystanders soon cut a hole in the side wall of No. 70, out of which seventeen persons crawled, all of whom bore bruises.

The testimony of all the people who were in the neighborhood at the time is that they were first startled by the deep, rumbling sound of an explosion, which was almost directly followed by the collapse of the building, the wall of which fell outward with a frightful crash. Three alarms of fire were followed by the arrival of ambulances from all the hospitals.

The reserves were called out from the near-by station houses, but the greatest difficulty was experienced in keeping the thousands of people back beyond the fire lines when it became known that there had been a fearful loss of life.

The firemen battled with the smoke and flames, which burst from all sides of the wrecked building. At times the smoke was so dense that they were driven back. The number of those buried in the ruins is variously estimated at from 50 to 100 persons. Some of the occupants of the upper floors of the building were a lithographer, a cigar manufactory, type foundry and several other industries.

Mr Lindsay said: "The girls and myself were preparing to go home when the explosion occurred. The moment I heard the noise I shouted to the girls, and we all rushed to the corner building, and as we ran the building collapsed behind us. We made our way to the street by means of the fire escape."

The first dead body was recovered from the ruins at 2:25 o'clock. It was that of a man about 50 years old. He was lying face downward in the street, about ten feet from the curb, covered with bricks three feet deep. His head was terribly lacerated, and when taken from the ruins his face was an unrecognizable mass of flesh from which the blood was still dripping.

The tugging and delving and hoisting went forward tirelessly, hour after hour, among the blackened timbers and the tumbled stones and brick. Occasionally there came a break in the work, when silence fell, and men were hushed, and one more of the lost went out and away upon tender, smoke-grimed arms. An electric arc lamp had been tackled to a post across the street from the ruins, and with its white glaring eye stared all night over the workingmen and into the black, yawning chasm where Saturday a building was, and where people worked and laughed, with no thought of the horror to come.

At 2 o'clock in the morning a group of firemen ceased their work, a body had been found near the spot where the lad was found dead about 10 o'clock. The body was that of a man about 30 years old. It was terribly burned. No one there knew him, and the remains were placed in the dead wagon, that stood constantly near.

Then again went on the work, firemen with ropes and pulleys dislodging and hauling away timbers from the pit of death; the swarthy Indians in doubles lines, as carriers, worked stolidly on in the inferno glow of the torches. There came finally a touch of gray light filtering through the morning mists. Some had gone home to sleep. The crowds behind the policemen were much reduced, but the work went on, and on, and on. The silent fiance of a dead man in the ruins was waiting as the dawn broke, and her strained and pitiful face was ghastly as the daylight grew. The strengthening light from the east lessened by degrees the cold, unsympathetic stare of the white electric eye that stared into the pit, and soon it was cut off.

At 5:10 o'clock another body, that of a man about 5 feet 7 inches tall, was then taken out. In the pockets of his trousers was found two cents. At 6:20 o'clock the body of a young man, apparently about 19 years old, was found. It was clad in dark trousers and tennis shirt. At 9:39 o'clock a halt came in the work. Two or three firemen were bending and busy-handed. The Italians paused to look. The other firemen gathered, each one who watched knew another crushed or burned body had been found, and the woman standing there where she had been all night, started forward as though she would run to satisfy herself. But her companion stayed her and went to look at the dead. Soon he returned to the waiting girl and led her by the arm tenderly away. Instinctively she knew the vigil was ended. Her quest was over. Her lost had been found. But he had no word for her, and she was not permitted then to see the dreadful work of the wreckage upon him.

The man they were lifting out from among the bricks and timbers was the girl's lover, Andrew B. Peterson, 22 years old, of No. 853 Eighth avenue, the son of the man who kept the restaurant on the ground floor. This made fourteen bodies that had been recovered. And thus, as the night wore on, the work progressed. The crowds grew greater, the police lines were strengthened, hucksters whipped the edges of the throngs for trade, and peanut and lemonade venders came and set up their stalls where they might profit by from the circumstances of a disastrous accident and consequent crowds. At 10:35 two more bodies were discovered in the debris. The first removed was that of a man about 30 years old. The second, also that of a man, was burned beyond recognition, the flesh hung in shreds and the intestines hung over the spine as the body was carried to a coffin.

DELVING FOR THE VICTIMS.

The Unrecognizable Remains of Five More Unfortunates Unearthed.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—The work of delving for the dead in the ruins of Park Place, continued uninterrupted through the night, except at times when the rain poured down in such torrents as to render labor beneath it impossible. Except at these times, also, the fire lines at either end of the block were lined with waiting friends or relatives of the missing. When they were driven from the street by the rain they sought shelter in doorways or wherever protection might be found, but as soon as it ceased their weary and mournful vigil was resumed.

At 3:25 o'clock there was a bustle of excitement among the workmen that immediately communicated itself to the eager watchers at the fire lines. Another body had been found. It was that of a man, and lay beside the tangle of presses at No. 70. It was terribly burned and unrecognizable, unless identity may be disclosed by the tattered fragments of clothing that but partly covered it.

The work again went on unmarked by incident until 7:40 o'clock this morning, when a second body was found, also that of a man, near the spot where the first was discovered. Five minutes later a third body of a man was found in nearly the same place. Hardly had this been done, when the body of another man was found, but it lay beneath a heavy press, and it will be impossible to remove it until a derrick is obtained to hoist the press from the ruins.

Almost simultaneously the discovery of a fifth body—making 21 in all—was made among the brick and paper at No. 74. It was that of a large man, but the face was visible, and, like the others exhumed, was unrecognizable. At 9 o'clock the Italian laborers were still at work removing the bricks that buried the body and hindered its removal.

From daylight on, the crowd of spectators at the fire lines gradually increased, and at 9 o'clock a densely packed throng filled every spot that commanded the slightest view of the blackened ruins.

At the office of Boiler Inspection, at police headquarters, to-day, it was stated that according to the records there the Taylor building had no steam boilers of any kind, nor had there been any there for several years past. The steam power used in it was supplied from outside sources.

IN CHILI.

The Insurgents Making a Superhuman Effort to Overthrow the Balmacedan Government—Citizens Watching the Battle.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—The *Herald* yesterday morning had Valparaiso, Chili, cable dispatches substantially as follows:

President Balmaceda and the Junta de Gobierno are clinched in the final desperate struggle for the mastery of the republic of Chili.

The chosen battle ground is in full view of the city of Valparaiso, and thousands of anxious eyes are watching from every point of vantage the battle which is to decide the fate of the country.

The arrangements were made hurriedly, and only a little over half the troops were available for this purpose. Six of the insurgent war ships were anchored in Sosnon bay, at the mouth of the river, and under the cover of their guns the army of the Junta undertook the task of forcing a passage of the river Friday morning. A most desperate and bloody battle resulted, lasting nearly all day. A galling fire from the insurgent artillery, which was parked on the northern bank of the river, aided by heavy batteries and machine guns from the ships, was too much for the government troops and they were forced to retire, which they did in good order. Both sides fought with the utmost valor, and while not less than 20,000 troops were engaged, the list of casualties are nearly 3,000 men killed and wounded.

The battle has been waging practically for three days. The first engagement was at the mouth of the Aconcagua on Friday and resulted in a reverse to the government. The final test of strength is now being made at Vina del Mar beach, directly across Valparaiso bay and less than five miles away. When news reached here that an army of 8,000 rebels had been landed at Quintero bay Thursday, Balmaceda and his generals were taken by surprise, but the utmost activity was used in getting to the front so as, if possible, to prevent the invading army from crossing the Aconcagua river immediately south of the bay.

All day Saturday the insurgent forces pushed their way steadily forward, driving the comparatively small government force before them. It was a constant skirmish for fifteen miles over broken country.

It was not until late in the evening that the attacking army arrived in front of Balmaceda's main line of defense. It was then too late to give battle. In the meantime President Balmaceda, with every available man in the department, with himself in command, went to the front. He had over 13,000 available fighting men, while the insurgent forces had been reduced to less than 7,000.

The Congressionalists attacked in force in the morning, and all day long the battle raged with the utmost fierceness.

The roar of heavy artillery and the sharp rattle of small arms resounded through the streets and re-echoed back from the high hills surrounding the city.

Everybody who is left here has sought some place overlooking the battle ground, and thousands of people are watching the desperate struggle which is being fought under their very eyes.

There is a constant stream of wounded being brought into the city from the front, and temporary hospitals are being fitted up wherever possible. Nearly all the women who had not left the city have volunteered their services as nurses, and they and the full medical force of the city have had their hands full.

Admiral Brown, commanding the American fleet here, and the commanding officers of the other foreign naval forces, have combined to protect the lives and property of the foreign citizens.

RUSSIA IS MASSING HER TROOPS

On the Austrian Frontier—What Does It Mean?

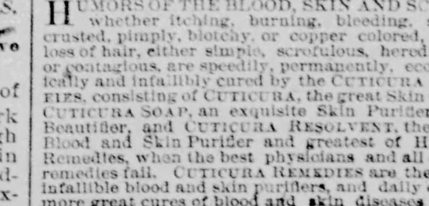
LONDON, Aug. 21.—The *Standard's* correspondent at Braila reports an enormous increase of the Russian troops on the Austrian frontier. He says that the Bessarabia frontier guards, formerly a mere gendarmery corps to prevent smuggling, have grown into a permanent advance guard ready to invade Austria on a few hours notice. Large forts and observation towers are being rapidly built, and the Russian government has given a heavy subsidy to the Black Sea and Danube Shipping company to erect a large dockyard at Reni and to forward troops to any part of the Black sea. The construction of pontoons is actively proceeding at Reni to be placed at various towns for the transportation of troops, and barracks are being built in the vicinity of Reni for 5,000 men.

Personal Petition to Emperor William.

BERLIN, Aug. 21.—It has been stated that Herr Miquel, minister of Finance, who holds close personal and official relations with the emperor, and who is in favor of removing the grain duties, had made a personal petition to his majesty requesting him to suspend for three months the collection of import duties on grain as Chancellor General Von Caprivi had declined to further discuss this question at the cabinet meetings. This story gained considerable credence, but it is officially denied that Herr Miquel has taken any such action as that imputed to him.

The Pekin Government Alarmed.

SHANGHAI, Aug. 21.—A strong Chinese squadron has been ordered to Nankin and another is assembling north of the Yang-Tse-Kiang. The Pekin government is alarmed at the threatened appeal to force by the powers. The Chinese government expedition to lay telegraph lines has been expelled by the people in Yunnan, losing all its apparatus and materials.



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SONS OF VETERANS.

Nearly 5,000 Members in Attendance at the Tenth Annual Session—Changes in the Ritual and Constitution.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Aug. 24.—The tenth annual encampment of the Sons of Veterans began in this city to-day with about 5,000 members of the order in attendance. This includes, besides the 500 members of the Grand Commandery which is the executive body, a large number of visiting camps who come to participate in the competitive drill. The official train bearing Commander-in-Chief Webb and his staff arrived this morning over the Minneapolis & St. Louis road. The commandery begins its sessions at 2 o'clock this afternoon.

Commander Webb furnishes the following statistics in advance of his annual address: During the year 26,423 members have been taken in; 552 new camps, with 10,320 members were mustered in. The actual membership of the order to day is quite 150,000. The order, founded in 1881, was first officially recoganized in August, 1889, by the Grand Army of the Republic, and has since grown very rapidly.

Mr. Webb outlined as the most important business to come before the commandery at this session certain proposed changes in the ritual and constitution. The age limit for members will be raised from 18 to 21. Then the military feature of the order will be divorced from the civic feature so that it will bear about the same relation to the work of the order as the military degree of the Knights of Pythias does to the subordinate lodge. This step is believed will greatly aid in popularizing the order.

The active camps now in the city and to come, will be quartered in tents at Minnehaha Falls, near the state Soldiers' Home. This has been christened Camp Webb, and is already largely populated. The commandery will be in session in Morgan Post, G. A. R. hall, all the week.

A HURRICANE.

Every Sail in the Port of Martinique Destroyed and Several Lives Lost.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19.—The United States consul at Martinique cables the State department to-day that "a hurricane last night (August 18) destroyed every sail in port. Houses all damaged, and many lives lost."

LATER—Official advices received here this afternoon, announce that the calamity which has visited Martinique, is the most severe since the year 1817. The disaster is said to equal the famous cyclone which swept over the island of Antegua in 1871. So far as can be learned there have been nearly if not quite sixty deaths as a result of the hurricane's visitation, but it will be some time before the full extent of the disaster is known.

At Fort de France alone there have been twelve lives lost and in Fort de France and St. Pierre, to say nothing of country districts, there have been large numbers of people injured. At St. Pierre five persons are known to have been killed, but it is feared that this number does not represent the entire loss of life in the capital.

Communication with the different ports of the island was never an easy matter, and it is excessively difficult to get detailed news at present. As the reports from the various sections reach St. Pierre, it becomes evident that the extent of the hurricane's devastation has not been much exaggerated. Destruction of property and loss of life is reported from all parts of the coast.

The latest report received at St. Pierre from Lamentin shows that the hurricane counts ten victims in that space alone, in addition to a large number of injured.

At Francois there have been sixteen people killed and large numbers injured, and at Riverie Pilote there have been two or more deaths, and so on from all parts of the islands comes the tale of woe and desolation. La Trinite sends in the list of its dead at ten and numbers more or less severely injured.

The damage done to shipping and property may safely be classed as stupendous. About two-fifths of the island was under cultivation and the mountain slopes were covered with forests; all the cultivation and all the forests in the path of the hurricane appear to have been swept away. The numerous sugar, coffee, cotton and cacao plantations which have felt the force of the tornado seem to have been utterly destroyed.

Gold For American Wheat.

PARIS, Aug. 22.—The Bank of France is trying to keep gold to meet purchases of American wheat. The governor, in an interview, estimated the payment for wheat £20,000,000. But he urges that such a scarcity of gold has frequently happened and may endure, but the public has no cause for alarm. The bank has seldom been so flourishing. Another bank official, when questioned in regard to the report on the gold premium, replied that money changers, learning that the bank was holding gold, collected all they could by offering a small premium in the hope of reaping a profit when wheat arrives.

Sent Into Exile.

CALCUTTA, Aug. 22.—The Jubraj, or Manipur regent, who was the leader of the attack upon the British residency at Manipur, and Prince Angoa Sena, whose sentences of death were committed by the viceroy of India, Lord Lansdowne, to transportation for life and the forfeiture of their property, have been sent into exile. The royal prisoners are now enroute to the Andaman Islands, a British convict settlement, in the Bay of Bengal, devoted almost entirely to the use of the Indian criminals.

Mexican Interference Asked.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 21.—A dispatch from the City of Mexico says: It is stated by the *Tiempo* that Gen. Ezeta, president of Salvador, has telegraphed to Ignacia Mariscal, secretary of foreign affairs of this republic, asking him to use his good offices in preventing a new war between Salvador and Guatemala. The same paper also states that Mariscal has telegraphed to Gen. Alatore, the Mexican minister, to prevent a war if possible.

Municipal Reforms in Zanzibar.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—Dispatches received here from Zanzibar announces that important municipal reforms have been inaugurated in that Sultanate. The owners or occupiers of all houses have been ordered to display a light outside their dwellings between sunset and sunrise. This step has been taken in order to put an end to the frequent assaults upon pedestrians which takes place between the times mentioned.

Rye Flour for Exportation.

BERLIN, Aug. 19.—The *North German Gazette's* Warsaw correspondent telegraphs that the millers of that city are now exclusively engaged in preparing rye flour and bran for exportation. All the available threshers of the vicinity of Warsaw, says this correspondent, have been hired at high prices, the object of the millers being to export all the rye possible before the prohibition is enforced.

Manipur Will Not Be Annexed.

SIMLA, Aug. 22.—A decree has been issued in which the queen announces that she foregoes the right to annex Manipur. The viceroy will choose a native ruler of Manipur.

Another Canadian Official Resigns.

OTTAWA, Ont., Aug. 22.—It is understood that A. Senecal, superintendent of the government printing bureau, has resigned, and that his resignation has been accepted.

Bismarck Losing His Memory.

BERLIN, Aug. 25.—The *Saale Zeitung* says that Prince Bismarck is afflicted with drowsiness, and is losing his memory. Age is rapidly telling on the ex-chancellor.

NINE THOUSAND

Houses in Japan Damaged by Recent Floods—Foreign Vessels Swept Away by a Terrific Typhoon.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 25.—The steamship City of Rio Janeiro arrived yesterday, 25 days from Hong Hong and seventeen days from Yokohama. The Japanese *Herald*, commenting on the report by the United States counsel at Foo Chow, China, of the anticipated trouble there, says that advices up to August 2 do not tend to confirm the rumor. The United States steamer Alliance was at Shanghai, August 1, and H. M. S. Archer has since arrived at Nagashaki from that place.

The China papers print a report to the effect that the son of the present Chinese minister to England, France and Italy has been arrested on a charge of being a prominent member of a secret society and is to be tried for that offense.

Rumors were prevalent at Shanghai, July 27, of a serious uprising in Honan. The rebels were supposed to have invaded Hupep and to be marching on Hankow. It transpired that the rumors were due to a raid of some mountain bandits who burned some roadside inns on the Hupep frontier, and after some plundering retreated to the hills.

The British Consul Gardner at Hankow is stated not to have been satisfied with the perfunctory trial of the Wusueh rioters, and remonstrated so effectually that the viceroy, Chang-Chi-Tung, ordered the case to be reopened.

The Chinese custom officials at Chinkiang have arrested six men charged with being members of the Kolao Hui secret society, which, it is said, fomented the present troubles, and they were held for trial. A constable of the native court was arrested by order of the viceroy, but was promised pardon for giving evidence against others.

Advices from Tien Tsin to July 15 report all quiet in that vicinity. Wen Chow authorities have captured the evidence of eleven of the pirates who created a disturbance near there recently.

Japanese advices report the death of Viscount Yosedida, formerly minister to the United States.

It is announced that the emperor is about to issue a proclamation annexing to Japan three volcanic islands in the Pacific ocean four degrees south of Loo Choo islands. They are said to be well adapted for the Japanese colonies. The large increase of Japanese fleets to make it as strong as the China navy is being urged in some quarters.

Floods at Toyama, Japan, damaged nearly 9,000 houses.

A letter was received at the Japanese consulate in Kobe last month threatening the life of Admiral Ting of the Chinese fleet, which was then in Japanese waters. A body guard of the Japanese police was appointed and attended the admiral during his stay at Kobe.

As the result of the storm in Nagasaki-Ken July 21, eleven persons were killed and much damage was done. At Ashiya a number of foreign vessels were carried away and the crews are missing. The embankment of the river Ogna gave way, and nearly 100 houses were washed away. The loss of life has not been ascertained. Much damage has been done in the other provinces.

DUPLICITY REVEALED BY DEATH.

A Bigamous Marriage Brought to Light by a Drowning Accident.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 20.—On July 24 last, Carl Schorr, a mining prospector from Australia, was drowned while bathing in the ocean near the Cliff house, in sight of his wife, to whom he had been married only one week. It was thought that Schorr left considerable property and his wife has been trying to find it. Yesterday a woman who says she was Schorr's wife, arrived here from Butte, Mont., and met Mrs. Schorr No. 2. On comparing their stories, a singular story of the drowned man's duplicity was unfolded.

Mrs. Schorr No. 1 says she was married to Schorr ten years ago, and they accumulated a little property in Butte. Her husband went to Australia, and last May wrote her to join him there. Instead of waiting for her he took passage for San Francisco. With him came a Miss Taylor, whom he married on reaching here. He expected by the time that he reached San Francisco that his first wife would be on the way to Australia. Instead she missed the steamer, and it is thought that Schorr, fearing prosecution for bigamy, committed suicide. The second wife gave all her money to Schorr and is now left penniless.

WAR AGAINST CANADIAN PAPERS.

Several of Them Containing Lottery Advertisements Detained.

SAULT STE. MARIE, Mich., Aug. 22.—Canadian papers have been publishing lottery advertisements, and sending large numbers to subscribers. The postoffice department has ordered the opening, examination, and detention of all Canadian papers containing such advertisements. Pursuant to this order the postmaster here has detained the Toronto *Mail*, *Empire*, *News*, and the Ottawa *United Canadian*. The order has been given to other offices and a general war seems to have been inaugurated against Canadian papers containing the objectionable matter.

THE WELCOMED AMERICAN WHEAT.

The Arrival of a Cargo Heralded With Delight by Peruvians.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 20.—The arrival of an American steamship with a cargo of wheat at Callao was heralded with manifestations of delight by the Peruvians. The warehouses at Callao were empty, no wheat having been received during 25 days preceding the arrival of the Elder, supplies from southern Chili having been entirely cut off by reason of the existing war.

Capital Invested in Massachusetts.

BOSTON, Aug. 22.—The annual report of the bureau of statistics of labor, shows the amount of capital invested in Massachusetts industries up to 1890, to be $391,200,269, an increase over 1889 of $20,810,855. The largest investments are in cotton goods, $115,474,000, an increase of $8,071,000; boots and shoes, $27,531,000, increase, $1,284,000; woolen goods, $26,200,000, increase, $745,000; metals and metallic goods, $25,193,000, increase, $1,685,000; machines and machinery, $22,825,000, increase, $3,007,000.

The Split Growing Wider.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 21.—A Dallas, Texas, special says: The split between the sub-treasury and anti-sub-treasury factions of the Farmers' Alliance is growing wider. By resolution the anti-faction has been excluded from the convention now being held here, but committees from both sides have been appointed to try and patch up matters. Both factions are stubborn and it looks now as if the differences would never be adjusted. Evan Johnson has been re-elected president.

Earthquake in Illinois.

JERSEYVILLE, Ills., Aug. 21.—This locality was visited by an earthquake last Tuesday, which was sensibly felt during the electrical storm, but it was supposed to be the vibrations of the heavy thunder, and this was followed by another shock at 7 o'clock last night. Houses trembled and some persons were so frightened that they jumped out of bed. The vibrations were from east to west.

A Big Price for Flour.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 20.—The steamer Geo. Weilder arrived yesterday morning from Callao. Capt. Lewis stated that everything was quiet at the latter port, but there was a great demand for wheat and produce, their Chilian supply being cut off. American flour was selling at the rate of $18 per sack, and potatoes brought a high figure.

Mr. Lincoln's Father-in-Law Ill.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—A Burlington, Ia., special says: Word was brought to this city last evening that ex-Senator Harlan, father of Mrs. Robert T. Lincoln, United States minister to England, was taken suddenly and seriously ill yesterday afternoon, and his condition to-day is still serious.

MR. BRICE TO SUCCEED GOV. HILL.

Scheme to Give the Ubiquitous Citizen Another Office.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—Some of the friends of Calvin S. Brice, who are over here from New York, speak of a movement there to make him the Democratic nominee for governor of that state. They say that the mere fact of his going to Ohio and buying a seat in the Senate of the United States need not disqualify him. On the contrary, it presents a prima-facie case of fitness for the New York campaign, because it indicates a full hand of money.

They say it is evident to everybody that he is a resident of New York. He lives there, does business there, is a resident member of its Democratic clubs.

These friends seem to think they can command considerable strength for him in the convention. Once elected they say that the question of being a citizen of Ohio would do him no more damage on the stump than to charge that he was born in Dublin. Their idea seems to be that with the uncertainties which surely exist in the senate situation, he would prefer the chances of the governorship.

BERLIN, Aug. 20.—The *Tageblatt* says: "England's interest lies on our side. Should France and Russia defeat the dreibund the immediate consequence would be the expulsion of England from Egypt."

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—The increasing confidence in business circles, and the improvement of trade reported generally from all parts of the country, was reflected in the New York money market last week. The demand from the West and South for currency reduced the bank reserves considerably, but this did not abate the confidence that pervaded financial circles. Rates for call loans were a little higher, but those for time loans were a little easier, especially for shorter periods. Call loans were made at from 3 to 1½ per cent, closing Saturday at 2½ per cent offered. Nine loans were made at 4 per cent for 30 days, 5 for 60 days, and 5¼@6 for 60 to 90 day endorsed bills receivable. Loans brought a slightly higher rate in London, due to the continued outflow of gold to Germany. The closing rate Saturday in the open market in London for bills up to 3 months was 1⅞ per cent. In Paris, the open rate was 2⅝, in Berlin 2¼, and in Frankfort 3⅜ per cent.

STOCKS.—The market for the week showed a strong and confident tone. The transactions were larger than for many weeks, and the revival of speculation was of course accompanied by a decided rise in prices. There was some buying for European account during the earlier part of the week, but later there appeared to be considerable selling from that source to realize profits. While there is a substantial improvement in the situation, HENRY CLEWS, in his Saturday circular, gives this word of warning:

It should not be ignored that undoubtedly the occasion has been seized by parties long and heavily loaded with unsalable stocks for fostering speculation and creating an opportunity to unload. Prudent operators will not overlook the fact that there is a very important element of weakness in the market in the form of the securities of badly financed corporations and rail roads which have become embarrassed through eagerness to cover territory which for years to come cannot yield a paying return upon the construction outlays. This is preeminently the case in the South and in the far West and Southwest; and the case of these properties is made worse by the increasing hostility of the Granger and Alliance factions to the railroad interest. This element is calculated to have an important influence on the Wall street situation. At first, the holders of such securities, among whom are men of large resources, will use all their influence to stimulate the market; but at the same time they will be sellers of their specialties until their individual interest has been sufficiently served, when that important set of supporters will disappear from the arena, and I shall be surprised if the loss of that element does not prove a severe shock to the market. For this and other reasons, I am persuaded that it would be unwise to assume that the present "boom" is likely to develop into a continuous considerable further advance in prices. It would be only common prudence to let the market stand on further trial before trusting it confidently, and especially as London is giving it no support but selling out on our boom.

SILVER.—The past week has shown a decline in the price of bullion. On Saturday the market in New York closed at 98½ cents per ounce, which is one cent below the closing price a week previous. There is no speculation in bullion certificates at New York to amount to anything. During the week there was a considerable movement of Mexican dollars to London for shipment to China. It will be remembered that our trade dollars were coined with the expectation that they would be used in that trade, but the Chinese would not accept them, preferring the Spanish and Mexican dollars.

There is a cloud over the silver market in Europe which, of course, affects this country as well. The German government, when it demonetized silver, had an enormous stock of bullion on hand, a portion of which it has held since its suspension of silver sales in 1872. It amounts to over 20,000,000 ounces. It is announced that the Finance minister has determined to sell it, and only awaits a favorable opportunity. Still further, it is said the government of Holland has several millions of ounces, which it obtained in the same way, and which it is preparing to sell. With such a mass of silver waiting to be dumped, the markets will not rise, most certainly.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

The Close of the Stock Market at New York this Afternoon.

WALL STREET, 3 P. M.—Money closed easy at 2½ per cent. Bar Silver, 98¼. The stock market after 12 o'clock, continued its upward movement and its activity, and all along the line still higher prices were reached than during the forenoon. The trunk lines received more animation, and Lake Shore advanced ¾ per cent, and the rest of the list with smaller fractions. Chicago Gas, however, made one of its upward spurts, and rose from 47⅛ to 48¼, with considerable increase in the amount of business done. Other low priced stocks like the Nickel Plate's, the Rio Grande Western stocks and some others made material gains, and at the close the market was active and strong at the best prices of the day.

	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Atch.	37⅝	38⅜	37⅝	38¾
A. C. O.	....	....	....	....
Can. Sou.	53	54	53	54
C. C. C.	66¼	67¼	66⅛	67¼
C. B. & Q.	90¼	91	90	90⅝
*C. Gas Trust	47⅛	48¼	47	48
Del. Hud.	128¼	130	128¼	130
Del. Lack	137⅝	139¼	137⅝	139
Erie	22½	23⅝	22⅜	23⅛
Hock. Val.	26⅞	27	26⅞	27
J. C.	114	115	114	115
Lead Tr.	17⅛	17¼	17	17¼
Lake Shore	114	115⅝	114	115⅝
Lou. & Nash	72⅞	73¾	72⅞	73⅞
N. P.	26¼	26½	26	27
Mo. Pac.	70¾	71¼	70¾	71¼
N. E.	37¼	37¾	37	37¾
N. P., pf'd.	69½	69⅞	69¼	69⅞
N. W.	109½	110⅛	109½	110
N. Y. C.	102	103½	102	103¼
N. A.	15¼	15½	15¼	15⅜
P. M.	35	35⅝	35	35½
W. L.	....	....	....	....
R. T.	12⅝	12¾	12¾	12¾
R. I.	80	80⅞	79⅞	80¾
Reading	31½	32⅝	31¼	32⅛
Silver	98⅜	98¾	98⅜	98¼
A. S. R.	85	85⅛	84	84½
St. Paul	68	68½	67⅝	68
T. C. I.	32½	34	32½	34
T. Pac.	13½	13⅞	13½	13⅞
U. Pac.	37⅛	37¾	37⅛	37½
W. L., pf'd.	....	....	....	....
Wabash. pf'd.	25⅜	25¼	25⅜	25¾
W. U.	82¼	82⅝	82¼	82¼
Cordage	95	95½	94¾	95½

*Ex. Div. Gas 1¼ per cent.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, Aug. 25, 1891.

The following shows changes in Government bonds during the past week:

	Aug. 25.	Aug. 18.
U. S. 4's, coupons	117¼	116¾
U. S. 4's registered	117¼	116¾
Pac. 6's of '95	109	110

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve, decrease	$ 3,506,925
Loans, increase	1,375,300
Specie, decrease	1,090,300
Legal tenders, decrease	2,229,100
Deposits, decrease	1,847,900
Circulation, increase	23,400

The banks now hold $14,110,150 in excess of the requirements of the 25 per cent rule.

Fill out this Blank and mail it to us with 20 cent postal order and we will forward you our very interesting Fall and Winter Fashion Catalogue, fully illustrated in the correct colors and containing over 1,000 descriptions of the latest Paris styles, enabling you to procure a superior garment at a lower price than what you can find elsewhere. ***Write plain with ink.***

Name________________

Street________________

Town________________

County________________

State________________

Trade.

Trade generally during the past week has been good for the season. In some things the improvement is marked.

Close To-day.

The markets for wheat closed firm at all points this afternoon. The upward turn was caused by a cable saying that Russia has put a duty on wheat. It is not believed by many.

At Chicago the highest point was 104¼c, close, 104⅛c. At Toledo the highest was 105c; close, 105c. At New York it was 111⅝c; close, 111⅛c. At St. Louis it was 100c; close, 100c.

September corn at Chicago: opening, 61c; highest, 65c; lowest, 61c; close, 64⅛c.

December puts on wheat at Chicago, 103⅛@104c; calls, 110⅛c. Puts on September corn, 63c; calls, 69c.

Closing cables: Liverpool—Wheat steady; moderate demand; club and spring 1d up; winter unchanged; futures quiet; demand freely supplied, ½@1d higher. Corn quiet, 1d lower; futures easy; demand freely supplied, 1@2½d lower.

The stocks of grain in public storehouses of Liverpool are reported at 940,000 bushels of wheat and 640,000 bushels of corn.

Official reports received at London from India say that the rain has ceased and that crop prospects are again growing worse.

Paris newspapers intimate that France must pay $150,000,000 for foreign wheat.

The *Daily Trade Bulletin* says: In Germany the troops are not at all pleased with the prospect of a wheat-bread diet. They are accustomed to the rye and they like it, and German military men are already discussing with some apprehension the probable effect on the health and strength of the men. At any rate, while the grain crisis continues, the tone of the German press is notably less assertive and even the gross stories which French papers have printed about the kaiser fail to provoke any serious rejoinder. In the manufacturing districts of Germany the high prices of food are chiefly felt, and the demand for the abolition of the corn duties comes up hardest from the people that work for bread.

The United States Weather and Crop bulletin sends out the following from Huron, South Dakota, under date of August 23: "Stacking is general, and considerable threshing has been done. The grain is of excellent quality, and that marketed has averaged No. 1. The warm weather has caused a marked advancement in the condition of corn and other late crops, and the line within which corn reaches maturity before frost is rapidly moving northward. A few localities report the heat unfavorable to millet, flax and late potatoes, but not seriously so. In localities stacking has been interrupted by rains.

All the conditions are favorable for crops in Michigan. Corn, potatoes, beans and pasture have improved.

Chicago Tips.

CHICAGO, Aug. 25.—[Special from Wright & Haughey.]—We have had an active and stubborn wheat market to-day, with indications of further improvement. Foreign markets close a turn dearer for English and German, and fraction lower for French.

They are taking the cue from this market, and will no doubt open stronger to-morrow. Weather in England continues unfavorable for harvesting and must not be overlooked.

Eastern parties were sellers early and buyers later. Clearances about one-half of previous movement. Reports of damage by frost in Northwest only trifling. Cash wheat active, with sample lots 3 and 4 hard Kansas wheat, very trashy; selling 93 to 97½ cents. This latter feature is a very bullish one. We think it safer to take the "Bull" side, and so wired you this morning. Corn opened at the lowest point, 60⅛ cents for September, and closed 4 cents higher.

A reaction was due after a steady decline of 8⅛ cents, but with good receipts continuing it will be difficult holding prices at the advance. Estimates to-morrow (555 cars) are liberal for Wednesday.

Rye opened weak and closed higher, with 94c bid for September. Very little trading. Provisions were very active; packers sold early, but all offerings were quickly taken, and on their withdrawal from the market active bidding closed. Pork at 20 cents advance from yesterday.

Demand of cash meats active, with large sales of spot ribs reported. 19,000 hogs estimated for to-morrow.

AT THE TOLEDO EXCHANGE.

The Close at Toledo.

Wheat closed firm and higher at the Toledo Exchange for futures. No. 2 soft red, 103½c, 104½c, and to close, 105c, ½c under yesterday; No. 3 soft red, 103c; No. 1 white, 102c; No. 2 white, 100c.

August wheat, 104⅛@105, latter to close; ¾c up; September, 105½@105, ¾c better; December, 105⅝@107¾, 1¾c up.

Prices of August and December wheat to-day:

August.	Opened	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	104⅛	105	103⅞	105
Chicago	103¾	104⅞	102⅞	104⅛
New York	110⅛	111⅛	110⅛	111⅛
St. Louis	98	100	98	100
December.				
Toledo	106⅛	107⅜	106⅛	107⅜
Chicago	104⅛	106	103⅛	105⅛
New York	113⅛	115	113⅛	115
St. Louis	105⅞	105⅞	113⅛	105⅞

Corn—Dull; No. 2, 65½c; No. 3, 65c; No. 2 yellow, 65½c.

Oats—No. 2 white, 37c.

Clover seed—October, $4.95; December, $5.

Rye—No. 2, cash and September, 95c.

Toledo Produce Market.

There was an unusually large quantity of vegetables, fruits, meats and other products on the market this morning. For a time early in the morning business was brisk, but afterwards trade was slow, and much that was on sale had to be taken home by those who had it for sale. Wholesale prices of various things this morning were:

Butter—Very best grades, 22@23c.

Vegetables—Nutmeg melons, per bbl., $2.25; per dozen, 40c@$1; corn, per dozen, green, 8c; onions, per dozen bunches, 10@12c; radishes, per dozen bunches, 10c; potatoes, per bushel, 35c; string beans, 35@75c for common and wax; beets, per bushel, 40c; turnips, per bushel, 35c; tomatoes, per bushel, 25c; onions, per bushel, 90c @$1; cucumbers for pickling, per 100, 20c; for slicing, per dozen, 5c; lima beans, per quart, 15c; cabbage, per dozen, 25c; squashes, 35@75 per dozen; potatoes, per bushel, 35.

Fruits—Crab apples, per bushel, 60@75c; grapes, per pound, 6c; peaches, Crawford's, per bushel, $2.25@2.35; plums, per peck basket, 65c; peas, per bushel, 65c@$1; apples, per bushel, 50c.

Fresh meats—Dressed hogs, 100 lbs., $6.75; beef, lbs., 4@6c; veal, 7c; mutton, 7c; lambs, 9@10c.

Salt meats—Heavy mess pork, $12 50; short mess, $13 00; clear mess, $13 50; short clear, $14; hams, sugar-cured, 18 lbs and over, 11c; 15 lbs. average, 11½c; 12 lbs. and under, 12c; shoulders, 8c; breakfast bacon, clear, 10c; rib, 9½c; smoked beef, 12½c.

Lard—Kettle-rendered, tierces, 8c; barrels, 8c; half barrels, 8¼c; 50 lb. tins, 8½c; refined lard, 6¼c; 50 lb. tins, 7c; bacon, clear sides, 8c; bologna, 6c.

Wool—Washed, 25@28c; unwashed, 16@20c.

Hay—Timothy, new, $11@12, from wagons.

Grain and Produce.

BUFFALO, Aug. 25.—Wheat, No. 1 hard, 116c; No. 1 Northern, no offerings; No. 2 red, 105c. No. 2 corn, 70½c.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 25.—Wheat firm; No. 2 spring on track, cash, 100c; September, 101½c; No. 1 Northern, 103c. Corn steady; No. 3 on track cash, 64½c. Oats, steady; No. 2 white, on track, 34c.

DETROIT, Aug. 25.—Wheat—No. 1 white, cash, 102½c; No. 2 red, cash and August, 104½c; September, 104⅜c; December, 108⅛c. Corn—No. 2, cash and August, 64c. Oats—No. 2 cash, 34½c; No. 2 white, 35½c. Rye, 94c.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 25.—Flour firmer. Wheat steady, $1 01. Corn quiet, 65c. Oats steady, 32@32½c. Rye quiet, 93½c. Pork quiet, $10 37½. Lard dull, $6 25. Bulk meats and bacon quiet. Whisky active and firm; sales 1,122 bbls.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 25.—Wheat strong and higher; cash and August, 100c; September, 100⅜c bid; December, 105¾c. Corn firm; cash, 59c; August, 60c bid; September, 58⅛c; year, 44⅜c. Oats steady; cash, 29c; August, 29c; September, 29¼c bid. Pork easy at $10 40. Lard lower at $6 12½. Whisky steady at 118c.

CHICAGO, Aug. 25.—9:30 a. m.—December wheat opened ⅛@¼c lower than yesterday's closing, at 104¼c, advanced to 104¾c, then declined to 103⅝c. Corn opened lower for October, at 57c and advanced to 57⅝c. Pork lower for September, at $9 90. September lard opened easy at $6 50.

CHICAGO, Aug. 25.—11 a. m.—No. 2 wheat—August, 103c; December, 104⅛c. No. 2 Corn—October, 58¼c; year, 46¼c. No. 2, Oats—September, 30¼c; May, 33⅞c. Mess Pork—September, $9 97½; January, $12 52½. Lard September, $6 42½c; January, $6 77½. Short Ribs—September, $6 42½; January, $6 50.

At 12:45 the wheat and corn markets were dull and quiet. December wheat, $1 04⅜. September corn, 64c; October, 59⅛c.

1:15 p. m.—No. 2 wheat firm; cash, 104⅛c; August, 104⅛c; September, 103⅝c; December, 105⅛@1 05⅛c. No. 2 corn firm; cash, 65c; August, 65c; September, 64⅜c; October, 60c; May, 47⅜@47⅛c. No. 2 oats firm; cash, 30¼c; September, 30⅜c; May, 34⅛c. Mess pork steady; cash, $10 20; September, $10 20; October, $10 32½. Lard steady; cash, $6 47½; September, $6 47½; October, $6 57½. Short ribs steady; cash, $6 60; September, $6 60; October, $6 70. No. 2 rye firm at 95c. No. 1 barley quiet at 65@66c. No. 1 flax seed firm $1 08½. Prime timothy seed steady at $1 30 1 31. Butter steady. Eggs, 15c. Whisky, $1 18.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 25.—Close.—Pork, fair demand; prime mess western, fine, 58s 3d, steady; do do medium, 51s 3d, firm. Lard—Demand poor; spot and August, 34s, steady; September and October, 34s 6d, steady. Wheat—Demand fair; Kansas winter, hard, 8s 10½d, steady; No. 2 red spring, 8s 11½d, steady. Flour—Demand good; prices unchanged. Corn—Demand fair for spot and good for futures; spot and August, 6s 4½d, steady; September, 6s 4d, steady; October, 6s 3½d, steady.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—Wheat receipts, 642,800 bus; sales, 1,384,000; declined ⅛@1⅛ on foreign selling, advanced ¼@⅞, now firm, quiet; August, $1 10⅛@1 10¾, 1⅛; September, $1 10⅛@1 11¼; October, $1 11⅛@1 11⅝; December, $1 13⅜@1 14⅛; May, $1 17⅜@1 18½. Rye, fair demand, strong; western, $1 15. Corn receipts, 62,350; sales, 358,000; firm at ½@⅝c, advance, quiet; No. 2, 76@78c. Oats receipts, 181,000; sales, 35,000; quiet, sower; western, 35@50c. Beef, quiet, steady; extra mess, $9 50@10 00; family, $13 00@14 00. Pork quiet and easy; new mess, $11 50@12 00; old mess, $10 00@10 75; extra prime, $10 25@10 75. Lard quiet and steady; steam rendered, $6 85. Butter—Receipts, 11,750 packages; market firm; western dairy, 12@16c; western creamery, 15@25c; Elgins, 25@25½c; imitation creamery, 15@18. Eggs quiet and steady; receipts, 8,101 pkgs.; western, 16@18c. Sugar—Raw quiet, steady; fair refining, 3c; centrifugals, 96 test, 3 7-16c, refined, quiet and easy; crushed, 5c; powdered, 4⅝c; granulated, 4 5-16@4 7-16c. Spirits turpentine firm at 36@37c. Molasses dull, steady; New Orleans, common to fancy, 28@35c. Tallow quiet and easy; city, ($2 for pkgs.) 4 5-16c. Coffee—There was an irregular opening in contracts with a very quiet market and no features of any importance. August advanced 5 points, and the rest unchanged to 15 points down. The foreign markets were dull. Havre unchanged to ¼ franc down, except for August, which shows an advance of ¼, and Hamburg unchanged to ¼ pfennige advance. Receipts at Brazil ports were 51,000 bags for two days. Spot quiet, easy; No. 7, 17.

Live Stock.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 25.—Cattle—Receipts, 7,500 head; shipments, 5,170 head; market steady; steers, $3 60@5 50. Hogs—Receipts, 7,800 head; shipments, 120 head; market, best 5c lower; others 10@15c lower; all grades, $3 50@5 25. Sheep—Receipts, 2,600 head; shipments, 570 head; market steady.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 25.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,000 head; market steady. Hogs—Receipts, 3,500 head; market steady; fair to choice heavy, $5 30@5 40; mixed, $4 90@5 30; Yorkers, $5 25@5 35. Sheep—Receipts, 1,000 head; market steady.

CLEVELAND STOCK YARDS, Aug. 25.—Flrick Bros.' report.—[Exclusive to THE BLADE.]—Cattle—Receipts, 2 cars; market strong at yesterday's prices. Hogs—Receipts, 900; market steady; light weights, $5 50@5 60; mediums and heavies, $5 25@5 40. Pigs $5 00@5 25; stags and roughs, 3@4c.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 25.—Cattle—Receipts, none through, 1 sales; steady; only few odds held on sale. Hogs—Receipts, 11 loads through, 8 sale; very dull, lower; Yorkers, corn fed, $5 25@5 40; medium, $5 25@5 35. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 12 loads through, 1 sale; steady and firm; good lambs, $5 75@6 00; fair sheep, $4 25@4 65; no good ones here.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 25.—Hogs—In better demand, firmer; common and light, $4 00@5 25; packing and butchers, $4 75@5 50; receipts, 450 head; shipments, 1,000 head. Cattle—Market was stronger; fair to choice butchers' grades, $2 50@4 25; prime to choice shippers, $4 00@5 50; receipts, 955 head; shipments, 532 head. Sheep—In fair demand, steady; common to choice sheared $2 00@4 50; extra fat wethers and yearlings, $4 75@5 00; receipts, 8,700 head; shipments, 5,300 head. Lambs—In good demand and stronger; common to choice shipping, $3 00@6 60 per 100 lbs.

CHICAGO, Aug. 25.—The *Evening Journal* reports: Cattle—Receipts 8,000 head, made up of 2,500 Texans, 4,000 rangers, and the remainder natives. Natives and Texans strong to a shade higher, and rangers lower. Top prices for natives $5 50@5 75; others, $4 50@5 25; cows, $2 50@2 85; canners, $1 50@2 10. Hogs—Receipts, 12,000 head; slow and lower; the decline falling on good packers and light; butcher weights and other prime stock steady; rough and common, $3 85@4 75; packers, $4 20@5 00; prime, heavy and butcher weights, $5 10@5 25; a few at $5 30; prime light, $5 50@5 65 grassers, $4 00@4 75. Sheep—Receipts, 7,000 head; good mutton grades steady; others weak; lambs steady to a shade higher; top prices, $5 10@5 60; common, $3 50@4 50.

Louisville Tobacco Market.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 24.—Leaf tobacco presents but few features of interest. Prices have been steady. All good wrappers, fillers and cutters are in demand. Bright colory trash brings good prices. Quotations for 1890 crop tobacco in good order, are as follows: Burley—Dark trash, $1 75@3 00; colory trash, $5 00@7 50; common lugs, $3 00@4 50; medium lugs, $4 50@6 00; good lugs, $6 00@9 00; colory lugs, $9 00@15 00; common leaf $6 00@8 50; medium leaf, $8 50@13 00; good leaf, $13 00@18 00; fine leaf and selections, $18 00@23 00. Dark—Trash, 75@1 50; common lugs, $1 50@2 50; medium lugs, $2 50@4 50; good lugs, $4 50@6 00; common leaf, $5 00@6 50; medium leaf, $6 50@8 50; good leaf, $8 50@17 00. Quotations for 1889 crop tobacco in good order are as follows: Dark trash, $1 50@3 00; colory trash, $5 00@8 00; common lugs, $3 50@4 50; medium lugs, $4 50@6 50; good lugs, $6 50@10 00; colory lugs, $10 00@15 00; common leaf, $7 00@11 00; medium leaf, $11 00@15 00; good leaf, $15 00@20 00; fine leaf and selections, $20 00@33 00. Dark—Trash, 75c@$1 50; common lugs, $1 50@2 50; medium lugs, $2 50@3 50; good lugs, $3 50@4 50; common to medium leaf, $4 00@5 50; medium to good leaf, $6 00@8 00; good to fine leaf, $8 00@12 50.

The Rye Edict.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 24.—It is ascertained that the prohibition of the export of rye will only affect the new harvest as the enormous amount of rye recently exported has almost exhausted the reserve stocks. In official circles the renewed reports circulated as to the impending prohibition of the export of wheat are discredited.

British Grain Trade.

LONDON, Aug. 24.—The *Mark Lane Express*, in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says:

The recent rains have caused tremendous damage, not only to the standing crops but to stacks that have not yet been thatched. Rust and mildew are spreading in northern France, and have appeared in the Midland counties of England. Old English wheat is quoted at 40s, while 45s is paid for special qualities. Foreign wheat continues to advance. The increase for the week is two shillings. Flour is 1s better. The prices demanded for corn are easily obtained. Oats, barley and peas have also advanced.

At to-day's market prices were in sellers' favor. The retail trade was stronger than the wholesale. Little English wheat sold below 44s. English and Hungarian flour advanced 2s 4d, and American 1s 6d. Barley is dearer, but was difficult to sell. Flat corn was quoted at 32s 3d; round corn was irregular at 31s@33s. Beans and peas were firm at 1s advance.

Turpentine.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Aug. 25.—Turpentine firm at 33c.

Petroleum.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Aug. 25.—No bids here. Oil City offered 64⅝.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 25.—Petroleum easy; s. w., 110, 6½; 74 gasoline, 7; 86 gasoline, 10; 63 naphtha, 6½.

Cotton Market.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 24.—Cotton quiet; middling, 7 11-16c; low middling, 7¼c; good ordinary, 6 7-16c; net receipts, 1,729, including 1,279 new crop; gross, 1,734; exports coastwise, 1,025; sales, 1,000; stock, 37,171.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—Cotton firm; middling uplands, 8; middling Orleans, 8 7-16; sales, 94 bales. Futures opened steady; August, 7.75; September, 7.88; October, 8.04; November, 8.16; December, 8.29; January, 8.40; February, 8.52; March, 8.64; April, 8.76; May, 8.85; June, 8.96; July, 9.08.